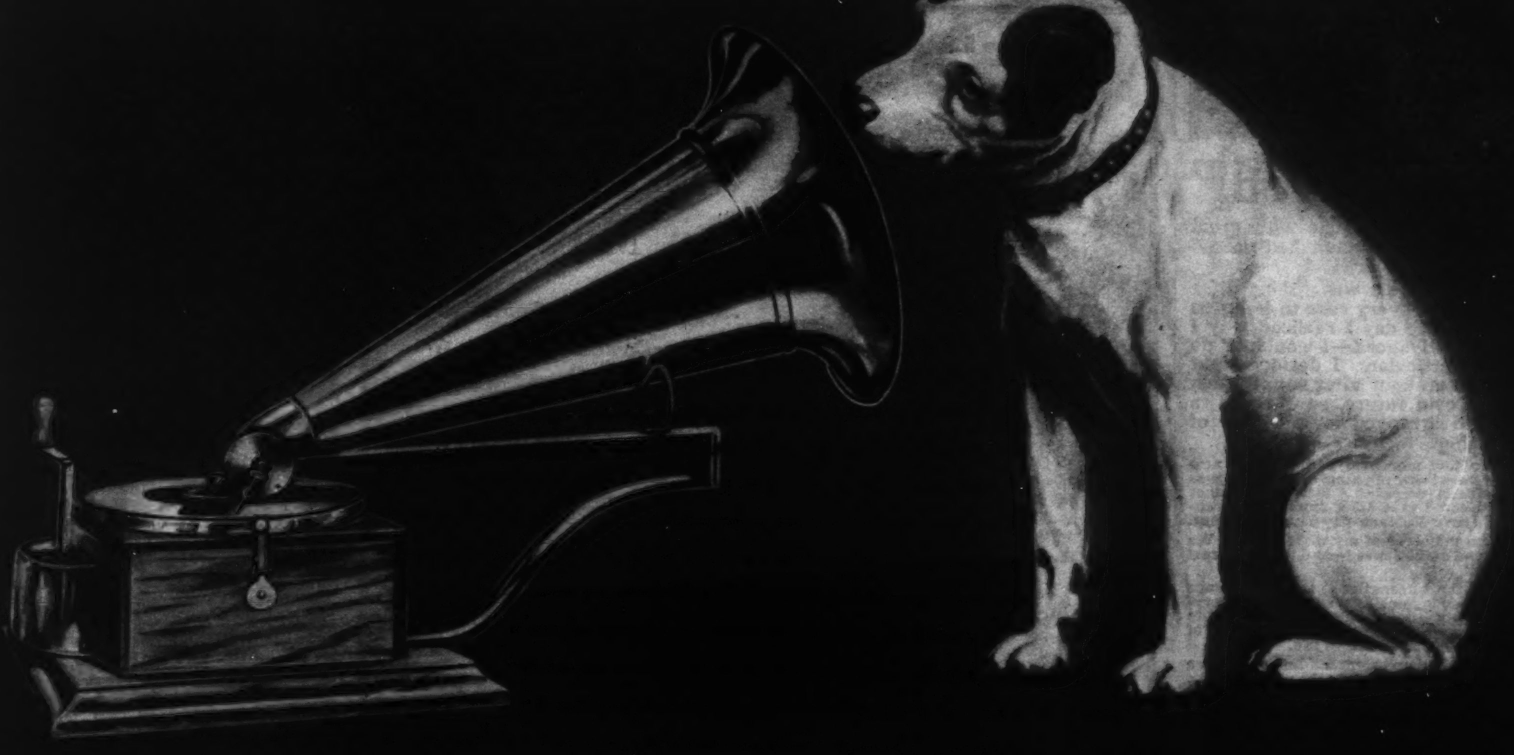

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Volume 52
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## Contents for May

Our Main Business . . . Herbert Kaufman 5

Rainy Week (*Serial*) . Eleanor Hallowell Abbott 6
Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

The Old Woman of the Movies (*Short Story*)
Vicente Blasco Ibañez 9
Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller

George W. Lederer's Reminiscences
George Jean Nathan 12

The Hour of Freydis (*Short Story*)
James Branch Cabell 14
Illustration by Arthur E. Becher

Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dunley
Miss Ella Wheeler 16
(*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*)
Decorations by Rea Irvin

The Golden Age (*Short Story*) Fannie Heaslip Lea 18
Illustrations by Armand Both

Poldekin (*A Drama in Four Parts*) Booth Tarkington 21
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

Editorial Page . . . . Herbert Kaufman 24

From the Life (*The Story of Mrs. Murchison*)
Harvey O'Higgins 25
Illustration by C. E. Chambers

The Asset Called Ann (*Short Story*) Royal Brown 26
Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

The War Bubble . . . . Garet Garrett 28
Cartoons by Gordon Ross

The Waffle-Iron (*Serial*) . Arthur Stringer 29
Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

My Cat (*Poem*) . . . . Amélie Rives 30
Decoration by Oliver Herford

The Trap (*Conclusion of Serial*) Maximilian Foster 31
Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

How To Make the Motor Truck Pay
Waldemar Kaempffert 62

Capital Wanted Paul Tomlinson 78

**Cover Design by Neysa McMein**

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# How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening

## The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker — in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin — compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * *

When I met Mr. Roth again — which you may be sure I did the first chance I got — he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was — a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it — not hard work as you might fear — but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned — in about one hour — how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can tell the name of most any man I have met before — and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet — because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent in a week and 1000 per cent. in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

### What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic key words more quickly and easily than he did —but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation — because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening came she missed much the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends — for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

> "Enclosed please find check for $6 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.
>
> "As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

### Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $6 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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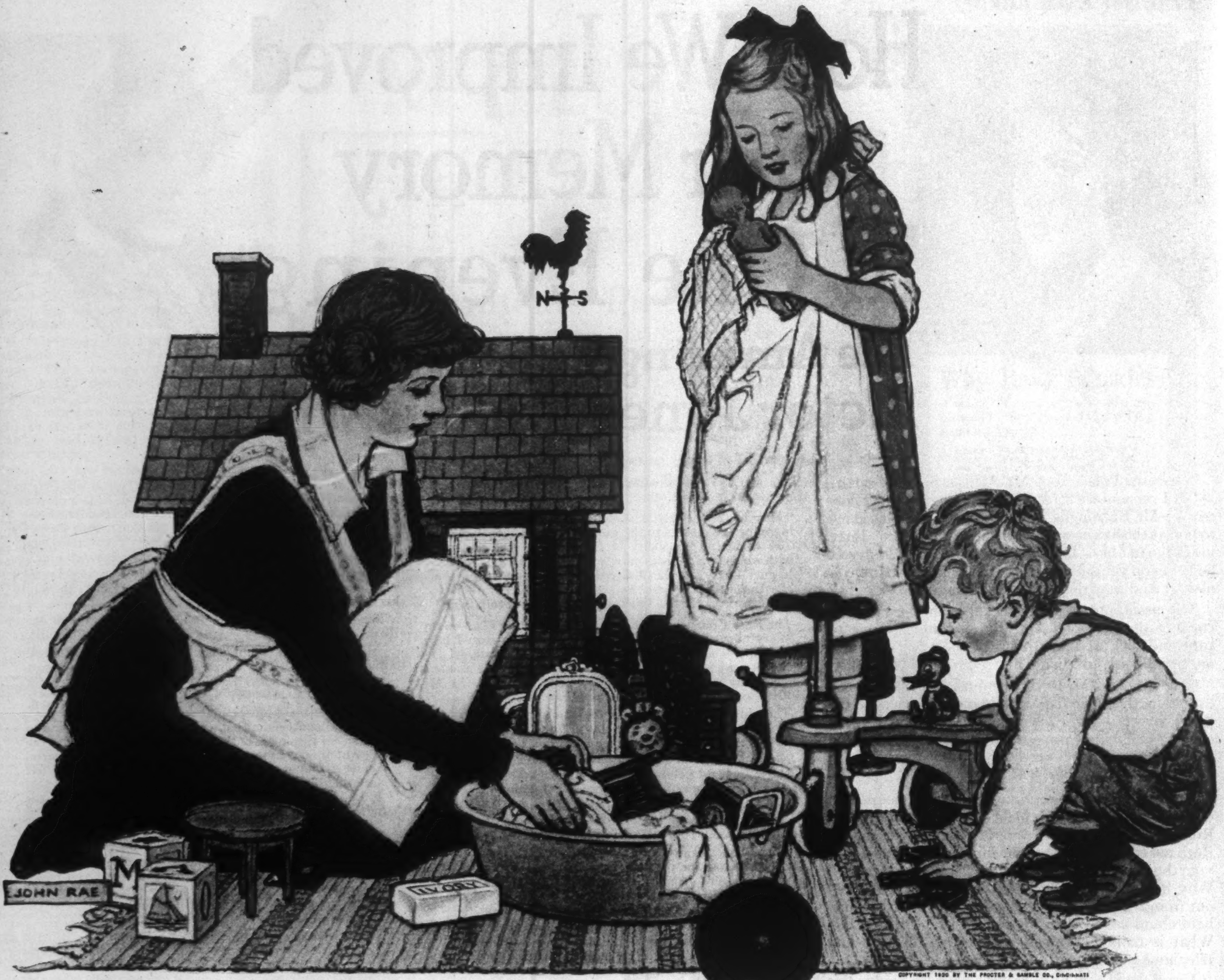

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*Housecleaning Day in the Nursery*

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Volume 52
Number 4

McCLURE'S

MAY 1920

# Our Main Business

### *by* Herbert Kaufman

PATRIOTISM is our main business because all the earnings of subsidiary business are entirely dependent upon the judgment with which we conduct the parent concern — the Nation. Whatever differences exist between labor and capital, between alien and native, between section and section, can be soonest composed by a realization of the utter inter-dependence of one hundred and ten million of us "who live in America and in whom America must be made to live."

As a free-willed people, equals in opportunity, justice and self-determination, we enjoy more privileges and command vaster powers of mutual protection than any body of citizenry since men chose to live under law.

These United States are the answer to old world hungers for full expression of personality. Our fathers came here because they wanted to be more and have more than was possible at the same cost in action and enterprise anywhere else.

In brief, America is and always has been a mutualized concern with no preferred securities. Everything in the Country belongs to common stock and in proportion to individual investments in confidence, character and common sense, men have and hold, and majority opinion rules.

Ours is not a loser's land. From the first it has never been our purpose to pamper unambition. We have never pretended nor intended to cheapen success, and if ever we do, we shall cheat and cheapen national character.

This is not Fortune's bargain counter, but we do guarantee a square deal to every decent, purposeful effort, and the scales on which we measure men and their dues are self-regulated and honestly balanced.

It's up to you to tuck the Stars and Stripes under your arm—to prove that Old Glory is still all wool and a yard wide—to sell the truth wherever the peddlers of lies are hawking discontent and malice. Tell the story of the Republic; the contracts it has made and kept with ambitious poverty. Remember the thousands who won from patches to power here.

If comparison with the rest of the world and the rest of the governments could not establish the practical as well as the spiritual advantage of being American, this Democracy wouldn't deserve to endure.

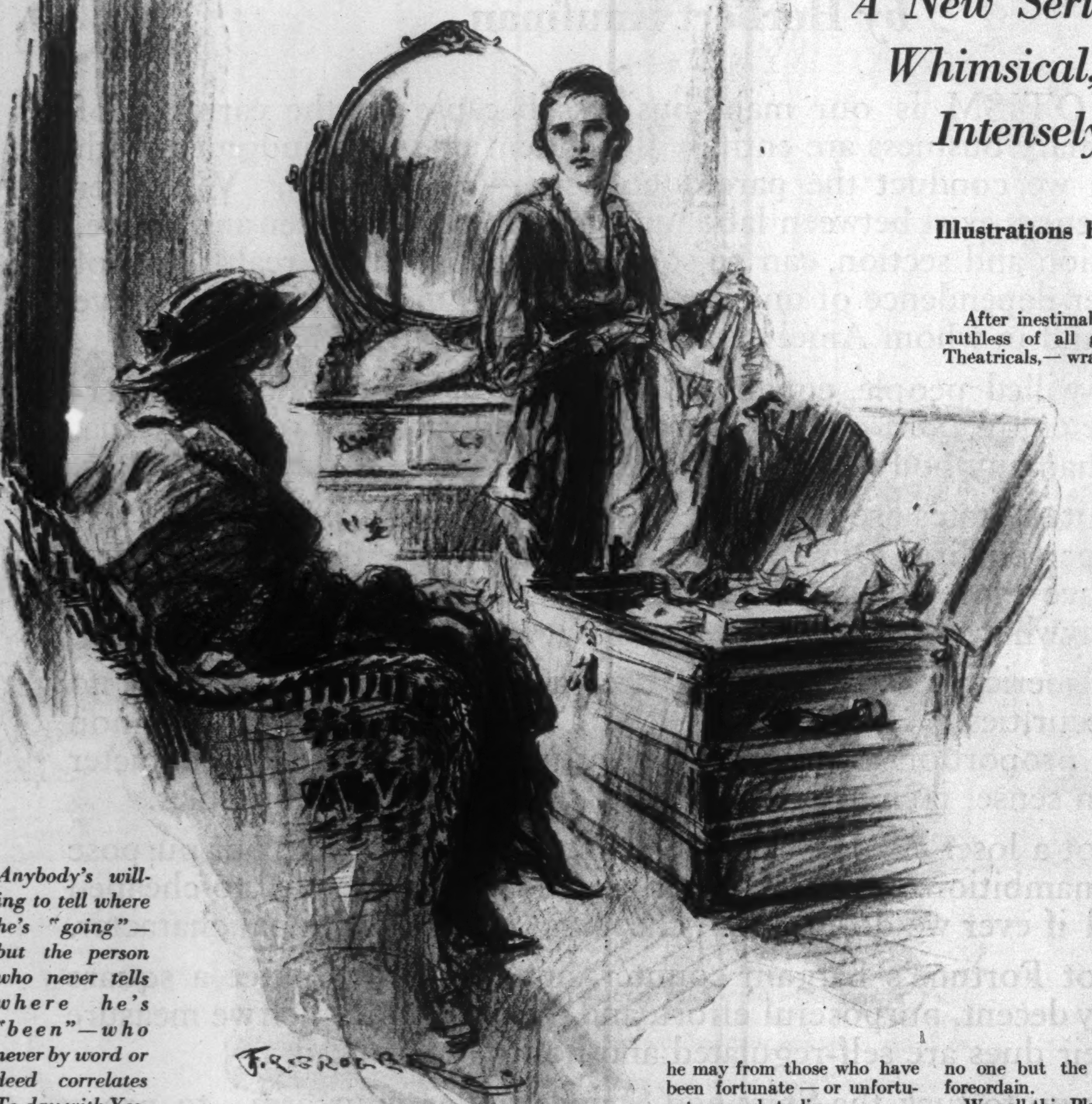
The answers to anarchy won't be found in new books on economics or psychology—they're in a little old volume called "The History of the United States." Read it until you can plead it.

*Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, May, 1920*

# Rainy Week

## *A New Serial, Charming, Whimsical, Surprising, Intensely Human*

**Illustrations by F. R. Gruger**



*Anybody's willing to tell where he's "going"—but the person who never tells where he's "been"—who never by word or deed correlates To-day with Yesterday——!*

IN the changes and chances of our New England climate it is not so much what a Guest can endure Outdoors as what he can originate Indoors that endears him most to a weather-worried Host.

Take Rollins, for instance,—a small man, dour, insignificant,—a Prude in the moonlight, a Duffer at sailing, a *Fool* at tennis,—yet once given a rain-patter and a smoky fire-place, of an audacity so impertinent, so altogether absurd, that even yawns must of necessity turn to laughter—or curses. The historic thunderstorm question, for instance, which he sprang at the old Bishop's house-party after five sweltering days of sunshine and ecclesiastical argument: "Who was the last person you kissed before you were married?"

—A question innocent as milk if only swallowed! But unswallowed? Gurgled? Spat like venom from Bishop to Bishop? *And* from Bishop's Wife to Bishop's Wife? Oh la!—Yet that Rollins himself was the only unmarried person present on that momentous occasion shows not at all, I still contend, the slightest 'natural mendacity' of the man, but merely the perfectly normal curiosity of a confirmed Anchoret to learn what truths he may from those who have been fortunate—or unfortunate enough to live.

Certainly neither my Husband nor myself would ever dream of running a house-party without Rollins!

Yet equally certainly it is not at all on Rollins's account but distinctly on our own that we invariably set the date for our annual house-party in the second week of May.

For twenty years, in the particular corner of the New England sea-coast which my husband and I happen to inhabit, it has never,—with one single exception only,—failed to rain from morning till night and night till morning again through the second week of May!

With all weather-uncertainties thus settled perfectly definitely,—even for the worst, it is a comparatively easy matter for any Host and Hostess to *Stage* such events as remain.

It is with purely confessional intent that I emphasize that word 'stage.' Every human being acknowledges,—if honest,—some one supreme passion of existence. My Husband's and mine is for what Highbrows call 'the Experimental Drama.'

We call it *Amateur Theatricals.*

Yet even this innocent passion has not proved a serene one!

After inestimable seasons of devotion to that most ruthless of all goddesses, the Goddess of Amateur Theatricals,—wrangles with

> Guests who refuse to accept unless they are assured that there will be a Play.

wrangles with

> Guests who refuse to accept unless they are assured that there will *not* be a Play.

wrangles with

> Guests already arrived,—unpacked, tubbed,—seated at dinner, who discover suddenly that their 'lines' are too long.

wrangles with

> Guests already arrived,—unpacked, tubbed,—seated at dinner, who discover equally suddenly that their lines are too short.

wrangles with

> Guests who 'can't possibly play in blue.'

wrangles with

> Guests who 'can't possibly play in pink.'

wrangles with

> Guests who insist upon kissing in every act.

wrangles with

> Guests who refuse to Kiss in *any* act,—

it was my Husband's ingenious idea to organize instead an annual Play that should never dream it was a Play,—acted by Actors who never even remotely suspected that they were acting,—evolving a Plot that no one but the Almighty, Himself, could possibly foreordain.

We call this Play "*Rainy Week.*"

Yet, do not, I implore you, imagine for a moment that by any such simple little trick as shifting all blame to the weather, all praise to the Almighty, *Care* has been eliminated from the enterprise.

It is only indeed at the instigation of this trick that the real hazard begins. For a Play after all is *only* a Play, be it humorous, amorous, murderous, adulterous,—a soap-bubble world combusting spontaneously of its own effervescence. But *Life* is *Life* and starkly real if not essentially earnest. And the merest flicker of the merest eyelid in one of Life's *Real Emotions* has short-circuited long ere this with the Eternities themselves! It's just this chance of 'short-circuiting with the eternities' that shifts the pucker from a Host's brow to his spine!

No lazy, purring, reunion of old friends this *Rainy Week* of ours, you understand? No dully congenial convocation of in-bred relatives? No conference on Literature,—Music,—Painting? No symposium of Embroidery Stitches? Nor of Billiard Shots? But the deliberate and relentlessly-planned assemblage of such distinctly diverse types of men and women as prodded by unusual conditions of weather, domicile, and propinquity, will best *act* and *re-act* upon each other in terms inevitably dramatic, though most naïvely unrehearsed!

# *by* Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

## *Author of "Molly Make-Believe"*

"Vengeance is mine!" saith the Lord. "Very considerable psychologic, as well as dramatic satisfaction is now at last ours!" confess your humble servants.

In this very sincere if somewhat whimsical dramatic adventure of *Rainy Week*, the exigencies of our household demand that the number of actors shall be limited to eight.

Barring the single exception of Husband and Wife no two people are invited who have ever seen each other before. (Destiny plays very much more interesting tricks we have noticed with Perfect Strangers than she does with Perfect Friends!)

Barring — nothing — no one is ever warned that the week will be rainy. (It is astonishing how a Guest's personality strips itself right down to the bare sincerities when he is forced unexpectedly to doff his extra-selected, super-fitting, ultra-becoming visiting clothes for a frankly nondescript costume chosen only for its becomingness to a — Situation!) In this connection, however, it is only fair to ourselves to attest that following the usual managerial custom of furnishing from its own pocket such costumes as may not for bizarre or historical reasons be readily reconverted by a Caste to Street and Church wear, we invariably provide the Rainy Week costumes for *our* Caste. This costume consists of one yellow oil-skin suit or 'slicker,' one yellow oil-skin hat, one pair of rubber boots. One dark blue jersey. And very warm woolen stockings.

Reverting also to dramatic sincerity no professional manager certainly ever chose his Caste more conscientiously than does my purely whimsical Husband!

After several years of experiment and readjustment the ultimate caste of Rainy Week is fixed as follows:

A Bride and Groom
One Very Celibate Person
Someone With a Past
Someone With a Future
A Singing Voice
A May Girl
And a Bore. (Rollins, of course, figuring as the Bore.)

Always there *must be* that Bride and Groom (for the Celibate Person to wonder about). And the Very Celibate Person (for the Bride and Groom to wonder about). Male or Female, One Brave Soul who had Rebuilt Ruin. Male or Female, One Intrepid Brain that Dares to Boast of Having Made Tryst with the Future. Soprano, Alto, Bass or Tenor, one Singing Voice that can Rip the Basting Threads out of Serenity. One Young Girl so May-Blossomy fresh and new that Everybody Instinctively Changes the Subject When She Comes into the Room. . . . And Rollins!

To be indeed absolutely explicit Experience has proved, with an almost Chemical accuracy, that, quite regardless of "age, sex, or previous condition of servitude," this particular combination of

Romantic Passion
Psychic Austerity
Tragedy
Ambition
Poignancy
Innocence
And Irritation

cannot be housed together for even one Rainy Week *without* producing *Drama!*

But whether that Drama be Farce or Fury —? Whether he who came to *star* remains to *supe?* Who yet shall prove the Hero? And who the villain? Who —? Oh, la! It's God's Business now!

"All the more reason," affirms my Husband, "why all such details as Light and Color Effects,— Eatments,— Drinkments, — and Guest-Room Reading Matter should be attended to with extra conscientiousness.

Already through a somewhat sensational motor collision in the gay October Berkshires we had acquired the tentative Bride and Groom,— Paul Brenswick and Victoria Meredith, as ardent and unreasonable a pair of young lovers as ever rose unscathed from a shivered racing car to face — instead of annihilation, a mere casual separation of months until such May-time as Paul himself, returning from Heaven knows what errand in China, should mate with her,— and meet with us.

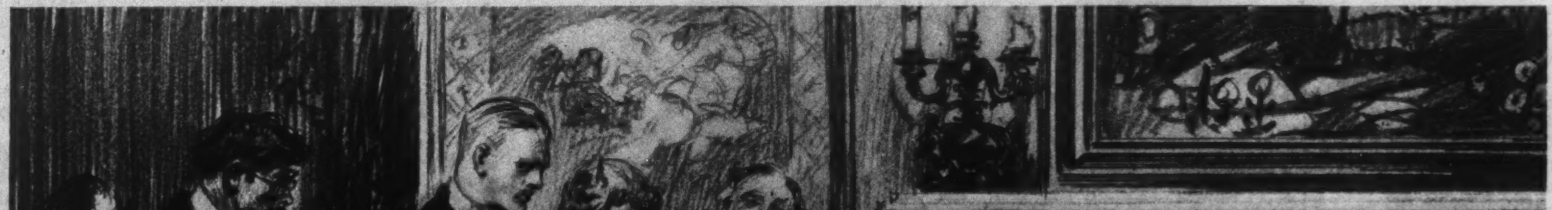
And to New York City, of course, one would turn instinctively for the Someone With a Future. At a single round of studio parties in the brief Thanksgiving Holiday we found Claude Kennilworth. Not a moment's dissension occurred between us concerning his absolute fitness for the part. He was beautiful to look at, and not too young,—twenty-five perhaps,—the approximate age of our tentative Bride and Groom. And he made things with his hands — in dough, clay, plaster, anything he could reach—very insolently, all the time you were talking to him, modeling the thing he was thinking about, instead!

"Oh, just wait till you see him in bronze!" thrilled all the young Satellites around him.

"— Till you see me in bronze!" thrilled young Kennilworth himself.

Never in all my life have I beheld any one as beautiful as Claude Kennilworth — with a bit of brag in him! That head sharply uplifted,— the pony-like forelock swished like smoke across his flaming eyes,— the sudden wild pulse of his throat.— Heavens! What a boy!

"You artist-fellows are forever reproducing solids with liquids," remarked my Husband, quite casually. "All the effects I mean! All the illusion! Crag or cathedral out of a dime-sized mud-puddle in your water-color box! Flesh you could kiss from a splash of turpentine! But can you reproduce liquids with solids? Could you put the Ocean into bronze, I mean?"



*Never have I beheld any one as beautiful as Claude Kennilworth. The flaming eyes — the sudden wild pulse of his throat! — Heavens! What a boy! And he made things with his hands — in dough, clay, anything — all the time you were talking*

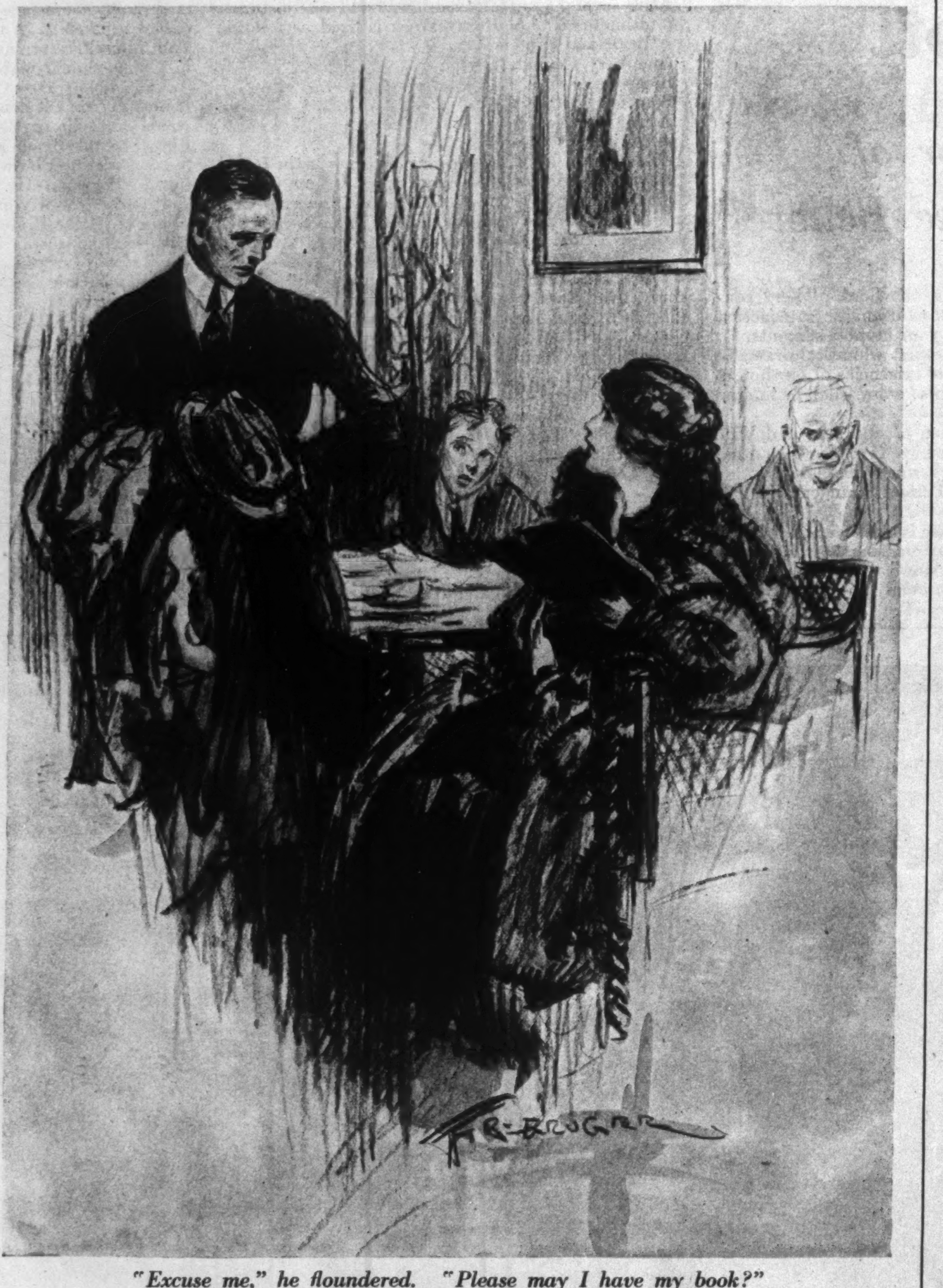
"The *Ocean?*" screamed the satellites.

"No mere skinny bas-relief," mused my Husband, "of the front of a wave hitched to the front of a wharf or the front of a beach — but waves corporeally complete — And all alone — Shoreless — Skyless — — Like the model of a village — An Ocean rolling all alone as it were in the bulk of its three dimensions?"

"In — bronze?" questions young Kennilworth. "*Bronze?*" His voice was very faintly raspish.

"Oh, it wasn't a blue ocean especially that I was thinking about," confided my Husband, genially, through the mist of his cigarette. "Any chance pick-up acquaintance has seen the Ocean when its blue. But my wife and I, you understand, we *Live* with the Ocean! Call it by its first name,— 'Oh Ocean!' — and all that sort of thing!" he smiled out abruptly above the sudden sharp spurt of a freshly-struck match. "The — the Ocean I was thinking of," he resumed with an almost exaggerated monotone, "was a brown ocean — brown as boiled sea-weeds — Mad as mud under a leaden sky — Seething — souring — perfectly lustreless — Every brown billow-top pinched-up as though by some malevolent hand into a vivid verdigris bruise —"

"But however in the world would one know where to begin?" giggled the Satellites. "Or how to break it off so it wouldn't end like the edge of a tin roof? Even if you started all right with a nice molten wave? What about the — last wave? The problem of the horizon sense? Yes! What about the *horizon sense?*" shouted everybody at once.



*"Excuse me," he floundered. "Please may I have my book?" Pink as a rose she glanced for the first time at the title. It was "What Every Young Husband Should Know"*

From the shadowy sofa-pillowed corner just behind the supper table, young Kennilworth's face glowed suddenly into view. But a minute before I could have sworn that a girl's cheek lay against his. Yet now as he jumped to his feet the feminine glove that dropped from his fidgety fingers was twisted with extraordinary maliciousness, I noted, into a doll-sized caricature of a "Vamp."

"I could put the Ocean into bronze, Mr. Delville," he said, "if anybody would give me a chance!"

Perhaps it was just this very ease and excitement of having booked any one as perfect as young Kennilworth for the part of Someone With a Future that made me act as impulsively as I did regarding Ann Woltor.

We were sitting in our room in a Washington hotel before a very smoky fireplace one rather cross night in late January when I confided the information to my Husband.

"Oh, by the way, Jack," I said quite abruptly, "I've invited Ann Woltor for Rainy Week."

"Invited whom?" questioned my Husband above the rim of his newspaper.

"Ann Woltor," I repeated.

"Ann — what?" persisted my Husband.

"Ann Woltor," I re-emphasized.

"Who's — she?" quickened my Husband's interest very faintly.

"Oh, she's a woman," I explained — "or a girl — that I've been meeting 'most every day this last month at my hair-dresser's. She runs the accounts there or something and tries to keep everybody pacified. And reads the darndest books,— all highbrow stuff. You'd hardly expect it! — Oh, not modern highbrow, I mean,— essays as bawdy as novels,— but the old, serene Highbrow,— Emerson and Pater and Wordsworth,— books that smell of soap and lavender, as well as brains. Reads 'em as though she liked 'em, I mean! — Comes from New Zealand I've been told,— Really, she's rather remarkable!"

"Must be!" said my Husband. "To come all the way from New Zealand to land in your hair-dresser's library!"

"It isn't my hair-dresser's library!" I corrected with faint asperity. "It's her own library! She brings the books herself to the office!"

"And just what part," drawled my Husband, "is this New Zealand paragon, Miss Stoltor, to play in our Rainy Week?"

"Woltor," I corrected quite definitely. "Ann *Woltor.*"

"Wardrobe mistress?" teased my Husband. "Or—?"

"She is going to play the part of the Someone With a Past," I said.

"What?" cried my Husband. His face was frankly shocked. "*What?*" he repeated blankly. "The most delicate part of the Caste? The most difficult? The most hazardous? It seemed best to you — without consultation — without argument — to act so suddenly in the matter — and so — so all alone?"

"I had to act very suddenly," I admitted. "If I hadn't spoken just exactly the minute I did she would have been off to Alaska within another forty-eight hours."

"U — m — m," mused my Husband, and resumed his reading. But the half-inch of eyebrow that puckered above the edge of his newspaper loomed definitely as the sample of a face that was still distinctly shocked.

When he spoke again I was quite all ready for his question.

"How do you know that this Ann Woltor has got a Past?" he demanded.

"How do we know young Kennilworth's got a Future?" I counter-checked.

"Because he makes so much noise about it — I suppose," admitted my Husband.

"By which very same method," I grinned, "I deduct the fact that Ann Woltor has got a Past,— inasmuch as she doesn't make the very slightest sound whatsoever concerning it."

"You concede no personal reticence in the world?" quizzed my Husband.

"Yes, quite a good deal," I admitted. "But most of it I honestly believe is due to sore throat. A normal throat keeps itself pretty much lubricated I've noticed by talking about itself."

"Herself," corrected my Husband.

"Himself," I compromised.

"But this Ann Woltor has told you that she came from New Zealand," scored my husband.

"Oh, no, she hasn't!" I contradicted. "It was the hair-dresser who suggested New Zealand. All Ann Woltor has ever told me was that she was going to Alaska! — Anybody's willing to tell you where he's *going!* But the person who never tells you where he's *been*—! The person who never by word, deed or act correlates To-day with Yesterday! The Hero with the There—! I've been home with her twice to her room! I've watched her unpack the Alaska trunk! Not a thing in it older than this Winter! Not a shoe nor a hat nor a glove that confides anything! No scent of fir-balsam left over from a summer vacation! No photograph of Sister or Brother! Yet it's rather an interesting little room, too, — awfully small and shabby after the somewhat plushy splendor of the hair-dressing job — but three or four really erudite English Reviews on the table, a sprig of blue larkspur thrust rather negligently into a water glass, and a man's —"

"Blue larkspur in — January?" demanded my Husband. "How — how old is this — this Woltor person?"

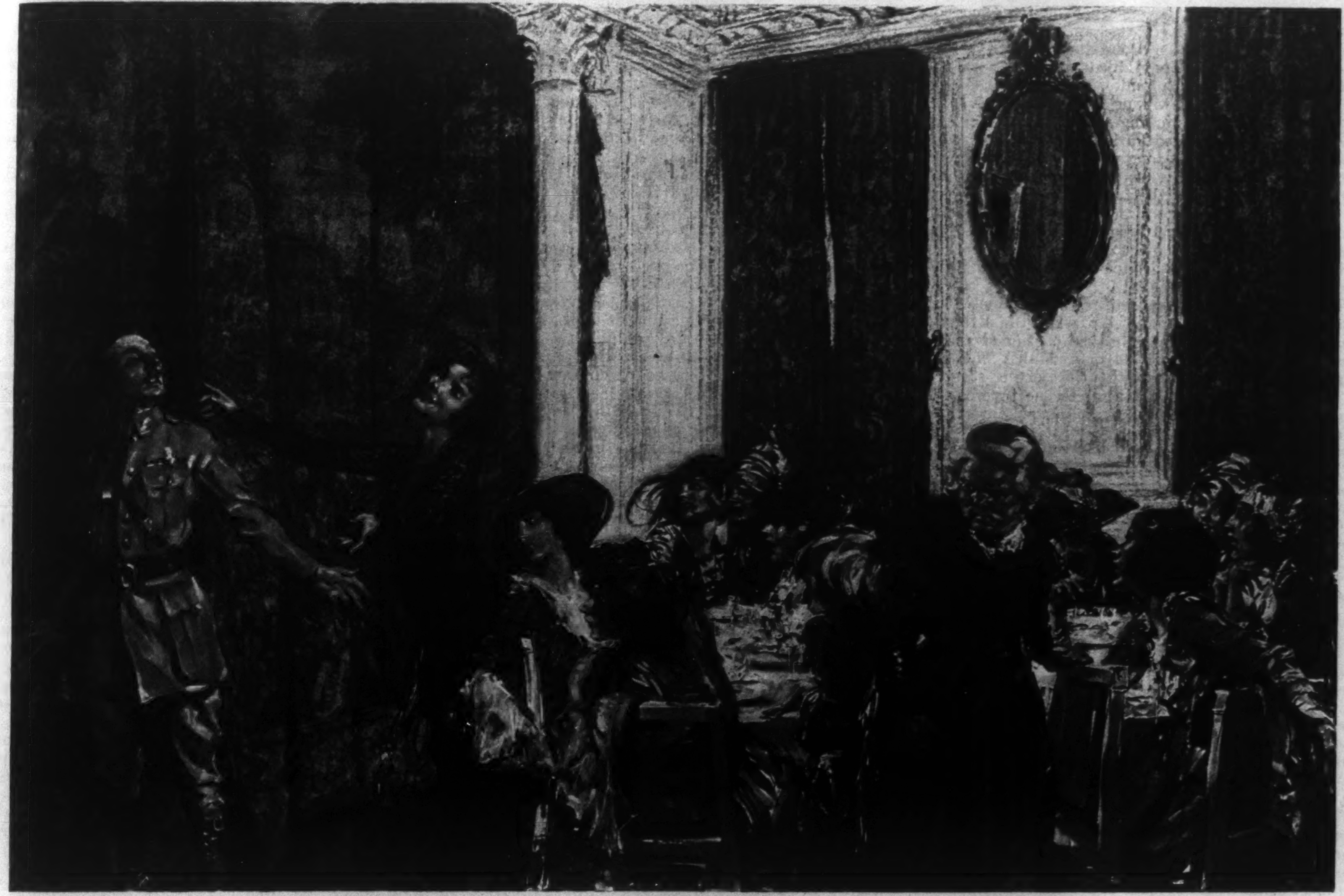
"Oh — twenty-five perhaps," I shrugged.

With a gesture of impatience my Husband threw down his paper and began to poke the fire.

"Oh, Pshaw!" he said, "is our whole dramatic endeavor going to be wrecked by the monotony of everybody being 'twenty-five'?"

"Well — call it 'thirty-five' if you'd rather," I conceded. "Or a hundred and five!

[*Continued on page 56*]



*A fine looking young man in uniform blew in like a water-spout, and the dancer flew into his arms. The old woman rose with frowning gravity.*

# The Old Woman of the Movies

## *by* Vicente Blasco Ibanez

**Illustrations by Arthur I. Keller**

*A very human little story this; a bit of life put on the canvas as only the distinguished author of "In the Shadow of the Cathedral" and "Blood and Sand" can do it.*

THE police commissioner surveyed curiously the gray-haired woman who had sat down before his desk unbidden; then he dropped his eyes to read the report submitted by the officer who stood rigid by his armchair.

"Disorderly conduct in a moving-picture theatre," the chief read aloud; "abusive language against the authorities, resisting and assaulting an officer. What do you have to say for yourself?"

The prisoner, who had been looking at the commissioner and his subordinate as if she did not see them, gave a start of surprise; she seemed to have been suddenly aroused from a deep reverie.

"Commissioner," she began, "I sell garden produce in the morning. I don't own a shop; I carry my vegetables in a little push-cart and sell them in the Rue Trepic. Everybody knows me where I live. I've done business there for over forty years and ——"

The officer tried to interrupt her but she flared up. "If *Monsieur le Commissaire* does not let me speak! . . . Everyone expresses himself as he can and answers as his intelligence permits him."

The Commissioner reclined in his armchair, threw back his head and began to play with his letter-opener. He was used to talkative prisoners who would prattle everlastingly. Patience!

"In 1870, at the time of the other war," the old woman continued, "I was twenty-two years old. My husband was a national guardsman during the siege of Paris; I was the *vivandière* of his battalion. In one of the sorties against the Prussians my man was wounded and I saved his life. Afterward I had to work very hard to support my crippled soldier and our only daughter. . . . My husband died; my daughter died also, leaving me two grandchildren."

She paused to see whether they were listening to her. She was not sure that they were. The police-officer remained rigid and silent, like a good soldier, close to his superior's armchair. The commissioner whistled softly, fingering the letter-opener nervously, his eyes on the ceiling.

"My granddaughter Juliet," continued the ex-*vivandière* undisturbed by her unsympathetic audience, "dances in the theatres and is famous. *Monsieur* must have seen her picture often in the papers and street-corner signs. I meet her only once in a long while. One day as I was pushing my little cart her automobile nearly ran over me. This made her cry. 'It's your fault, grandma,' she said. 'Why do you insist on peddling things?' I had to do it when she and her brother were little, to support them. . . . I like it Everyone is as he is. Although I am poor, I don't like the way these artists live. Am I wrong, *monsieur?*

The commissioner had stopped whistling and was examining the prisoner with a certain interest. Perhaps he knew her granddaughter, the celebrated dancer. He was going to ask her about the artist when the old woman continued.

"My favorite was Albert, a laborer who loved books. Although I have always preferred to be independent, I visited him every day, I helped his wife and played with his son. A great-grandson, *monsieur*. Think how happy I was! Not everybody can live to have great-grandchildren."

She stopped a moment, lost in tender reminiscences. "Alas, the happy days before the War!" she added. "One Sunday we went out to the country to celebrate; we had our picnic on the banks of the Seine. Albert had just been made head foreman of his factory. . . . Two weeks later the War broke out."

The commissioner made a deprecating gesture which the old woman attributed to tiredness.

"Yes," she said promptly, "I know we have had four years of war and that it bores everyone to hear about it. They tell me that even the theatres and newspapers are sick of the War and its adventures. And my story is like the story of so many, many women! . . .

"Albert joined his regiment in the first days of the mobilization. I did not see him until a year later when he returned from the front in his soldier's uniform. Afterward, he came back a second time. I had finally become accustomed to his absence. I thought that only the other men could die. But my Albert! . . .

One day I received a piece of paper that made his wife and me cry. Later one of the comrades of my grandson called to bring a few objects which had belonged to him."

The old woman's voice broke down. "I never saw him again, *monsieur*. They killed him!"

But remembering her promise, she made an effort to calm herself and avoid talking about the War.

"Albert's widow is working now in a munition factory at the other side of Paris, and I see my great-grandson only once in a long while. One has to make a living. . . . And, why should not I say so? Since Albert's death, I go to the tavern more than before. Every one drowns his sorrows the best way he knows. I am in my seventies already and at this age when one has to get up before dawn to go to the Central Markets to buy goods, a little glass is the best of medicine. Don't you think so, *monsieur?*"

The dignified silence maintained by the functionary was meant to impress upon the prisoner the utter impropriety of her question. But she continued with a certain nervous haste which showed that she was approaching the most interesting part of her story.

"To-night after supper, I went to the tavern with Uncle Crainqueville. Perhaps *monsieur* knows him. His misfortunes have been described in books and comedies."

The name of Crainqueville awakened vague recollections in the commissioner's memory. The statement that the adventures of the man were written in books stimulated his mental search for a clue. He finally shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of indifference.

"His life," continued the market woman, "has been written by a certain *Monsieur* Anatole who works on the other side of the Seine, in a factory of learned men. It is a palace with a dome where they prepare recipes to teach rich folks how to speak well."

The commissioner sat bolt upright in his chair, completely taken by surprise. That "factory of learned men" on the opposite bank of the Seine was, undoubtedly, the French Academy; the house with the dome must be the Institute, and the *Monsieur* Anatole could not be anybody else but Anatole France.

"But, Uncle Crainqueville really exists?" he asked incredulously.

"I have known him for the past thirty years, *monsieur*. We do business in different parts of the city but we see each other every morning when we make our purchases and we meet again every evening in the tavern. The poor fellow! His affairs are not very prosperous now; he works little. *He knows too much!*" she whispered, leaning forward as if she wanted the secret to remain strictly between the commissioner and herself. "His protector has taught him a great many things, which he tells me, and I spend hours and hours listening to him in the tavern."

She paused before picking up again the thread of her story.

"As I was saying, Uncle Crainqueville and I meet in the tavern every evening. To-night, about nine o'clock, we left the wine-shop together, and, I don't know why, I stopped in front of a moving-picture house and was tempted to go in. My eye was caught by a poster in which a very beautiful Alsatian girl was defending herself against a ferocious Hun. I love stories of this sort; I am very patriotic, perhaps because I have seen two wars. . . . But let's not speak about the War.

"Uncle Crainqueville refused to go in, even though I offered to pay. Really, I don't know what he likes; everything makes him smile. Well, I went in alone . . . with very bad luck. Hasn't *monsieur* noticed how sometimes everything turns out wrong, and how when we try to please people we hurt their feelings, as if the devil were guiding us?"

The commissioner did not deign to answer.

"I quarreled with the box-office lady about a coin. She said the coin was no good and would not accept it. I said the coin was good, and then I got angry and told her she didn't know her own nose from a . . . Well, then the doorkeeper interfered; it was none of his business, but he must play the gallant and come to defend the lady. I had to give him a piece of my mind. . . . Inside, in the theatre, the same bad luck! My neighbors in the row complained that I had stepped on them and called me 'a tough old hag.' I hadn't stepped on them! It was just ill-will on their part; I don't like to annoy people. A stuck-up dame who sat near me had the nerve to say that I smelled like a wine-cask. A wine-cask, *monsieur!* Another insolent brute spoke about my plumpness and bet that *it* would not fit the seat. I told him what I thought of him, and the public protested vigorously, claiming that I was spoiling the show. If I stopped at last it was because the story of the Alsatian girl had begun. A most interesting story, *monsieur!* I'd love to tell it to you, but I am afraid I'd be boring you. Anyway, I don't know how it ends; they would not let me see the rest of it."

THE commissioner had turned his eyes once more to the ceiling and was whistling softly to relieve his feelings.

"A gentleman who sat behind me and who seemed to know a great deal about the movies, was giving his opinion of the film to his neighbors in a low voice. . . . Suddenly the Alsatian girl flees to the front, trying to escape from her pursuer, and they begin to show the trenches full of soldiers, camp-kitchens, guns. The well-informed gentleman behind me said that these war views were a part of history, that they were . . . how shall I say? . . . clippings which they had tagged on the film. Am I making myself clear, *monsieur?* Old things of the War which they had used, something like the patches which we sew on old clothes to make them better. . . . But I don't know anything about moving pictures. I thought the views were fine.

"And then they threw upon the screen the interior of a trench where many soldiers were resting. One of them was writing a letter on his knee, his back turned to the public. Little by little he turns his head around and smiles at the public. I rubbed my eyes, *monsieur!* I thought I was seeing things. Then . . . I must have screamed. . . . It was my grandson! . . .

"I stood up to see him better. I tried to run out to embrace my Albert. Perhaps I stepped over the people roughly; the public may have thought I was attempting to pull off a hoax, and the employees intervened. Many spectators got up and stopped me. They would not listen to my explanations; they believed that I was drunk. They began to push me toward the door and I had to use my fists to defend myself. Then they called in the officer who stands by your side. They say I insulted him; that I bit his hand. I don't know how it could have happened. I must have been mad at that moment. It is true that the officer pushed me out of the theatre and dragged me here without allowing me to explain; he would not let me stay to see my Albert . . ."

There was a long pause. The eyes of the old woman began to fill with tears.

"And that's how I met my grandson again," the prisoner concluded. "I beg the commissioner's pardon . . ." — a humble bow to the chief — "and I beg the officer's pardon" — another bow to her captor.

Then she bent her head, clasped her hands and lowered her eyes, taking voluntary refuge in silence and trusting her defense to luck, while tears streamed down her cheeks.

The commissioner remained silent for a while, and then cast a glance at the officer who stood near him — a veteran with the *Croix de Guerre* on his breast and a few stripes on his sleeves which indicated the length of his war service. The officer glanced back at his superior. Until now he had listened impassively, although he had bit his long mustache several times. Both men seemed to have understood each other with a look. The commissioner handed back to the officer the paper which the latter had placed on his desk — a report written by him half an hour before in the waiting-room of the district police headquarters giving an account of the disorder which had occurred in the cinema. The veteran tore the paper without saying a word.

"My good woman, you may go." The voice of the commissioner brought the prisoner back from her reverie. Was it true that they were setting her free? Could she go? How kind they were!

"And may I go back to the movies?" she asked anxiously. "Will they let me see my little one every evening?"

The two men had to laugh at her simplicity, and told her that she could see her "little one" as long as she pleased.

She walked out of the police headquarters with dignity. It would never do to have people see her flee like one whose conscience is not clear! But when she reached the street and looked in all directions she saw that no one was spying on her. Picking up her skirts she ran, with youthful speed. Her wrinkled face expanded with her labored breath; her gray hair escaped in disorder from under the knitted triangular shawl which covered her head.

When she reached the cinematograph the last groups of spectators were coming out. The employees were extinguishing the lights and removing the signs. She watched them close the doors. Motionless, with an elbow resting against the wall and her forehead in her hand, she stood in front of the amusement hall crying with the desolation of a lost child.

"To have to wait until to-morrow," she moaned. "To have to wait until to-morrow to see my little one!"

On the following night the old woman entered the moving picture theatre with humility. She shrank to escape detection. When she approached the ticket window, she turned her face aside so that the box-office lady might not notice her. But the doorkeeper recognized her.

"Oh, no! Are you coming round to start another row? . . . There is no ticket for you," he said, running to drive her out.

"Let me go in, kind sir," she begged. "I come to see my grandson. I promise you that I shall make no trouble."

Her childish humbleness completely disarmed the employee; and he and the box-office lady laughed and let her in. The old woman bowed to them gratefully. She bowed also to a policeman who stood guard in the entry, as if he were an old friend. He did not look like the officer of the previous night, but she was taking no chances.

Once inside, she displayed a modesty and obsequiousness really touching. She greeted every spectator she met with exaggerated courtesy, receiving no recognition; some merely glared at her with surprise and annoyance.

"Crazy!" their looks seemed to say.

She shrank in her seat trying to occupy the least possible space, lest her neighbors be disturbed. At first she turned her head around repeatedly to see whether she was being observed by the ushers and to find out whether her behavior merited their approval.

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HE writes with a quirt and a six-gun. Deserts and mountains and prairies flow from the point of his pen. His novels are pageants of the old frontiers. He is the pioneer incarnate—teller of Homeric tales—a troubadour from out the West—singing the song of bold men and raw places. Such is

Zane Grey

—successor to Fenimore Cooper and Marryat
—whose tremendous new novel,

The Wanderer of the Wasteland
begins in June McClure's

The beginning of the spectacle made her forget the world and its realities. The *boche* had started to pursue the Alsatian girl; the complicated episodes of the cinematographic drama had begun to unroll on the screen. Soon appeared the trenches and the soldier with his back to the audience who was writing a letter on his knee and who showed his face when he smilingly turned his head around.

"Albert! . . . Albert! . . ."

The poor woman had to make an enormous effort to control herself. This cry rose to her throat with waves of despair. But she trembled at the idea of provoking the wrath of the audience as she had done the night before. They would throw her out and refuse her further admission: she would not see her soldier again.

Fear held her back and her violent emotion melted into tears. To get some relief she spoke in a very low voice, a voice which sounded inward smothering its echoes in her broken heart, while her wet eyes continued to watch devotedly the episodes of the screen drama.

"Albert! . . . *mon petit! C'est moi,* don't you know me? . . . I shall come to see you every night, every night!"

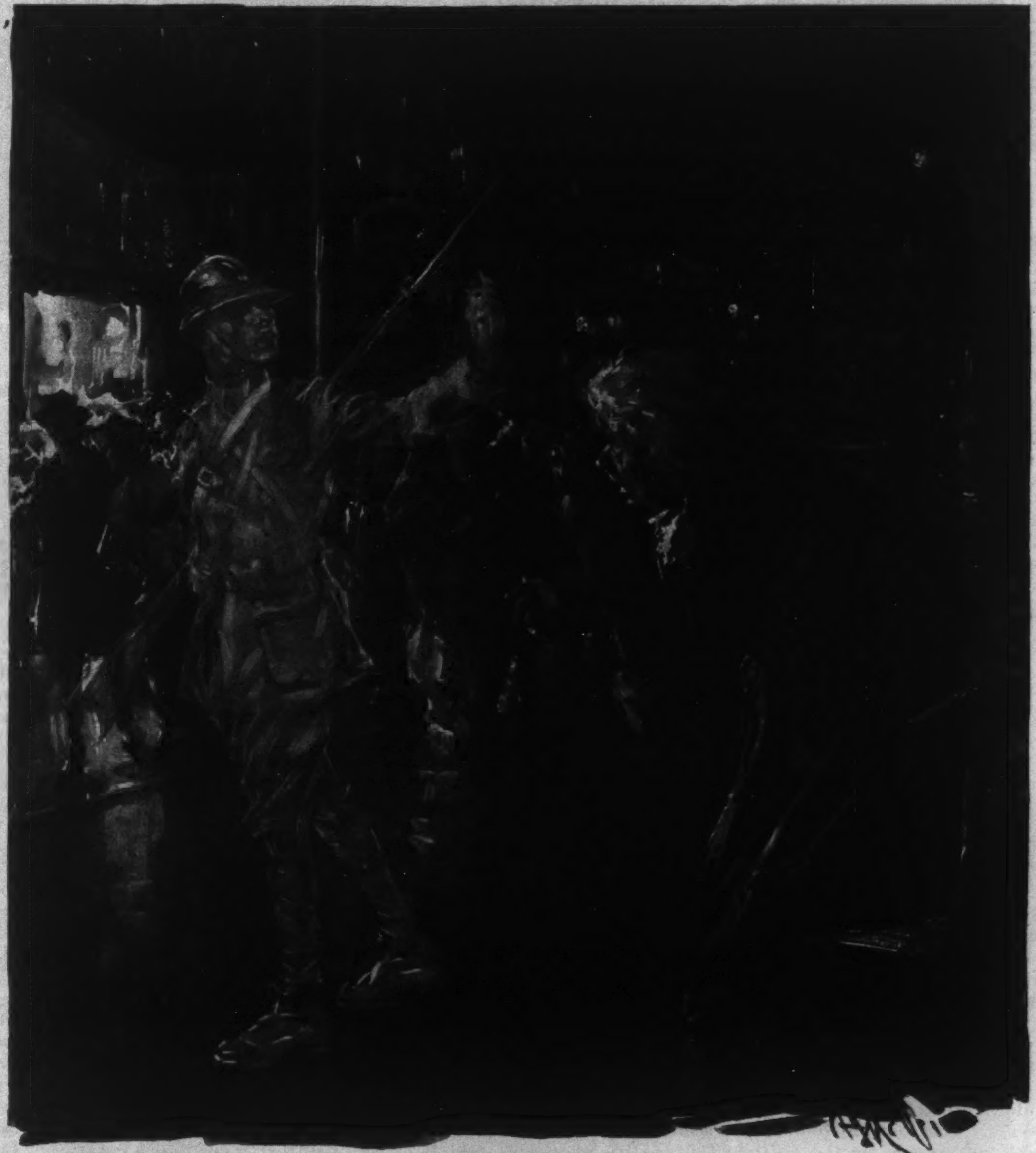
The following night she cried less. She was beginning to get used to the vision. After the performance she spoke to the doorkeeper with a certain familiarity as if she also were one of the staff.

"Have you seen how well my grandson acts?" she asked him.

And the doorkeeper who listened to her story without paying any special attention to it, lifted a finger to his forehead and winked at the box-office lady. She shot back a smile of approval which seemed to say:

"Yes, she is crazy—crazy as a loon!"

The old woman hardly slept that night. Her conscience troubled her. She was selfish; she was keeping for herself all the joy derived from her discovery. Albert had in the world of the living others besides her.



*Suddenly a soldier stood smiling in front of her; curiously enough she could see through his body . . . And now he was beckoning to her to follow him . . . She got up to obey and the soldier stalked away.*

On the following morning she sold her vegetables hastily without giving much thought to profits and put away her push-cart earlier than her competitors. Then she took the subway to the outskirts of Paris. When she reached her destination she found herself in a dull gray and arid landscape studded with smoking factories and brick buildings, ugly and gloomy like prisons, where the families of the operatives were quartered. She spoke to the janitress of one of these tenements. Her great-grandson had been sent to school. Albert's widow was working in the factory. She went then to the factory, and the janitor, an invalid, stopped her. Impossible to admit her. No one was allowed to see the shops because they were turning guns. But the old woman stuck tenaciously to the gate whence she could see many women pass to and fro in the various evolutions of their work, wearing overalls with baggy trousers which gave them the appearance of cyclists. When the noon bell rang and the operatives came out to lunch, the old woman succeeded in speaking to her granddaughter-in-law. The widow's face was ashy pale; her eyes, larger than ever, were shadowed by dark rings. She broke into sobs when she heard that her husband appeared in the movies every night despite the fact that he had been dead for over a year.

"How can that be, grandma?" she asked incredulously.

Her amazement was so great that she stopped crying. She made hopeless attempts to understand her grandmother who repeated the explanations which she had heard in the theatre, although she did not understand them any better than her granddaughter.

"The fact is that Albert is appearing in the movies. Bring your boy. I'll be looking for you to-night." She extended her invitation with the imperiousness of a queen who orders a subject to present himself at a palace function. At eight o'clock they would find her waiting outside the theatre, situated at the opposite extreme of Paris. After this they separated again, for the poor have no time to waste.

The old woman had the satisfaction of seeing them arrive on time. The widow wore a plain ready-made black dress; the child was dressed in his best clothes, his hair trimmed so that he looked like a page.

When the widow tried to buy the tickets, the old woman protested vigorously. "What do you mean? I pay for the tickets. I know the owners of this theatre; they treat me like one of the family." And to show her influence with them, she joked with the lady at the box-office. Later she shook hands with the doorkeeper, her old enemy, and gave him a cheap cigar which she had bought a few moments before.

"Little gifts maintain friendship. Please accept this, my good friend."

Inside, she greeted the usher like an old friend.

"The wife and child of my grandson, who takes part in the films," she said, introducing her family and tipping the usher with a few copper coins. And she sat down proudly in the seat designated by the employee as if she considered it the best in the house.

But the satisfaction of showing her protégés the influence she exerted in that public place was short-lived. She was afraid that when Albert appeared the little woman in mourning next to her would make a scene. The widow, however, was one of those who bear their sorrows in silence. She watched the vision with dilated pupils which reminded one of the eyes of morphine fiends. She bit her lips in an effort to control her feelings while tears streamed down her wan cheeks.

The little page observed the film with the innocence of that age in which we hear of death without knowing what it is. He recognized the soldier who smiled at the public. He had seen him come home once dressed just like that. Why didn't he return? . . .

"Papa . . . papa," he murmured, stretching his little hands toward the figure, begging it to come to him. And the mother and great-grandmother crying their hearts out, pulled him gently in the darkness to keep him quiet.

After the performance, just before bidding them good night at the door of the amusement-hall, the grandmother assumed once more her imperious air.

"To-morrow here again at the same hour; I pay!"

"I live at the opposite side of Paris, grandma," objected the widow, "I have to get up early to go to work. There is the child who must be got ready to send to school. It's impossible . . . And, what is the use of coming again? Albert will not return to life, and this picture is killing me."

The old woman eyed the widow dubiously as the latter walked away leading her sleepy child by the hand. She had always suspected that this little woman had no heart.

"Ay! The only one who really remembers Albert is his poor grandmother."

She was sad and out of sorts all the next day. At nightfall she joined Uncle Crainqueville in the tavern. Although the market philosopher lived amid things and persons without bothering his head about them, he seemed to take an interest in the affairs of his old friend. In the last few days she had become a changed woman. She spent a great deal of money; treated everybody, arrived late at the markets buying the dearest articles, to sell them later cheaper than any other vendor.

"You are ruining yourself; you are spending your capital," the philosopher chided. Despite this advice, however, Uncle Crainqueville continued to drink all the glasses which his liberal friend offered him.

At eight o'clock the old woman grew impatient.

"Good-bye, Crainqueville. I must go for my granddaughter to take her to see her brother. You know that he is performing in the movies?"

"But your grandson was killed! . . ."

"It is true that he was killed, but he is performing in the movies all the same."

The philosopher shrugged his shoulders. It was useless to say anything. His teacher and protector had taught him that we should not be disturbed at anything in this world. Even the simplest and commonest actions prove incoherent when we examine them closely. It is useless, therefore, to expect to find a logical explanation for the extraordinary events of our life.

After pushing the button of the gate bell, the old woman examined her black silk dress. It harked back to the days of her poor daughter. She had made it, although hardly anything remained of the original fashion after the various alterations which had followed one another at long intervals. She admitted that the dress did not look badly at all. Somewhat out of fashion, but a good piece of cloth is always appreciated by the intelligent. Her head was bare. She was proud of the abundance and

[*Continued on page 67*]

# George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

## *As Set Forth*

## *by* George Jean Nathan

## *I—A Garland of Girls*

GEORGE W. LEDERER, when the history of the American theatre comes finally to be written, will figure, first, as the American papa of the so-called revue and, second, as the world papa of the modern so-called girl show. But I have always chosen to regard him, above everything else, as the papa of a vastly more national institution, an institution as uniquely and intrinsically American as it was close to the soil — to wit, the cigarette picture. When George Lederer began his career, I was still at that age when drama meant nothing more to me than the fact that one Belva Don Kersley (in tights) was worth two Madame Janauscheks, one Lotta (in a short skirt) and a slightly soiled Mrs. Kendal. And the boyhood impression of Lederer as the man whose talent was theatrically responsible for picking out the most valuable Allen and Ginter subjects somehow persists with me to this late, and perhaps more sober, day.

For George Lederer, whatever his other virtues, whatever his faults, will go down into the chronicles of our theatre as the super-Ziegfeld of the early '90's, the man who gladdened the American eye with a procession of houris lovelier than has ever since been vouchsafed it. I look back, indeed, through the notes of my "Rosemary," the memories of the theatre we youngsters used to know, and it is strange how often upon the ribbons that gather the clusters of remembrance the name of Lederer appears. What a garland of girls the fellow was sponsor for! What girls, still in all the pretty glory of their teens and little twenties! Lederer started them all on their careers of beauty. He dug them out of obscure choruses; his alert eye detected them in out-of-the-way restaurants, in the auditoriums of provincial theatres, in the crowded waiting-room outside his office. He found them in strange corners, in strange nooks, here, there, everywhere; and he took them and led them into spotlights that were soon to flash the news of their beauty across America, and across the seas to London.

Those lovely faces float still down to us now older fellows over the bridge of the years. Can you fail to remember them? Lillian Russell, of course, in the days of Lederer's "Princess Nicotine" at the Casino. (I recall vividly the celluloid covered "souvenirs" with the resplendent Lil in twenty different postures.) The Russell was then—well, let us say, younger than she is to-day; she was on the brink of becoming the American Beauty; and Lederer was shrewdly guiding her pink-and-whiteness to the point where one pack of Sweet Caporals containing her picture (the one in which she was leaning on a pedestal with one elbow) was soon to be worth a dozen Regensburg panatelas. But the heavenly Lil was by no means the only jewel in the Lederer tiara. There was, for example — and surely you remember her — Virginia Earle, she of hair like a flowing gallon of Würzburger. And Madge Lessing, and Jeannette Bageard, and Jane English, and Edna Wallace Hopper (there was a cutie for you, *messieurs!*), and Mabelle Gilman, and Paula Edwardes, and Lotta Faust, and Ella Snyder (you had forgotten her, I'll wager!), and Phyllis Rankin, then setting you to whistle "When We Are Married," and five of the famous "Florodora Sextette" girls, and Christine Blessing, and Christie Macdonald and Polly Chase, and Elsie Ferguson . . . They were all Lederer's children. For it was he who had picked the daisies from the field of weeds and had brought them to that greatest of all display-greeneries — the musical comedy stage.

Think of the galaxy that he turned loose in a single evening in the famous "Wild Rose," probably the most notable collection of pretty women a single stage has ever disclosed. Irene Bentley, the most beautiful music show luminary of her day: a dazzling blonde girl then, with a complexion like a blushing charlotte russe and a mouth like an apricot that had just had its feelings hurt. Little Marie George with the pert brown curls (what movie material there was in those movieless days!) and the saucy beauty spot upon the right cheek. Evelyn Nesbit, then a youngster just from Pittsburgh. Edna Hunter, with that peculiar expression of always looking homesick, ever attractive to men. Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Elba Kenny, the celebrated Viola Carlstedt, Neva Aymer (who in later years played with the Rogers Brothers), Mazie Follette, the Belva Don Kersley to whom reference has already been made, Teddie Du Coe (whose name was always being misspelled), Hazel Manchester, Mabel Power, Nina Randall, Jessie Jordan, Irene Bishop . . . there were others, but memory cannot retain completely so rich a treasury.

Della Fox and her curl were protégées of our hero. Vashti Earle, perhaps the prettiest girl the American stage has ever known, was another: Vashti, with hair like lazy ginger-ale and that wonderful frightened look as if she were in constant receipt of the news that some evil Italiano was chasing her mother with a butcher-knife. Mona Sydney, the English girl, with mien more regal, if possible, than that of a Brooklyn dowager at the opera; Sylvia Thorne, Ethel Elverton, Goldie Mohr, Adele Ritchie, and Lou Middleton, who was actually presented by her admirers with a gold, bejeweled medal proclaiming her "the champion pretty chorus girl of the world" — these were still others guided by our hero to world fame. And then, of course, there was Edna May.

A PANORAMA *de luxe*, gentlemen! And so it was but natural that when cigarette pictures passed into that distant bourne of my life where hover, too, the ghosts of G. A. Henty, Palmer Cox's Brownies, "Harper's Young People," plush opera glasses and penny taffy balls containing (if one was a lucky picker) an agate, and I grew older and more sedate and began to ponder the inscrutable problems of life, I should seek out this uncommon virtuoso of women and seek to learn how in the name of all the gods of all the mountains he had contrived his astonishing — aye, dumfounding — and priceless talent.

Finding the belle-belasco and bidding him let me in on the secret — I would, methought, bribe the fellow, if reluctant, with a choice ten-cent cigarro — I settled myself in expectation. Here, ruminated I, would be esoteric news, maybe something akin to divine revelation! Getting my choice ten-cent cigarro ready — it was treasured in the inside pocket of my surtout — I poised, somewhat breathless, my question.

"Tell me," I bade, "how did you do it?"

"Do what?" inquired our hero with a high politeness. (I quickly slid my choice ten-cent cigarro back into my pocket.)

"Contrive so exactly and infallibly — and without a miss — to pick out, from all the candidates in big America, so unparalleled an assortment of magnificent ones?" I continued, not unmindful of the irresistible quality of my blandishment.

There was a moment's pause. Our hero blew his nose.

"Easy," he returned. "I looked at their eyes."

I was, I confess it, disappointed. I had given myself to anticipate a much more intricate — shall I say, *outré* — gospel.

"Their eyes?" And the dubiety must have been clear upon my countenance.

"Their eyes," repeated Lederer. "If a girl's eyes are sad, nine men in ten will think her pretty. Or if her eyes are laughing, nine men in ten will think her pretty. It is the girl with nondescript eyes — eyes that do not look sad *or* happy — just eyes — that doesn't attract men's attention. Edna May was a triumph of drooping eyes. What else could account for her enormous success? She wasn't pretty as prettiness goes in the theatre; she had no talent. But those eyes of hers — sad, droopy, innocent-looking eyes — those eyes made her with men America and England over. Including *me*."

"You?"

"Me," he continued. "I took her on eyes alone. When I was searching around for some one to play the lead in 'The Belle of New York' — I had a devil of a time trying to find exactly the right-looking kind of girl — there was a pair of eyes that stuck in my mind. I recalled — though not the owner's name — that they belonged to a little girl, dressed in a white shirtwaist and blue sailor hat, that Sylvia Thorne (whose relative, Fred Titus, the girl was married to) had brought to see me a year before. 'Where are those sad eyes?' I asked Sylvia. She knew at once whom I meant. 'They're on the waiting list of your chorus,' she answered. 'I want them for the *Belle;* get them,' I said to her. She did. The rest you know. Those eyes made a great music show success and a new toast of the town. And they had been buried, unheeded, for two whole years in Hoyt's 'A Contented Woman,' and in the back row of the chorus of Oscar Hammerstein's 'Santa Maria.'"

"Might it not have been something else besides eyes?" I ventured.

"No. What else could it have been? Edna May had the faintest talent imaginable. She had to learn everything — every note, every gesture, every step, every intonation — parrot-like. When she rehearsed the song 'Follow Me,' even the music manuscript had to be interlined with such things as 'Here you put out your right foot,' 'Here you gaze wistfully at the audience,' 'Here you drop your eyes to the floor,' etc. And then on the opening night of 'The Belle,' I had to make up as a member of the 'wop' chorus, stand in back of her, and prompt her to boot! She didn't even know the value of her own innocent look. When she went to London with 'The Belle,' I found her one night putting on a wig — a wig over that straight, convent-girl looking hair of hers! I tore it off her head. If she had worn it *one* night, her whole carefully built-up reputation for being pretty would have gone glimmering. That wig might forever have ruined her. It would have killed the expression in her eyes, taken away the *sine qua non* innocent look. I have never allowed a girl to wear a wig under any circumstances. Not even when she was playing boy parts. A wig would make a Helen of Troy look like a cabbage. Edna was a stupid, if a dear girl. When I asked her why in heaven's name she had taken so great a chance with her fragile reputation as a beauty, she told me that a wig would spare her the trouble of combing her hair every night!"

According to George Lederer, a novice always seems much prettier to an audience — whatever the relative beauty of the two — than her more or less practised sister. "The new face," he puts it, "is always the pretty face."

"So far, so good," I now observed, "but — eyes or no eyes — how did you go about finding the lovely ones in the *first* place?"

"WELL" — and his gaze rested upon the photograph of an especially toothsome sweetmeat high upon the left wall of his sanctum — "that girl's case, though perhaps not a typical one, may be at least a single illustration."

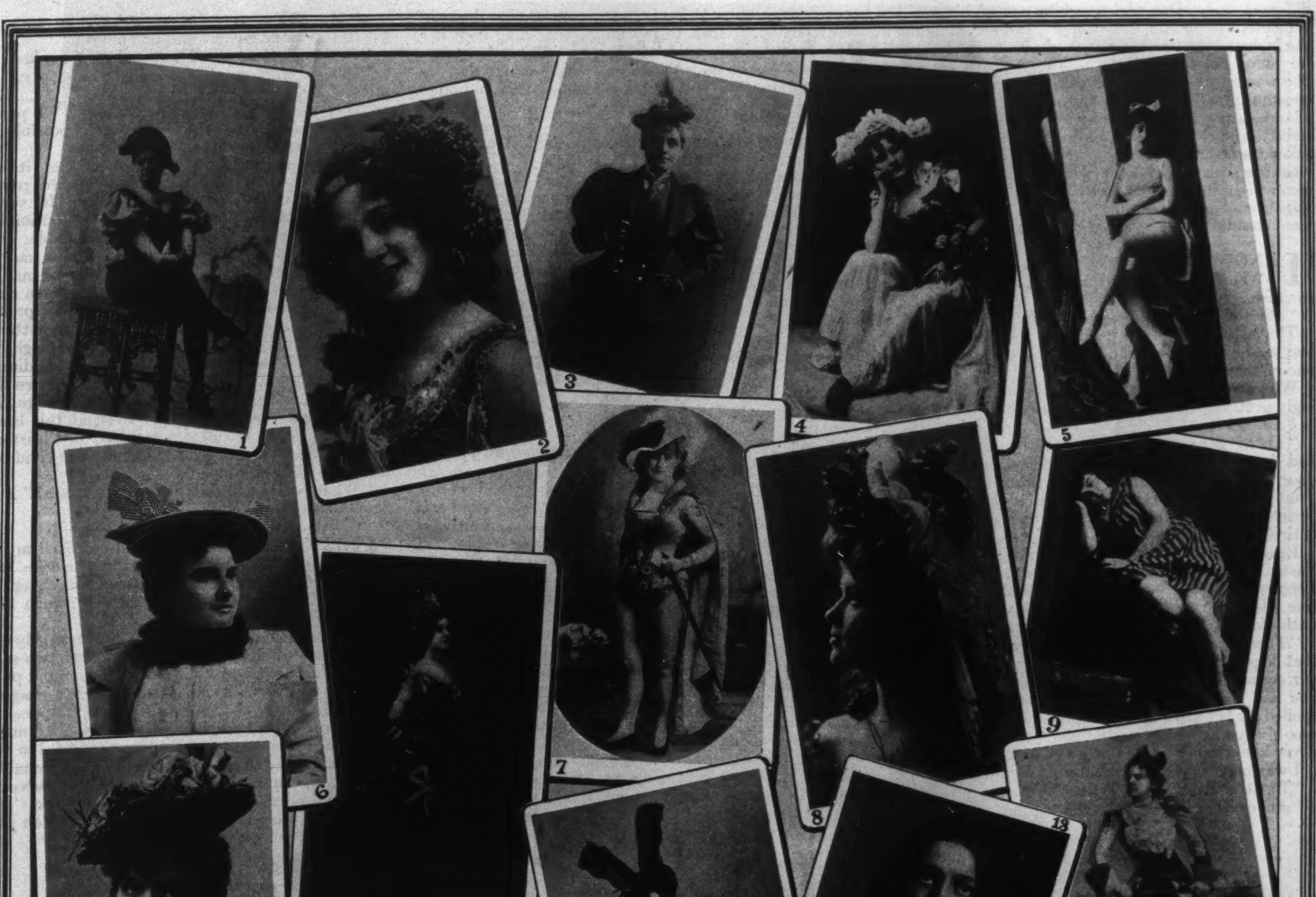
The girl of the photograph was one of the celebrated beauties of her day.

"One evening, I had an engagement to dine with Sadie Martinot in her apartment. I went up and rang the bell. That girl" — indicating the angel on the wall — "opened the door."

"Who was she?" I asked, foul ignoramus that I am. "Miss Martinot's niece?"

"She was Sadie Martinot's maid."

There were other illustrations. One girl, due to achieve high cigarette picture fame, he had found behind a notions-counter in a yokel department store; and another, recalled as being worth one Pauline Hall and two Selma Hermans with a couple of licorice nigger babies thrown in, he had discovered — her eyes had "got" him — passing flapjacks, coffee and sassy remarks in the quick lunch room of a jerkwater railroad station. And there were still other illustrations of a



*A Bevy of the Cigarette Picture Girls of Yesterday*

1 **Frankie Bailey**
2 **Mabelle Gilman**
3 **Adele Ritchie**
4 **Madge Lessing**
5 **Mazie Follette**
6 **Christie MacDonald**
7 **Lillian Russell**
8 **Marguerite Clark**
9 **Sadie Cortelyou**
10 **Irene Bentley**
11 **Vashti Earle**
12 **Isabelle Urquhart**
13 **Goldie Mohr**
14 **Marie George**
15 **Virginia Earle**
16 **Paula Edwardes**
17 **Edna Wallace Hopper**
18 **Edna May**
19 **Phyllis Rankin**

different sort. One night, while one of his musical comedies was playing in Baltimore, Lederer, standing in the lobby of the theatre, observed a remarkably beautiful young girl pass into the auditorium with her escort. She was so precisely the beauty-type for which he was constantly seeking that he set out at once to find out who she was. In the back aisle of the theatre he encountered the house-manager. Indicating the superb one, he asked the latter if he had ever seen her before and, if so, what her name was. That worthy replied that he had never seen her and hadn't the faintest idea who she might be. An usher, a boy of about sixteen or seventeen, standing close by overheard the conversation.

"I KNOW who that corker is, Mr. Lederer," he said.

"*You* do?" returned Lederer, not without some surprise. "Well, who is she?"

"She's my sister," replied the lad.

The usher was Wilmer Bentley who, after Lederer had made his sister Irene famous, became an actor in one of her companies.

Who was the prettiest girl of all those days of surpassingly pretty girlhood? What is Lederer's own vote? I asked him.

"There were many, many pretty ones, but" — and he looked cautiously in the direction of the door as if to make sure no one was listening — "but I'll tell you a secret. I never, in all my experience of those days, ever saw one absolutely and entirely pretty girl!"

Egad, sir, and here was intriguing news! What, Vashti Earle not a pea-chick of the first carat! Elsie Ferguson not a *persicum* of the highest blush! Christine Blessing not a plum of the true vintage! It was unthinkable. I contrived to gasp out a *why*.

"There was something about every one of the girls that kept them from being entirely pretty," confided our connoisseur. "Take Elsie Ferguson, for example. She had a very pretty face, but her pretty face was spoiled by her utter lack of expression. Her expression was always as listless as the lake in Central Park. I never knew a girl with so 'dead' a look."

I was horrified. Here was a sour sacrilege.

"But the Mlle. Vashti!" I interjected.

"An eye-massaging damsel, I grant you," replied our connoisseur. "Truly, an eye-massaging damsel," he repeated. "But, to my mind, one thing kept her, too, from being completely lovely. She had a funny walk. If she stood still, she was what we may describe as a humdinger. But the moment she got in motion — presto! — the illusion was gone. That's why I always kept her standing still on the stage. I never let her walk more than three paces in any single act. And it was that, my friend, that fooled you."

"Mona Sydney," he went on, "was too tall. Ruby Reid was too fat. Frances Belmont was much too tall. Marie George's hair was just a shade 'off' to harmonize with her delicate complexion. Edna May, as I have already said, was too stupid to be completely pretty, though her eyes tricked everybody into imagining that she was pretty. Irene Bentley was not tall enough: her type of beauty demanded for perfection at least two extra inches. Mabelle Gilman lacked repose: she always gave one the impression that she was working too hard. I'll tell you a story some day to illustrate how she thus spoiled the English audiences' belief in her good looks. Virginia Earle was a trifle too plump. And so with all the rest of them. There was in each case one thing wrong with them."

I smiled a smile of superior and complacent wisdom. I had something, thought I, up my sleeve.

"Why are you smiling?" our connoisseur bade of me.

"What" — and I slowly turned my *coup* round and round in my mouth, as if presently to use it in dismaying manner through a bean-shooter — "what," I repeated, "about *Lillian Russell* in those days?"

I sat back and waited. Surely, I had fetched our Lederer at last. *There* was one he had overlooked in his too comprehensive sweep!

But alas for Bottom and his conceit. It was our Lederer's turn to display the smile of superior and complacent wisdom.

"Lillian was a beauty — in the main," he qualified. "But she had ugly arms. No one knew this better than she did; she was a clever woman. That's the reason she always wore long sleeves."

According to George Lederer the "run" of a woman's beauty is for ten years at most. "The season of prettiness," he expresses it, "lasts only ten years." Eighteen to twenty-eight are the best pretty years. "I have seen them dandelions at eighteen," he says, "and thistles at twenty-eight and one month."

"But what of so-called personality?" I asked.

"But we were speaking of physical beauty," he reminded me.

"But what of so-called personality?" I persisted. And I again felt into my pocket for the possibly necessary bribe, my choice ten-cent cigarro.

"That's another matter. Russell had it and it lifted her over when her youth and youthful prettiness left her. So, too, did Elsie Ferguson. Her very devastating 'coldness' was in itself a contribution to her individuality: the two were indistinguishable: one was the other. Lotta Faust and Edna Wallace had it and lovely Irene Bentley didn't. There were many who lacked it — and they were promptly forgotten once the oncoming years robbed them of their early prettiness. Jeannette Bageard was thus quickly forgotten once youth departed from her. So were Jane English, and Nina Randall, and Irene Bishop, and Geraldine Fair, and Helen Lord, and many of the others I have named. But the personality, as we call it, of Madge Lessing has kept her theatrically alive even at this late day. So, also, has the so-called personality of Christie Macdonald. So, too, through her life, did the vivid personality of little Della Fox."

"What is this so-called personality, then?" I asked, bromidically.

"PERSONALITY" — and Lederer fixed my choice ten-cent cigarro with a covetous eye — "personality is the triumph of nothing over something."

"That," I remarked, "sounds very much like the kind of nonsense *I* write."

"True enough," he retorted; "yet, strangely enough it is a fact. Personality may be merely two sad eyes inserted into what is otherwise a large, vapid pumpkin pie. It may be a smile. It may be an exaggerated animal liveliness — like Eva Tanguay's 'personality,' for instance. Or, paradoxically, personality may be a complete absence of personality — as in the case of Pauline Chase. But the best of all personalities, I believe, the most durable and the most successful is the 'sad' personality. The girl who looks 'sad' to nine out of ten has a stock in [*Continued on page 54*]

# The Hour of Freydis

## *Here is Medieval Romance Woven Into a Weird Tapestry*

## *by* James Branch Cabell

**Illustration by Arthur E. Becher**

THEY of Poictesme narrate that in the old days Count Manuel made three earthen images, because of the urgency of his dream, and that he got small comfort from his images. They tell how he carried these images in an osier basket to Hoel the Deep-Minded.

King Hoel looked at the images, prodded them with a shriveled forefinger, and cleared his throat; and then said nothing, because, after all, Dom Manuel was Count of Poictesme.

"What is needed?" said Manuel.

"They are not true to life," replied Hoel.

"Then who can give life to my images?"

King Hoel pushed back his second best crown, wherein was set the Fire-bird's feather, and he scratched his forehead. He said: "There is a power over all earthen images, and a queen whose will is neither to loose nor to bind." Hoel turned toward a thick book, wherein was magic. "Yes, *queen* is the same as *cwen*. Therefore, Queen Freydis of Audela might help you."

"Then I will go to Freydis, that woman of strange deeds."

"Nobody can go to Freydis uninvited. Still, it can be managed that Freydis will come to you when the moon is void and powerless, and when this and that has been arranged."

Thereafter Hoel the Deep-Minded told Count Manuel what was requisite. "So you will need such and such things," says King Hoel: "but, above all, do not forget the ointment."

Count Manuel went forthwith into Morven, and beside the ten-colored stone, whereon men had sacrificed to Vel-Tyno in time's youth, he builded an enclosure of peeled willow wands, and spread butter upon them, and tied them with knots of yellow ribbon, as Hoel had directed. Manuel arranged all matters within the enclosure as Hoel had directed. Then Manuel waited, regarding the full moon. In a while he saw the shadowings on the moon's radiancy begin to waver and move: later they passed from the moon's face like little clouds, and the moon was naked of markings. Thus Manuel knew that the Moon-Children had gone to the well from which once a month they fetch water, and that for an hour the moon would be void and powerless. With this and that ceremony Count Manuel kindled such a fire upon the old altar of Vel-Tyno as Hoel had directed.

When the fire was the height of a warrior, and queer things were happening to this side and to that side, Count Manuel spoke the ordered words: and the flames' colors were altered, so that green shimmerings showed in the fire, as though salt were burning there. This greenness shifted and writhed and increased in the heart of the fire, and out of the fire oozed a green serpent, the body of which was well-nigh as thick as a man's body. This portent came toward Count Manuel horribly. He grasped the monster's throat, and to the touch its scales were like very cold glass.

THE great snake shifted so resistlessly that Manuel was forced back toward the fire and toward a doom more dreadful than burning: and the firelight was in the snake's contemptuous wise eyes. Manuel was of stalwart person, but his strength availed him nothing until he began to recite aloud, as Hoel had directed, the multiplication tables: Freydis cannot withstand mathematics. So when Manuel had come to two times eleven the tall fire guttered as though it bended under the passing of a strong wind; then the flames burned high, and Manuel saw that he was grasping the throat of a monstrous pig. It was a black pig, caked with dried curds of the Milky Way; its flesh was chill to the touch, like dead flesh; and it had long tusks, which possessed life of their own, and groped and writhed toward Manuel like fat white worms.

Then Manuel said, as Hoel had directed: "Solomon's provision for one day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal, ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures, and a hundred sheep, beside harts, and roebucks, and fallowdeer, and fatted fowl. But Elijah the Tishbite was fed by ravens that brought him bread and flesh."

Again the tall flames guttered. Now Manuel was grasping a thick heatless slab of crystal, like a mirror, wherein he saw himself quite clearly. Just as he really was he saw Count Manuel, housed in a little wet dirt with old inveterate stars adrift about him everywhither, and Manuel was frightened.

So Manuel said: "The elephant is the largest of all animals, and in intelligence approaches the nearest to man. Its nostril is elongated, and answers to the purpose of a hand. Its toes are undivided, and it lives two hundred years. Africa breeds elephants, but India produces the largest."

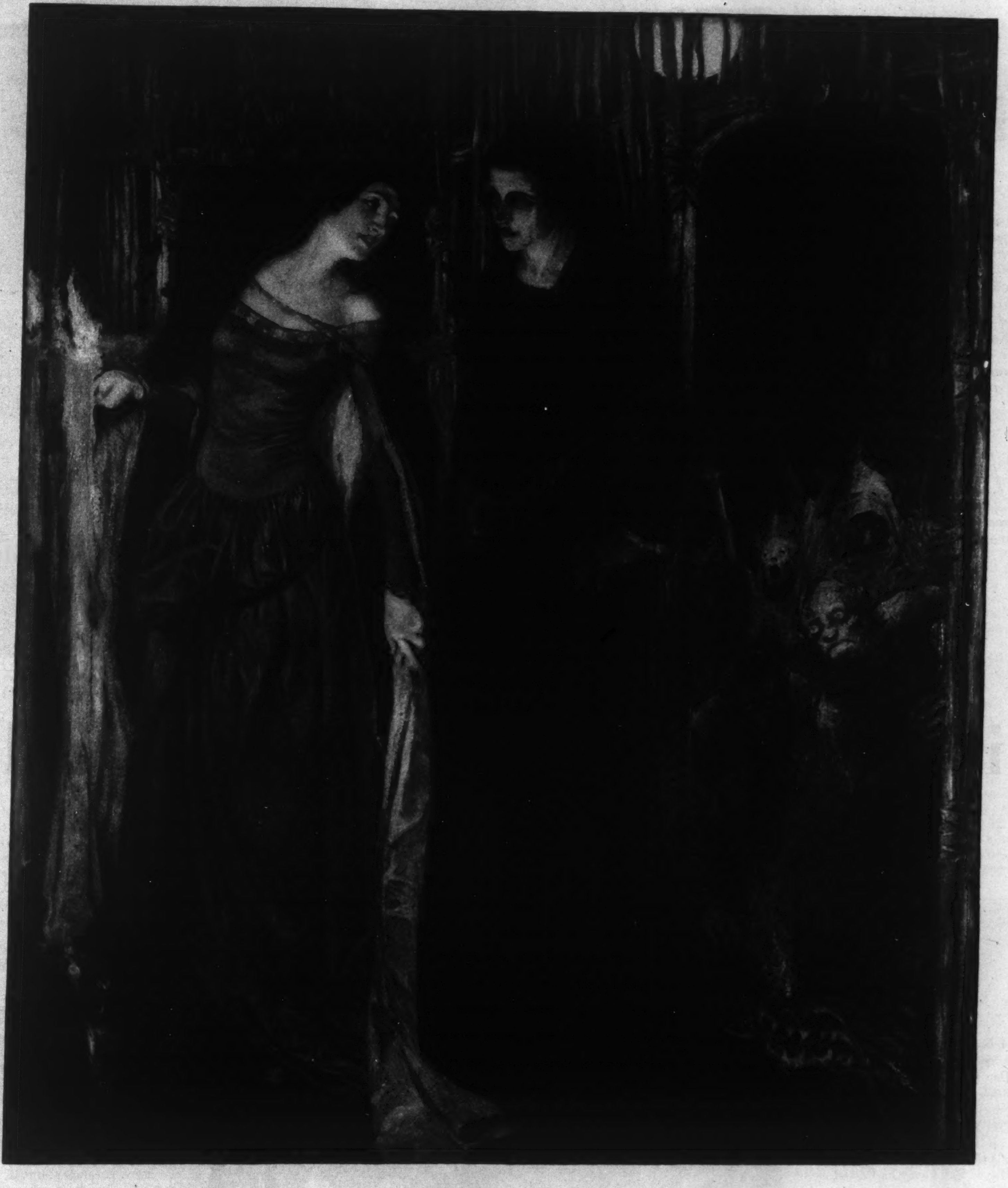
The mirror now had melted into a dark warm fluid which oozed between his fingers, dripping to the ground. But Manuel held tightly to what remained between his palms, and he felt that in the fluid there was struggling something small and soft and living, as though he held a tiny minnow.

Said Manuel: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points."

Of a sudden the fire became an ordinary fire, and the witches of Amneran screamed, and Morven was emptied of sorcery, and Count Manuel was grasping the warm soft throat of a woman. Instantly he had her within the enclosure of peeled willow wands that had been spread with butter and tied with knots of yellow ribbon, because into such an enclosure the power and the dominion of Freydis may never enter.

So by the light of the seven candles Dom Manuel saw Queen Freydis in her own shape and in the appearance which she wears in her own country. To Manuel it seemed that all his living until this had been but a drugged prelude to the moment wherein he stood face to face with Freydis, the high Queen of Audela.

Freydis showed now as the most lovely of womankind. She had black plaited hair, and folds of crimson silk were over her white flesh, and over her shoulders



*"You were in my power," said Manuel. "Now I destroy that power. All your terrors are free to enter. I love you with such mortal love as values nothing else beside its desire, and you care nothing for me"*

was a black cloak embroidered with little gold stars and ink-horns, and she wore sandals of gilded bronze. But in her face was such loveliness as may not be told.

Now Freydis went from one side of the place to the other, and saw the magics that protected the enclosure. "Certainly, you have me fast," the high queen said. "What is it you want of me?"

Manuel showed her the three pitiable images which he had made, set there arow. "I need your aid with these."

Freydis looked at the poor toys. Freydis smiled cruelly. "They are very painstakingly made. What more can anybody ask?"

Manuel told her that he needed life for these images.

She laughed. She said that never would she give such aid.

"Very well, then," said Manuel, "I have ready the means to compel you." He showed this lovely woman the instruments of her torture. Already his heart was troubled. He thrust her hand into the cruel vise which was prepared. "Now, sorceress, whom all men dread save me, you shall tell me the Tuyla incantation as the reward of my endeavors, or else a little by a little I shall destroy the hand that has wrought so many mischiefs."

Freydis in the light of the seven candles showed pale as milk. She said: "I am frail and human in this place, and have no power beyond the power of every woman and no strength at all. Nevertheless, I will tell you nothing."

Manuel set his hand to the lever, ready to loose destruction. "To tell me what I desire you to tell me will do you no hurt ——"

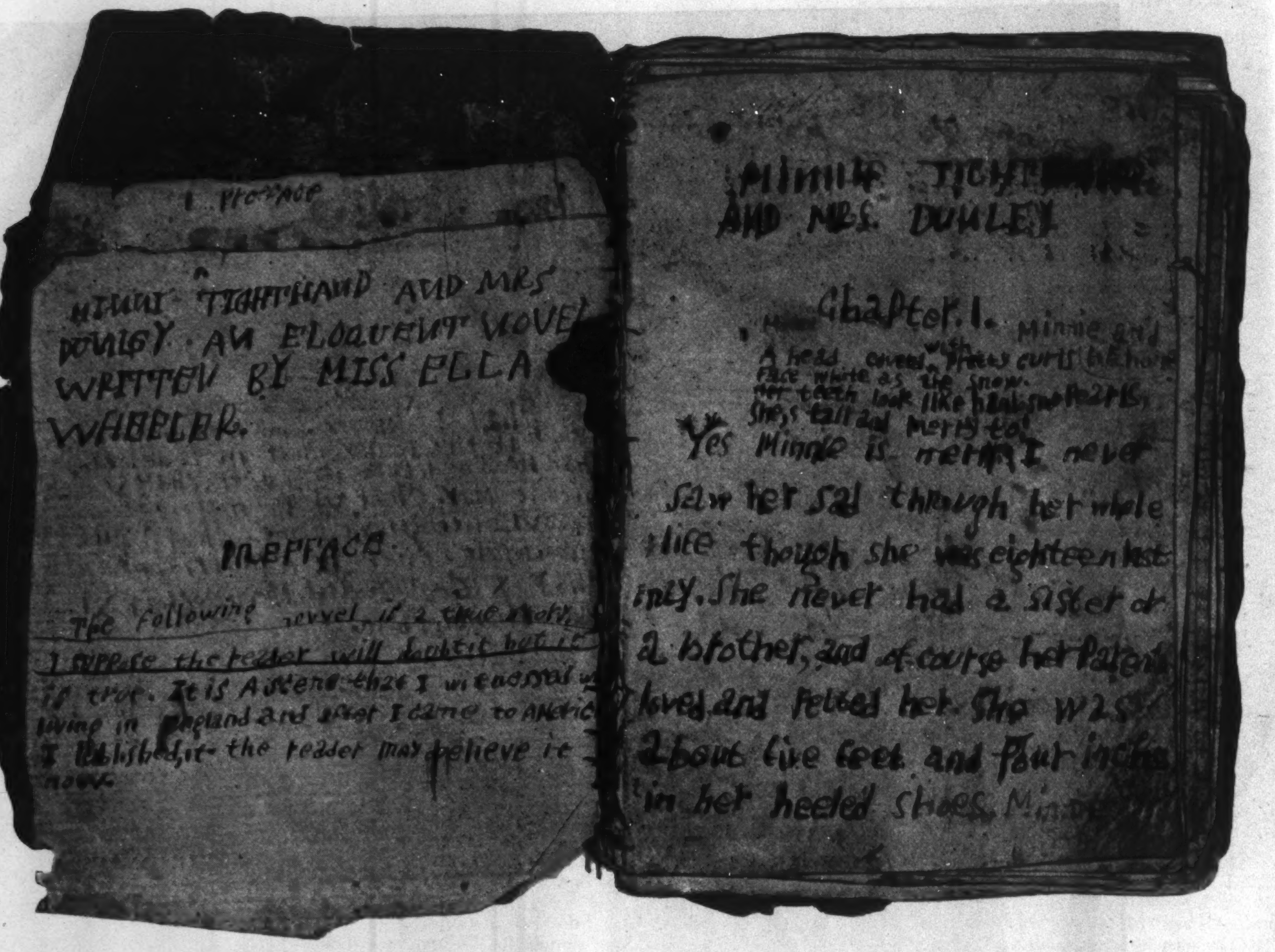
"No," replied Freydis: "but I am not going to take orders from you or any man breathing."

"— And for defying me you will suffer very terribly ——"

"Yes," replied Freydis. "And [*Continued on page 34*]

*Editor's Note: On the manuscript of this, her first work, Mrs. Wilcox wrote: "A verbatim copy of my first verses and story—written at the age of eight—on the farm in Wisconsin." The unquestioned verity of this precocious document and its resemblance in method and naïveté to Daisy Ashford's much discussed "Young Visiters" settle for all time any doubt as to the authenticity of that delicious work.*

*The title page, preface and the first pages of Chapter I, and Chapter VIII—"The Insult"—reproduced from Mrs. Wilcox's original manuscript.*



1 preface

MINNI TIGHTHAND AND MRS
DUNLEY AN ELOQUENT NOVEL
WRITTEN BY MISS ELLA
WHEELER.

PREFACE

The following novel is a true story
I suppose the reader will doubt it but it
is true. It is A scene that I witnessed [illegible]
living in England and after I came to America
I published it the reader may believe it
now.

MINNIE TIGHT[illegible]
AND MRS. DUNLEY

Chapter. 1. Minnie and

A head covered with pretty curls [illegible]
Face white as the snow.
Her teeth look like handsome pearls,
She,s tall and merry to.

Yes Minnie is merry I never
saw her sad through her whole
life though she was eighteen last
may. She never had a sister or
a brother, and of course her parents
loves and petted her. She was
about five feet and four inches
in her heeled shoes. Minnie

# Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dunley

## *An "Eloquent Novel" Written*

## *by* Ella Wheeler Wilcox at the Age of Eight

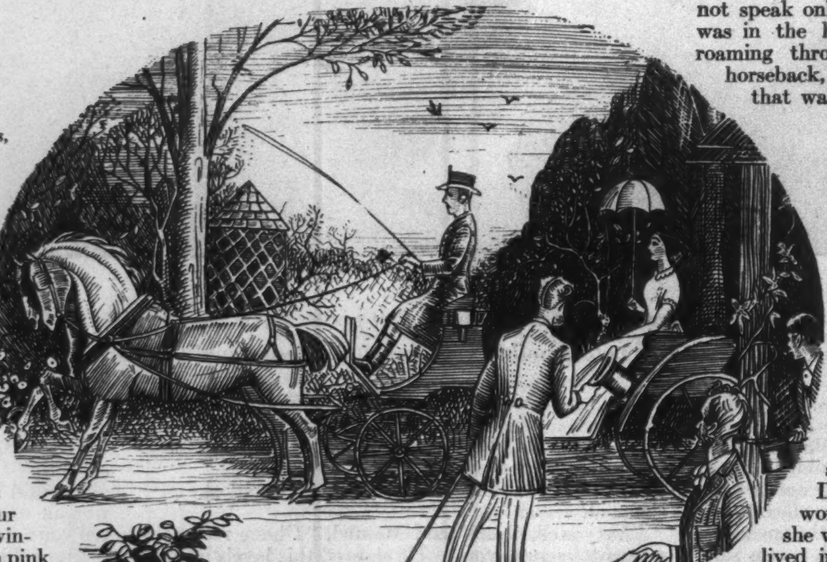
**Decorations by Rea Irvin**

### *Chapter I*

### Minnie and Her Home

*A head covered with pretty curls,*
*Face white as snow.*
*Her teeth look like handsome pearls,*
*She's tall and merry too.*

YES Minnie is merry. I never saw her sad through her whole life though she was eighteen last May. She never had a sister or a brother, and of course her parents loved and petted her. She was about five feet and four inches in her heeled shoes. Minnie had a pretty home. It was a large marble house with stone steps leading up to a beautiful pine door painted white with red nobs. There were beautiful blinds with roses painted on them over the windows. All around the mansion were beautiful shade trees, as locust, elm and maple. Now let us turn our gaze to the inside of the mansion. At the windows are thin white curtains, looped up with pink ribbons. The carpets are an imitation of rosebuds, the paper on the partition was an imitation of the same, the chairs were covered with pretty cloth, and had cushions on. This was Minnie's home, and it was a pretty home; the home was as pretty as the girl that lived in it. We have not yet mentioned that Minnie was not one of the girls that sit in the house all day, and do not speak only when they are spoken to. She never was in the house only at night. She was always roaming through the fields, picking flowers, riding horseback, singing, etc. She dared do anything that was in her power to do.



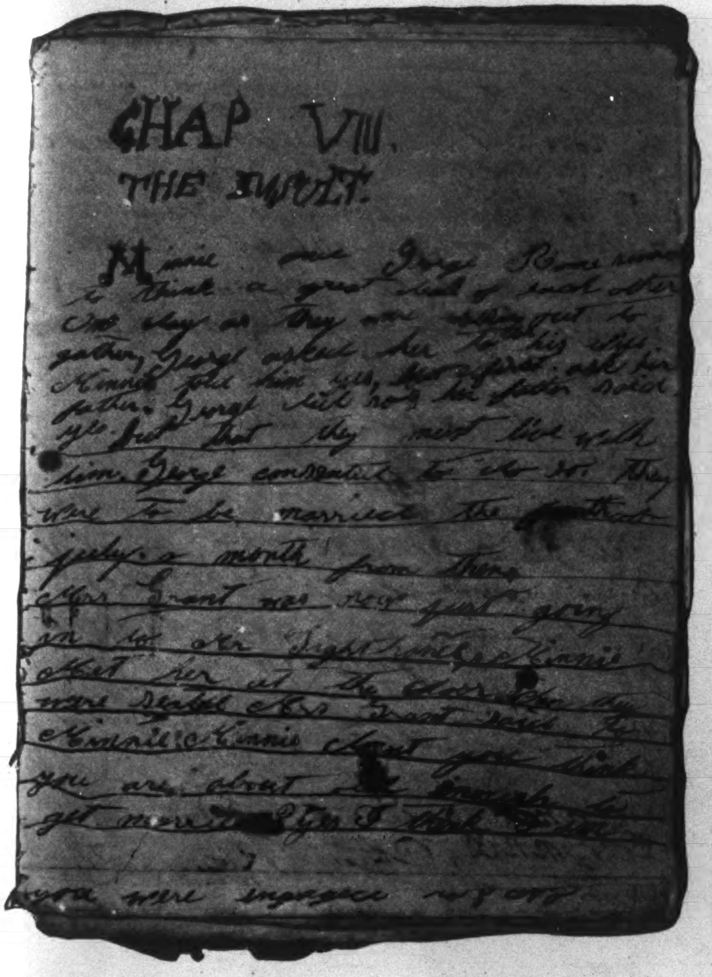
*There had a carriage just arrived.*
*The bride looked magnificent*

### *Chapter II*

### Mrs. Dunley

*Neither handsome or pretty*
*But always so fretty*

A little way from where Mr. Tighthand lived, lived Mrs. Dunley. She was a rich widow. She had but two children, Ida and James. Ida was seventeen in April. James was nineteen in March. Mrs. Dunley was an old gossip. She talked about Minnie at her back, but to her face she was as good as pie. Ida and Minnie were great friends. Mrs. Dunley would not for the world say a word against Minnie in Ida's hearing, for she wanted them to be friends. Mrs. Dunley lived in an elegant white mansion, but we will not trouble the reader to describe it. One day as Minnie was picking flowers where she could hear all that was going on at Mrs. Dunley's she heard her make the following remark to her nieces, Mary and Sally Morton: "Well my opinion of Minnie Tighthand is, that she is a romping, coarse, vulgar girl." When Minnie heard these words she threw down her flowers,



CHAP VIII

THE INSULT

and was soon standing before Mrs. Dunley, saying "Really Mrs. Dunley, is that your opinion of me. I wish I could say the same thing of you, but I cannot." Mrs. Dunley knew not what to do. Her face turned crimson, she dare not look Minnie in the face. She looked straight down at her sewing. "You need not look so straight at your sewing I will not bite," said Minnie, her pretty face smiling. "I don't suppose you will," said Mrs. Dunley, with a snap. "I did not know but you thought such a rude, coarse girl would, and dare not look at me," said Minnie. All this time Sarah and Mary Morton sat in silence. "Well young ladies," said Mrs. Dunley, "you can judge for yourself of this lady." "Yes ladies let's hear your opinion of me, and see if it is like Mrs. Dunley's." "I don't wish to give any opinion," said Sarah.

## *Chapter III* Death

*Death came down so stilly,*
*And softly and chilly.*

It was now April. The neighborhood was now thickly settled. Mr. Grant, Mr. Green, and Mr. Rome had lately moved in. Mr. Grant was a widower. His wife had died three years before. He had no children. Mr. Green had two, Emma and Eliza. Emma was seventeen, Eliza was twenty-four. Mr. Rome had one boy, George, eighteen years of age.

Two weeks passed. Mrs. Tighthand lay on her deathbed. Minnie sat by the bed. Then she looked sad. Sad, and never till then. Her face was very pale. Her father sat by the bed too. The next night Mrs. Tighthand died. Minnie and her Father felt very bad of course. Minnie came very near being sick, but she had a strong constitution. She could not. She never was sick, and never will be. When her Mother died it came very hard on her, but in about a month and a half she got over it. She grew as merry as ever. The pink to her cheeks returned and she was as beautiful as ever. Her Father grew happy again. Minnie was just fixing to go over and visit Ida when her father came into the room. "Where are you going, my Daughter?" "Over to see Ida" was the reply. "Well if her Mother had talked so to me I would not go there," said her Father. "Well if I see her I will not speak to her unless she speaks to me, and I do not want to break friendship with Ida on her Mother's account." "Well go then," said the Father. When she got there she tapped softly on the door, and in a minute Ida was to the door. The first thing she said was "O! Minnie did you know that Mr. Green was dead?" "Why no" said Minnie, "Is he?" "Yes, he died last night." "What was the matter with him?" said Minnie. "They do not know, he was as well as ever at night when he went to bed, and in the morning his wife called him, but he did not answer. She called him again and when he did not answer then she went to him, and he was dead." "That is curious," said Minnie. "So I think" said Ida. Minnie's eyes were now fixed on a portrait. It was a portrait of Mrs. Dunley holding a beautiful little babe. "What, are you looking at that portrait," said Ida. "Yes, was that you or James when you were babes," said Minnie. "Neither" was the reply. "Why did your Mother ever have another child." "Yes." "Did it die?" "No." "What did become of it?" "When it was three years old my Mother's Aunt Jane came to our house, and when she went home she wanted to take it home with her, and as Mother was going down to her Aunt's in about two weeks from then she let it go. Well when Mother got there she asked where her child was. Then Aunt Jane told her that one night it asked her if it might go after the cows, and she told it that it might. So it went! Well at milking time the cows were there, but little Louise was not. The boy that she went with came, and his story was that there was one cow away from the rest and she went after it, but the cow ran off over the hill, and she chased it. He said he halloed to her to come back, but she did not hear him, and he went over the hill for her, but could not find her. So that was the last they see of her." "That is very strange," said Minnie. "I should think your mother would feel terrible." "She cried her eyes most out," said Ida. "Did you say her name was Louise?" asked Minnie. "Yes, her name was Louise May Dunley," said Ida. "Well I must be going home now," "O! don't be in a hurry" Ida said. "Ida, I must go and get supper for Father, you know Mother is not there now, so good by." "Goodby," said Ida.

## *Chapter IV* The Little Stranger

A week had passed away. It was now the month of May. It was the first day Minnie was out riding when she saw a little girl go off to her house. She turned her horse and galloped up to her house for she knew that her Father was not at home. She passed the stable as she went up to the house, so she turned her horse in so that he would not stray off. When she got to the house the little stranger sat on the steps. "Good morning," said Minnie. "Good morning, and isn't this a beautiful morning," said the little stranger. "Yes, it is," replies Minnie. "How far have you traveled to-day?" "O! I don't know." "Have you any parents?" "I do not know that either." "Why that is funny, where did you come from?" said Minnie. "From that way," she said pointing to the east. "From what house?" "No house" was the reply. "What, no house, where do you sleep and eat?" "I sleep on the ground a great many times, and when I happen to come to a house at meal time I stop and eat." Minnie's sympathies were very easily excited, and of course they would be now, if at any time, and so she said to the little stranger "Wont you stay with me?" "Yes, if you will let me." "Well I will, now come in with me and take off your things."

"Now," said Minnie, "tell me your name." "Well my name is May, I guess" said she. "That is a pretty name" said Minnie. "What is your other name?" "I don't know" was the reply. "Don't know, why don't you know your name?" Poor little girl, thought Minnie, how bad she must feel alone in the world. While Minnie was busily engaged in getting dinner she heard a rap at the door. She went to it. Ida was there. "Good morning, Ida." "Good morning, Minnie." After they were seated Ida noticed little May, and said, "What little girl is that, Minnie?" "O!" said Minnie, "it is a little girl that came here, and I kept her." "What is her name," asked Ida. "May" replied Minnie. "May who?" "She does not know" answered Minnie. "Has she any parents?" "She does not know that either." "Oh I wish our little Louise would come back," said Ida. "Perhaps she will," said Minnie. "O! no Minnie, I guess she never will." "How is your Mother, Ida?" asked Minnie. "O! she is well," Ida answered, in the affirmative. "Well I must go now," said Ida. "Stay and have some dinner with me." "Oh! I cannot" said Ida. "Well good by then" and so they parted.

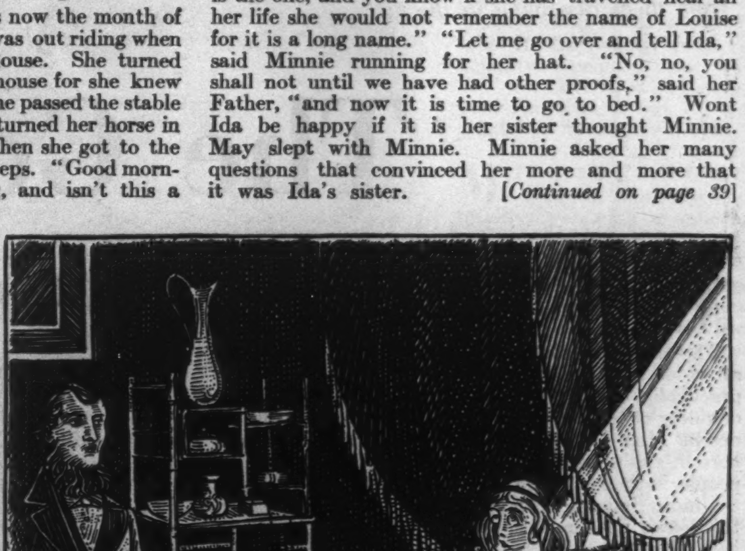
## *Chapter V* Little May

It was a week since Mr. Tighthand had left home. He had just returned. Minnie went to the door to meet him. "Good morning, my daughter; good morning Father." After they were seated Mr. Tighthand noticed little May, and said "What little girl is that, Minnie?" "O!" said Minnie, "It is my little May." "Your little May, but where did she come from?" "She says she came from that way," said Minnie pointing to the east. "Has she any parents?" asked her Father. "She does not know" was the reply. "Well Minnie, we will keep her, and perhaps we will find out who she is, but my Daughter come into my study with me."

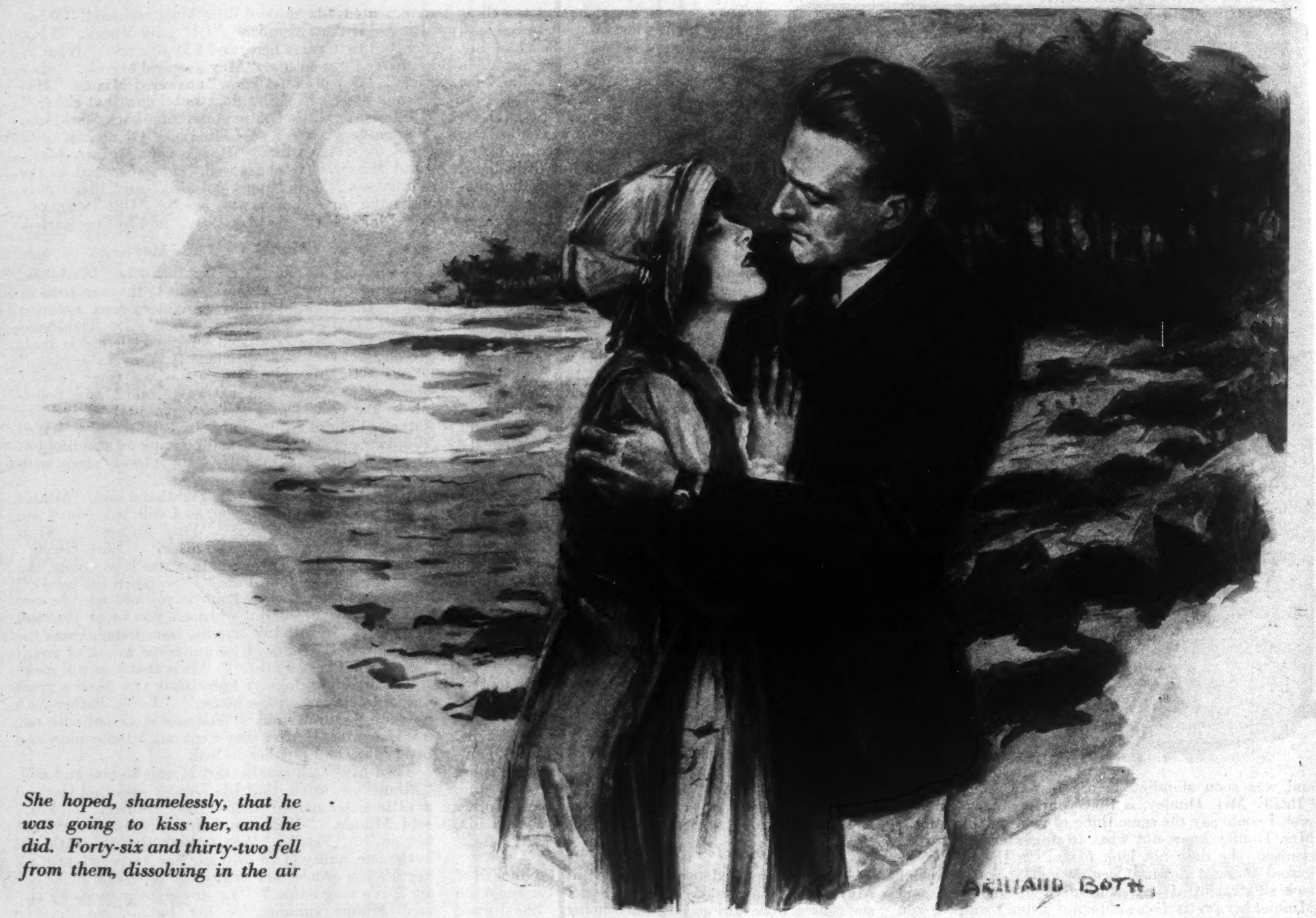
After they were seated Mr. Tighthand said: "Minnie I have no secrets from you, so I will tell you I am engaged to be married." "Why Father!" "It is so my Daughter." "But, who to?" "Eliza Green," replied her Father. "But, Father, she is so young, she is not much older than I am." "So much the better," said her Father, "when I am in my old age she can take care of me." "But when are you to be married, Father?" "In just two months from today," was the reply. "And, Minnie, I have a favor to ask of you." "Well, what is it, Father?" "It is that you will make Eliza's wedding dress. I know that you have a great dislike to staying in the house." "I will, Father with pleasure," said Minnie. "Well now come out with me, my Daughter." After they went out Minnie undressed little May, and put her to bed.

Then Mr. Tighthand called Minnie to him and said, "Minnie you know that Ida Dunley said that she had a little sister named Louise May Dunley." "Yes," said Minnie. "Well you know where she said that to you." "Yes." "Well I think that this little girl is the one, and you know if she has travelled near all her life she would not remember the name of Louise for it is a long name." "Let me go over and tell Ida," said Minnie running for her hat. "No, no, you shall not until we have had other proofs," said her Father, "and now it is time to go to bed." Wont Ida be happy if it is her sister thought Minnie. May slept with Minnie. Minnie asked her many questions that convinced her more and more that it was Ida's sister.

[*Continued on page 39*]



*Mrs. Tighthand lay on her deathbed. Minnie sat by the bed. Then she looked sad. Sad, and never till then*



*She hoped, shamelessly, that he was going to kiss her, and he did. Forty-six and thirty-two fell from them, dissolving in the air*

# The Golden Age

## *by* Fannie Heaslip Lea

**Illustrations by Armand Both**

MISS DESMOND was having tea on the lanai of the Moana Hotel while she waited for Rosita, her little sister, to come up from the beach.

The lanai was at that hour, five or a little after, of a cloudless afternoon in October, practically empty. Everybody was either swimming or riding or tea-ing somewhere else, everybody, that is, except Miss Desmond — and as for Miss Desmond, herself, she preferred it empty. She did not care for people, in the lump sum. She greatly preferred solitude to indiscriminate companionship. She had been thirty-two for three days and the fact weighed upon her a little.

Not that you would have guessed it to look at her. She looked a very charming, rather chilly, altogether too well-poised twenty-six or so. She looked like a Duchess with a sense of humor — there must be such! — but she looked, also, as if no Duchess ever born could quite have achieved that knowledgeable calm of hers. Duchesses, in general, have rather a conscious look, as if uneasy lay the head that wore so much nobility. Miss Desmond merely looked as if she had always walked through doorways ahead of other people. And likely she had. In any case, her mind went through ahead when her lovely statuesque body didn't. It gave her the stately carriage of a Madonna lily, and a kind of abstracted smile which some people found annoying. Rosita, for example.

Miss Desmond, to continue, was having tea. It was not very good tea, a trifle cool and more than a trifle strong, so she beckoned the Japanese boy who had brought it to her, and sent it back.

"I asked for buttered toast," she suggested with a disdainful little gesture including the brown dry strips before her, and sent that back, too.

The boy, who was slightly annoyed, himself, but naturally refrained from saying so, went about his reconstructive business. Miss Desmond opened her letters and read them without any very violent manifestation of interest.

In her white frock and the wide-brimmed black hat which shadowed the waved brown hair and the deep-sea coolness of her eyes, not to speak of the unwomanly firmness of her rounded chin, Miss Desmond made a distinctly delightful picture; but if she knew it, she allowed no indication of the fact to creep into the well-bred impersonality of her attitude. She was there to have tea and wait for Rosita. She was doing both with just the right degree of attention to detail

IN ten minutes the boy came back, with tea less strong, less cool, and toast elaborately buttered. In twenty-five minutes, when the tea was perceptibly lower in the green china pot and the toast had almost disappeared, there was a patter of sandaled feet on the lanai, the swish of a gay green kimono sheltering a damp purple bathing-suit, and an oddly excited young voice called briefly:

"Down in a minute, Kath'rine!"

It was Rosita, on the way up from her swim.

Miss Desmond caught the colorful appeal of a purple silk handkerchief bound about a small, Greek-boy sort of head, above two long greenish-gray eyes — she caught a flash of even white teeth, a little-girl dimple. . . .

"Hurry, Rosita!" said Miss Desmond reproachfully.

"Don't want any tea — " drifted back to her vaguely.

Nevertheless, Miss Desmond beckoned the boy again and renewed her order. She believed in regularity — for Rosita.

Rosita came back in fifteen minutes, by the watch, settling a soft black tie at the open throat of a mannish white linen blouse, smoothing her silken, mouse-colored hair with one rosy palm, and presenting altogether the refreshing aspect of a child just purified with cold water and talcum.

She seated herself and inquired eagerly:

"Teddy come?"

"Was Teddy supposed to come?" inquired Miss Desmond, pouring the tardy one's tea and passing the toast, again buttered. Her delicate eyebrows implied in the faintest of elevations that Teddy's arrival would be at the moment in questionable taste, even undesirable.

"Thought I said I didn't want any tea," murmured Rosita mutinously, accepting her cup, and biting a frankly generous section out of her toast. "Yes, Kath'rine, he is. I told him to come along as soon as he got into his clothes again. He's probably brushing his hair. It takes him hours. Ever notice it? Looks like black silk."

"I can't say that I have paid any especial attention to young Millard's hair," Miss Desmond returned wearily. "And I can't see why you should, either, Rosita . . . really!"

"Don't you think Teddy's the most beautiful thing you ever looked at?"

"I think he is just an ordinarily nice boy — with a kind of romantic interest attaching to him, because he happened to get over to France and fly a machine, there. I'll tell you what I do think, my dear, and that is that you are making yourself unpleasantly conspicuous with him — and —— "

"Now, Kath'rine . . . !" began Rosita warningly. The blood swept up under her clear lovely skin till she flamed like a rose-leaf, with a fire imperishably young. Into her seventeen-year-old eyes a look of reckless ardor came startlingly. . . . "Now, Kath'rine!"

There were other people, by now, scattered at little tables along the broad lanai. The before-dinner crowd was drifting in.

"Do you want the entire place to hear you?" asked Miss Desmond coolly. "Do be sensible, Rosita! You must know I can't let you get yourself talked about with this boy. He's a mere child. So are you. I knew on the boat coming down, when I allowed you to become so absurdly —— "

"Allowed me!"

"I suppose you'll admit I'm supposed to be looking out for you? You make it very difficult, Rosita."

"So do you, Kath'rine."

Miss Desmond flushed in her turn, slowly and painfully.

"We won't discuss it. I have my responsibilities where you are concerned. I can't forget them, whether you recognize them or not. I don't enjoy saving you from all sorts of absurd situations into which you seem to delight in hurling yourself . . . "

"Kath'rine, you talk too much — " said Rosita calmly. She helped herself to her third strip of toast.

"If I do," said Miss Desmond, stricken with justifiable anger, "it's not because I find the subject so enthralling, I can assure you."

"Birds, in your little nests, agree!" replied the outrageous Rosita. She finished her tea and put the cup aside. "I've a good mind not to tell you something I was going to —— "

"Rosita!"

"You are so beastly unsympathetic."

"Do you *want* to make me unhappy?"

"Not unless I have to — but I tell you right now, Kath'rine . . . I'm going to live my own life — and you might as well —— "

"You are too absurd —— "

"You use that word an awful lot," Rosita commented with a determined attempt at aloofness. "People who live in glass houses —— "

"What were you going to tell me? What have you done now?"

"You talk as if I were the heroine of a dime novel."

"You behave as if you *thought* you were . . . Rosita, I have got to know what you are talking about."

Rosita sighed, played with her spoon and smiled — a smile of adorably mysterious dreaminess.

"Of course I'm going to tell you — I meant to tell you all along. But you might be a little kinder. Where can a girl go for sympathy — and — and understanding and all that — if not to her only sister?"

"Rosita — I insist upon knowing — what have you done? You terrify me."

"It's about Teddy —— "

"Of course it's about Teddy — I've got eyes in my head —"

"Well — he told me today —— "

"Go on!"

"Oh, Kath'rine — " said Rosita with a long compassionate look — "weren't you ever young yourself? Haven't you any feelings at all? What do you *suppose* he told me?" Her dimple came into play like a shadow on a flower.

"What?" cried Miss Desmond in a horrified undertone. "Oh, he couldn't have been so ridiculous! A baby like you!"

"Seventeen is not a baby!" said Rosita coldly, with a haughty accession of color. "I may not have lived so long as you, Kath'rine — but I'll bet a hat I've lived more deeply."

MISS DESMOND groaned, sincerely and frankly, yet with a subconscious regard for possibly interested neighbors.

"This," she said when she could control her mingled emotions, "is absolutely the last straw. I must have been mad to listen to you when you begged me to let you stop school this year and come on this trip with me. I suppose somebody has told this boy you have a little money of your own?"

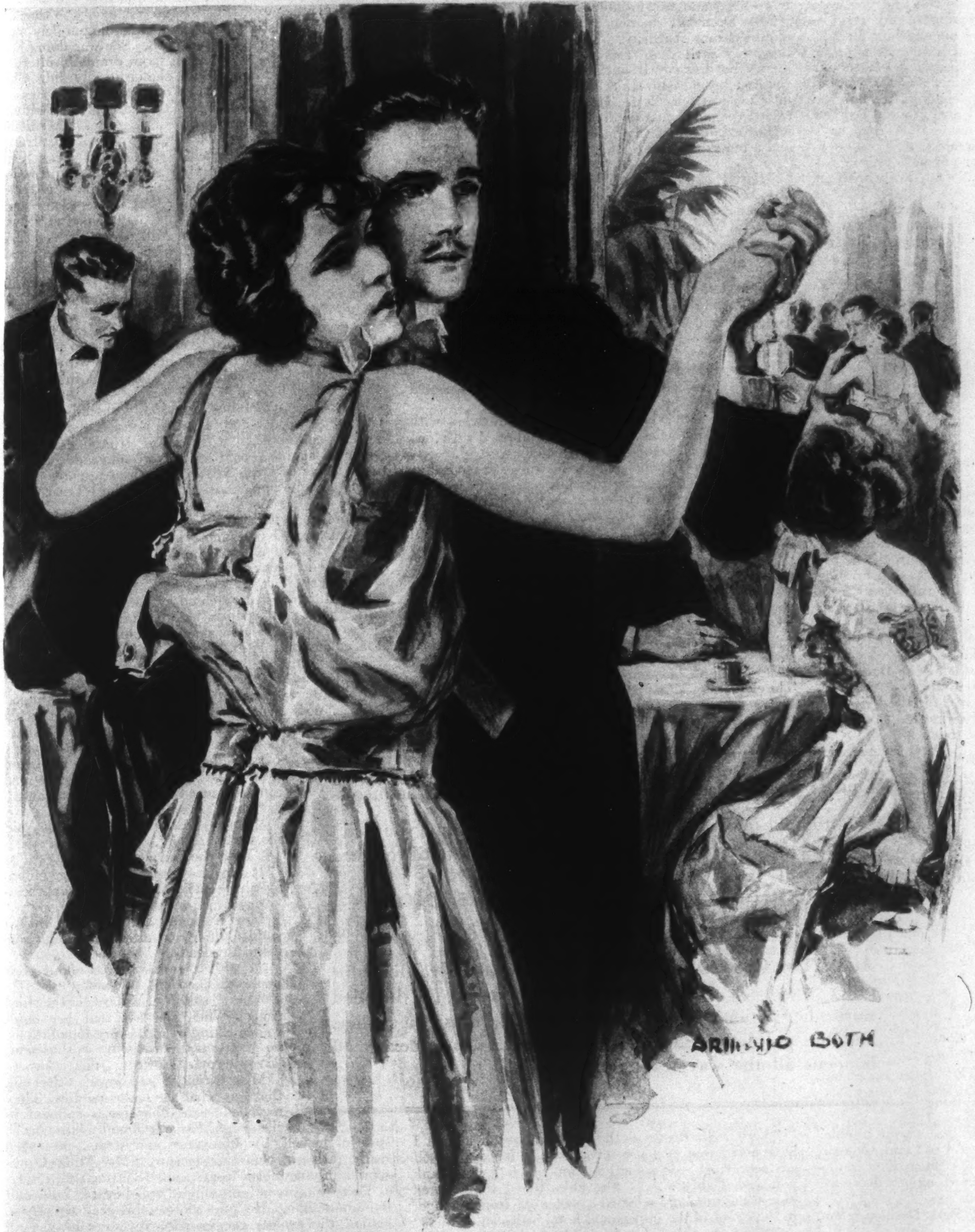
"Money," said Rosita loftily, "is nothing in either his life or mine. Anyhow he's got a good deal more than I ever had — or would have if he could get his uncle's claws off it . . . "

"Isn't he even of age?" demanded the elder sister despairingly.

"Certainly he's of age," said Rosita coldly. "You might have ordered jam with this toast, Kath'rine — awfully dry like this! He's twenty-two, but there's a silly old will or something and he doesn't get his money till he's twenty-five. Perfectly ridiculous, isn't it?"

"It shows at least that there must have been some one in his family with average intelligence —— "

"I hate sarcasm," Rosita pronounced, untouched. "You know very well, Kath'rine, it



*"Not sore, are you," Teddy asked, "because a fellow happened to remark that your sister was good-looking? Wonder what she said to Uncle Dana?"*

never gets you anywhere with me, absolutely never."

Miss Desmond folded her hands tightly in her lap and looked at her little sister long and fixedly. Rosita, who was worth looking at and already modestly aware of the fact, endured her scrutiny in a kind of thrilled silence, consuming, meanwhile, in the most businesslike way what remained of the toast.

"There!" she said at last. "If Teddy comes now, you'll have to order some more."

"I trust he'll have sense enough and good breeding enough to stay away ——"

Rosita sniffed. "Is it your idea of good breeding for a man to tell a girl that he — well, adores her — if you really want to know! — and then drop out of sight for the next few years? It's not mine."

"Rosita dear —" Miss Desmond began imploringly.

"*Vox humana* stuff!" said Rosita naughtily. "You've been taking care of me since I was two and you were seventeen . . . you're only thinking of my good — and it hurts you terribly to deny me anything I want. I know all that. But, if you will have it, Kath'rine, you just can't possibly understand how it is I feel about Teddy and how he feels about me. You've got no temperament. You know, yourself, you are not the emotional kind. I am. Where I love I love. Teddy's uncle himself couldn't frighten me — and Teddy says he's the coldest old bird in the Islands. . . ."

"Is the language Teddy's — or yours?"

"It's Teddy's, okeh-ed by me," said Rosita with an irrepressible giggle."

"And Teddy and you have fully decided ——"

Rosita assumed a dreaming sweetness heavy with reminiscence. She murmured softly but quite audibly:

"This is the birthday of my life
My own, my love has come to me!"

"That is absolute rot," said Miss Desmond clearly and coldly.

"That's all you know about it," said Rosita.

"If you think I am going to let you ruin your life for the sake of a boy you never saw until two weeks ago — a boy who can't even be trusted to handle his own money ——"

"That will was made when he was six weeks old," Rosita interrupted hotly. "I don't suppose even you, Kath'rine, were anything of a financial genius at six weeks — were you?"

Miss Desmond ignored the very reasonable question. "It doesn't make the least difference. I am older than you, and I know the world as you don't. I know that the man you might adore, as you so dramatically put it, at seventeen, you wouldn't turn over with the toe of your slipper, at twenty-five — you've seen nothing of men. When you look back at this a few years from now, you'll thank me, I haven't a doubt, for getting you out of a silly mess."

"If youth but knew — if old age only could!" sighed Rosita with a meaning glance.

The thirty-second birthday had left Miss Desmond's soul a trifle sensitive. "Very well, Rosita," she said, turning delicately pale. "We leave for the Orient at the end of this week instead of two months from now, as I had planned. I am sorry not to let you see more of Hawaii."

"Don't worry about that," said Rosita sweetly. "Teddy says the boats are so crowded you can't possibly get anything out of here for Japan before two months at the very least."

Miss Desmond stood up suddenly. Fifteen years with Rosita had taught her the value of an unexpected change of front.

"If that is true," she said quietly but very distinctly, "you will tell Teddy to send this uncle of his — a guardian, I suppose he is really — to see me to-morrow. I can at least arrive at an understanding with him."

"I don't care who understands who," said Rosita, dimpling deliciously, "so long as you let Teddy and me alone. You certainly are as cold as a fish, Kath'rine! When I think how happy I was on the beach, this afternoon, with Teddy — and how you've done nothing but scold and discourage me since I came up — you don't *feel* enough, that's your trouble. You're too worldly, Kath'rine — and as I said, to begin with, you've never really lived. Women like you — I'm not saying they don't! But with me it's different. I'm what they call a man's woman ——"

"You are a little fool," said Miss Desmond, not unjustifiably.

Rosita tossed her head and tears came into her eyes. "Come up to your room and dress for dinner . . ."

"I'll come when I'm ready, Kath'rine —" defiance sparkled through mists —"or would you like to call one of the boys to carry me?"

"You are incorrigible," said Miss Desmond very low. She passed Rosita with a deliberately averted glance and took her own way toward the elevator. As she went she was aware of the eager, almost the conquering approach of a good-looking youngster in a dark gray suit with the low sun bronzing his uncovered dark head, with the Gallic absurdity of a tiny dark mustache belying his fresh boy's mouth . . . He moved with the swinging grace of a wild thing or a born dancer and under thick dark lashes his black eyes shone with excitement, like a dancing flame . . . it was, of course, Teddy, going straight as filings to a magnet, to the table at which Rosita still waited. Rosita's hand went out to him — one might suppose they met after long and unbearable separation — there was the trill of a bell — more toast and tea, indubitably . . .

Miss Desmond experienced a sudden let-down feeling of unwelcome maturity. The rising elevator carried her away as it were from more things than the first floor. She dressed without interest and flung the letters she had brought up-stairs with her, torn once across, into the waste-basket. They included nothing more exciting than a notice from her lawyer that he had forwarded her monthly income, a catalogue of linens and a request from a certain charity for funds.

THERE had been a steamer in from the States that day, but even steamers from the States can not bring unwritten letters . . . and there was no one to write letters of any vital importance to Miss Desmond. A bit of gossip perhaps, from another woman . . . what was it Rosita had said, the little ingrate — "'*Women* like you, of course — I'm not saying they don't . . .'"

Miss Desmond put the thought of Rosita determinedly away from her. She was accustomed to live as quietly and controlledly as she could, a quiet which Rosita commonly threatened. To-morrow, the uncle would be there to be talked to — Rosita and her joy of living could very well wait till to-morrow.

But to-morrow, when it came, brought an unexpected development.

Rosita announced after a noon-time interview with Teddy, lasting unconscionably long and filled with low-voiced confidences and sudden chucklings:

"Kath'rine — Teddy spoke to his uncle, this morning, and he said — I'm giving you his very words, just as Teddy repeated them to me — that he was sorry but that he never called — too busy . . ."

"What?" asked Miss Desmond incredulously, an edge of sharp offense in her even tones.

Rosita repeated demurely.

Miss Desmond reddened with honest anger.

"Do you mean to say he supposed that I was asking him — *asking* him — to call on me! That he supposed I wanted to meet him — socially?"

"I don't know," said Rosita, repressing a wicked little smile. She was really outrageously pretty, as fresh as apple-blossoms and quite as irresponsible. The elder sister bit a lip that, less controlled, might have had a certain allure of its own, and set an already sufficiently steady chin.

**What is the difference between Danish and Massachusetts?**

Now that the query has become lodged in your mind, you won't be satisfied until you know, and you won't know until you read

**Josephine Daskam Bacon's Story in the June McClure's**

And "The Good Old Stock" is a tale worth reading for other reasons. It will introduce to you a red-blooded nurse, her patient, and — a problem. No, he isn't a soldier, and the problem isn't the old one either. The unexpected happens all the way through.

"Very well, Rosita — the impertinence of a man I have never seen — never care to see, so far as I myself am concerned — is something for which I can thank you and Teddy . . ." She unbuttoned the tailored blouse she wore and selected a cooler one from a hanger in the closet of the impersonal hotel bedroom.

"What are you going to do?" asked Rosita a trifle uneasily.

Miss Desmond moved between mirror and closet, smoothing her perfectly arranged hair, choosing a skirt and a plain straw hat, stuffing a clean handkerchief into her pocket and taking a beaded bag from an inhumanly-orderly dresser drawer.

"I am going," she said at last, from the doorway, "to call on Teddy's conservative uncle, since he declines to call upon me. Is there any message you would like to send him, Rosita?"

But Rosita for once was bereft of words. She sat with her soft pink mouth a little open and watched her sister depart in silence. When a rented car hooted twice and slid away beneath the open window, Rosita fled to the telephone and called a number by means of the automatic attachment which spells Honolulu's deep sophistication even in the midst of the untamed Pacific:

"Teddy — oh, Teddy!" wailed Rosita. . . .

As for Miss Desmond she rode downtown in a state of aloof and icy excitement comparable only to that of some early Christian maiden about to die publicly and impressively for her beloved faith. She was doing her duty but she also was getting more dramatic interest out of that performance than she ordinarily did. She formulated mentally a series of crushing politenesses with which she should open the subject of Teddy's ineligibility for the benefit of Teddy's uncle. "My little sister"— thus she would refer to the recalcitrant Rosita. . . . "My little sister shall not, if I can help it, be made the victim of a boy's emotional impulses!" Wait a bit, though — wasn't that perhaps a trifle wordy? Mightn't one better put it tersely — and unanswerably —"I wish you to understand, Mr. Millard —" (his name was Millard? Yes — Dana Millard, that was it . . .) "I wish you to understand that I am going to prevent this absurd marriage if it takes the rest of my life to do it in. I'll put Rosita in a convent — youth does not know its own mind. . . ."

The vision thus included, of Rosita in a convent, gave even Miss Desmond pause. Her intrepidity did not waver, but it stopped to count twenty, so to speak. One could not but be inspired, in advance, with feelings of the deepest sympathy for any convent into which Rosita should be put.

However — something indubitably should be done. The car stopped before a rather presentable building in terra-cotta brick with cream trimmings. Miss Desmond alighted, paid her driver and made her way to the office of Dana Millard, who was apparently an official of some importance, in the Millard Trust Company.

Before a ground-glass door marked Private in large black letters, Miss Desmond, having scorned a timorous impulse to stop and powder her nose, knocked and received a deep-voiced invitation to enter.

She did so briskly.

Mr. Millard, sitting behind a wide flat-topped table with a good many papers before him and the light of a large relentless window at his back, looked up with the air of condoning an intrusion.

He was a man of about forty-five or six, Miss Desmond decided in a first sweeping glance, with straight gray hair, irreproachably thick upon a well-shaped head; a nose which somehow suggested the marble and laurel-wreath of Cæsar; a mouth, extraordinarily handsome but cold almost to the point of repellence; and eyes — he wore glasses which acted as a screen — one almost fancied he so intended them.

"Yes?" he said quietly.

"I am Katharine Desmond," said his visitor regally.

"Yes?" he said again.

It was not an encouraging monosyllable — neither was it an appreciative one.

Miss Desmond added, bitten with a sudden desire to alter that impassive calm, physically:

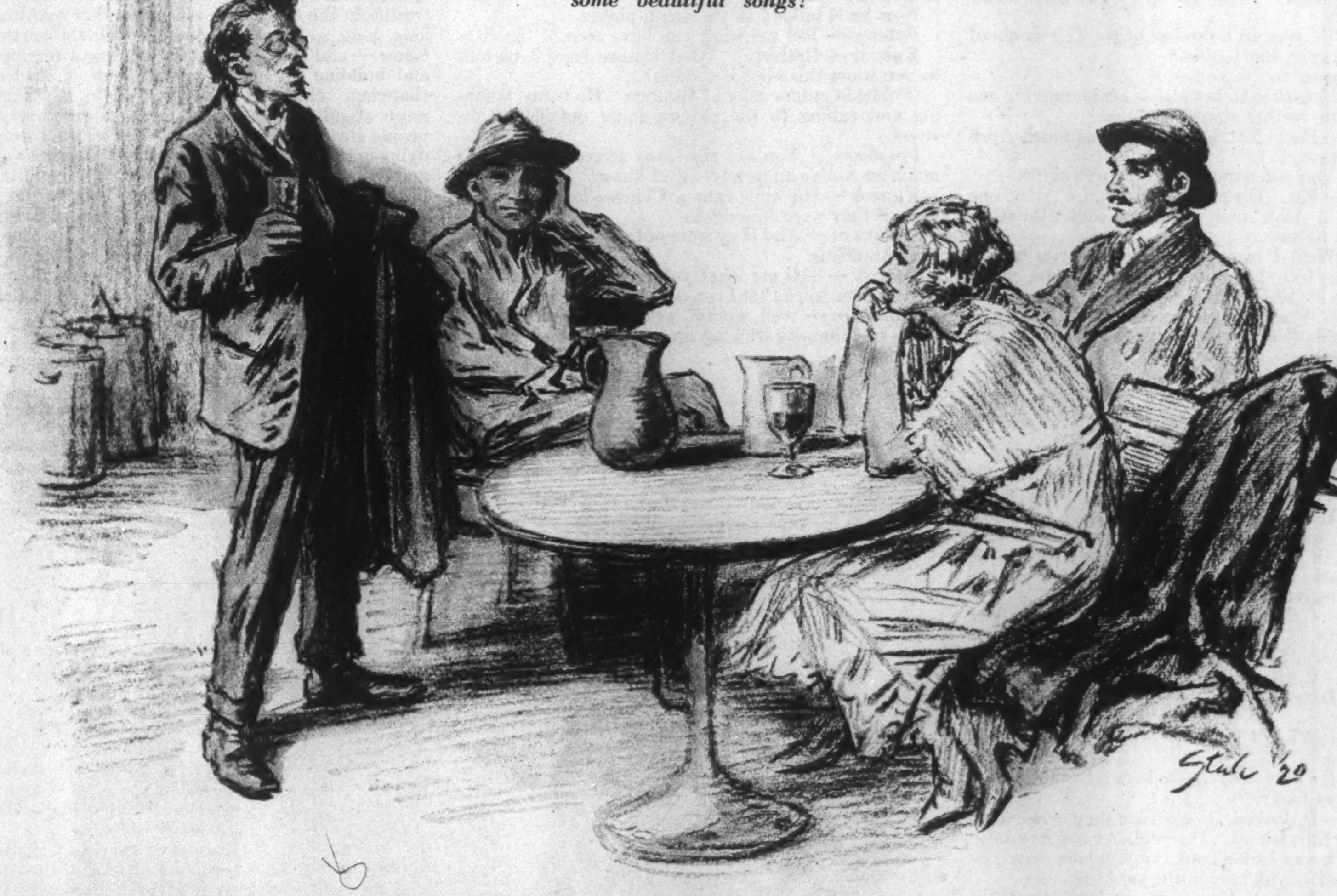
"I wish to speak to you about your nephew, Theodore Millard. . . ."

"Yes?" said Mr. Millard for the third time. When she felt that her quiet was breaking up at its very foundations, he continued, without enthusiasm: "Won't you sit down?"

Miss Desmond sat down. After all, that was what she had come for. They regarded each other for a moment in silence. Miss Desmond, flushed, in spite of herself, by annoyance and strain, presented really rather a charming picture. Mr. Millard preserved an untroubled front.

There was something almost unbelievably cold and fine about him. His gray clothes, his gray tie — yes, behind the rimless glasses, his eyes were gray — all bespoke, for him, removal from unpleasantly violent emotions. He looked as if nothing could alter the perfect composure of his good manners. He could by no means be imagined

[*Continued on page 82*]



*"That's my color — red! That's the best color! You will mix this red punch and I will sing you some beautiful songs!"*

# Poldekin

## *The Drama of the Man Who Found America*

### *by* Booth Tarkington

***Russia Sends Poldekin and His Friends to Rescue this "Country of Slavery"***

**Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele**

A TENEMENT back-yard in New York, lively with color. We see the back of a double house, each half of it two windows wide. The ground floor of each section of the house shows a window and a door — a "back door."

A high fence upon our left gives privacy from the crosstown street beyond. There is a door or gate in this fence, and one may see the upper foliage of a young April-green maple tree growing at the edge of the sidewalk outside, evidently. A similar fence, but without a door, is upon our right, and beyond it the rear of the next tenement is seen. There are a couple of trees in the next yard just coming out in new leaf; the back of the double tenement is painted a cheerful grayish yellow, but what gives a bannered piquancy to the scene is the flaunting of clothes-lines. They fly at all heights, and everywhere — pink, white, cream-colored, and even blue and yellow — to divert our eyes.

There has been an effort to cheer up the tenement yard; a few little trees are growing in green tubs; rubber plants and the like; and there is an old iron garden-table, with a bench of the same material and an iron chair or two.

A hand-organ is playing "The Wearin' o' the Green," just outside the fence. Bright spring sunshine floods the air.

A girl opens the door of the left half of the tenement and walks musingly toward us. She is an ample person, weakly pretty; and she wears a stained blue silk "negligee" unfastened, a white underskirt and chemise, yellow silk stockings, and old white satin slippers. She has thrown a cheap fur cape over her shoulders. Her name is Miss Blanche. She carries a fair-sized geranium plant with pink blossoms, and she speaks to it indulgently, as to a pet.

BLANCHE — Poor 'ittle sing! Did want some nice spring sunshine, didn't oo! Ess! Mama knows.

(She sets the pot on the fence-rail, murmuring tenderly; then she goes indoors and returns again, carrying the twin of the first plant, petting it and murmuring to it.)

Dair 'ittle sweetness! S'all have some spring sunshine, too, dess as much as 'ittle bruvver has. Ess!

(She places it beside the other plant and pets them in turn, touching her cheek to them and murmuring)

Ah, pritty 'ittle Benny!

(Then to the other)

Pritty 'ittle Nathan!

(A man's voice is heard outside, upon the street. "Cut it out! Go on, now!" The hand-organ stops, another voice protesting is heard: "You no good! I play where-a like!" The first repeats roughly, "Go on, now!" and the gate opens, and a man comes into the yard. This man, Welch, is an "ordinary" seeming person of younger middle-age, somewhat gloomy, rather pale and lined. He wears a thin overcoat, a soft hat and decent dark clothes, not new and seldom pressed. On his arm is an old market basket, a newspaper spread over the top not so neatly as to avoid revealing the presence of vegetables.)

WELCH — Good morning, Miss Blanche.

BLANCHE — You been marketin', Mr. Welch?

WELCH — I got somp'm I'll share with you, if you'll do me a favor, Miss Blanche. You know where my room is?

BLANCHE — Look-a-here!

WELCH — Well, it's number nine. I can make beds as well as a woman, but I never could sweep clean. If you'd sweep that room for me once a week I'll fix somp'm good for you, once a week.

BLANCHE — What?

WELCH — I'll show you.

(He puts his basket down, takes out a tomato can.) Look. Them vegetables are just camouflage. It's full of cans o' tomatoes — and these.

(He shows her a number of bottles of medicinal Jamaica Ginger.)

BLANCHE — What chu want all them tomatoes fer? My goodness, look at the stomach medicine! Why, you got enough to cure a whole orphan asylum o' colic for ten years!

WELCH — It's Jamaica Ginger.

BLANCHE — My gram-maw used to gimme half a teaspoonful; felt like I'd swallered the Fourth o' July!

WELCH — (with a faint, sly smile) Did j'ever hear of a Brunswick cocktail?

BLANCHE — No.

WELCH — Well, you pour off half the tomatoes out of a can and fill it up with Jamaica Ginger and shake it till it's good and mixed. I learned that up in a Maine lumber camp before I ever left Nova Scotia.

BLANCHE — Well, when you got it half poured off and then filled up with Jamaica Ginger, what do you do with it?

WELCH — That is what you call a Brunswick cocktail. You drink it.

**Blanche** — Is it any good?

**Welch** — Two of 'em'll make a Chinaman run for President. Three and you're out.

**Blanche** (interested) How long fer?

**Welch** — (picking up the basket) Oh, maybe couple days.

**Blanche** — Sounds good. I'll always try anything one time, anyways. You fix it up and we'll see about that sweepin'.

**Welch** — I'll mix up a pitcher of it. (He is about to enter the house, but pauses.)

Oh, I was goin' to ask you——

(Blanche has turned to her plants again, moving one of them a little farther along the fence.)

**Blanche** — Ess! Nathan s'all have as much April sunshine as Benny!

**Welch** — You got names fer them geraniums?

**Blanche** — Ess. Dis one Nathan darlin'. Dis one Benny darlin'. Ain't ums! I named 'em fer the fellas that give 'em to me.

**Welch** — Well, I expect I better give you one to remember me by. I dunno, though; maybe you'll remember me by the Brunswick cocktails just as well.

**Blanche** — Wha'd you say you wanted to ask me?

**Welch** — Oh, that — oh, yes. You had a room here a good while ——

**Blanche** — Jus' since las' summer.

**Welch** — I was just wonderin' if you'd happened to talk any to these people that got rooms on the second floor in the other half o' the house.

**Blanche** — They're some kind o' Hunyak people.

**Welch** — Polish people, ain't they?

**Blanche** — Somp'm 'nother like that.

**Welch** — Why I ask is, I had a brother-in-law once, who claimed to own some property in Poland, and he died, but if my sister could once just get on the right track of this property she might be able to do somp'm, you understand.

**Blanche** — I did hear 'em talkin' a good deal about property.

**Welch** — Wha'd they say about it?

**Blanche** — Reg'lar rigmarole; I dunno.

**Welch** — Lessee; they moved in here about — about ——

**Blanche** — Why, 't was only Monday, the day before you come.

**Welch** — I s'pose they moved here from Chicago or Boston most likely.

**Blanche** — It looked to me like they come here straight from Ellis Island. They didn't know nothin'!

**Welch** — I was lookin' out my window; saw you talkin' to this Hunyak lady in the yard here ——

**Blanche** — Yeuh. They set out here most the time.

**Welch** — Friends come to see 'em?

**Blanche** — Workin' people, mostly.

**Welch** — Talk English with 'em?

**Blanche** — A good deal. Sometimes Hunyak or Polish — I dunno.

**Welch** — Seem like nice quiet people, I guess.

**Blanche** — One them Hunyak men's kind o' nutty, I expect; anyway I hear the others tellin' him so.

**Welch** — Did this Polish lady ever happen to say who she wears mourning for? I mean the ——

(The door of the other half of the tenement has opened; Blanche has noted it.)

**Blanche** — (moving her head to draw his attention there) Comin' out.

**Welch** — I see. (patting the basket) Well, I'll go fix somp'm nice fer you and me.

(Podoff comes out of the house with Maria; he wears a black skull cap, a black silk shirt with a collar of the same material; a wrinkled black long coat, and trousers, and old black slippers. He has a cane and feels his way with it, though Maria holds his arm. They come down the steps and go to chairs by the table. She puts a shawl over his shoulders; she has brought it over her arm. Maria is again in black, unrelieved by white.)

**Maria** — (nodding gravely to Blanche) Good-morning.

**Blanche** — (genially) Howdy do. (She goes into her own side of the double tenement, closing the door.)

**Maria** — It is spring, but it is not warm.

**Podoff** — Who was it you spoke to?

**Maria** — It is a poor girl who has a room here. I think she is an outcast in this country.

**Podoff** — All that comes from the love a man has to own something for himself and his children. That is the cause of women outcasts; a man wants to know who his own children are. We shall force him to give up those selfish ideas. Has Mendel come to-day?

**Maria** — No. He and Nikolai and Endachieff are talking at a factory. Poldekin and Krimof went out early to see what the city is like.

**Podoff** — Poldekin and Krimof have come back.

**Maria** — You hear long before the rest of us do. I hear them now.

(The distant sound of the hand-organ stops; distant laughter takes its place; then the laughter and the hand-organ continue together. Krimof comes in through the gate impatiently.)

**Krimof** — There never was such a fool!

**Podoff** — He must be speaking of Poldekin.

**Krimof** — He says he is Diogenes looking for an American!

Now he is talking to the organ player.

**Podoff** — Tell me what you have seen of the city.

**Krimof** — (bitterly) What chance have I to talk to you when this idiot is coming?

(Poldekin enters gaily at the gate. He turns, laughing and calling to the organ-grinder outside in the street.)

**Poldekin** — You are right, my friend; you are as much an American as anybody I know!

**Krimof** — He went into a Chinese laundry to ask them if they were Americans!

**Poldekin** — And they were not even Chinese; they were Manchus.

**Podoff** — Tell me what you have seen. Make me see this New York that I can only hear as a vast rumble.

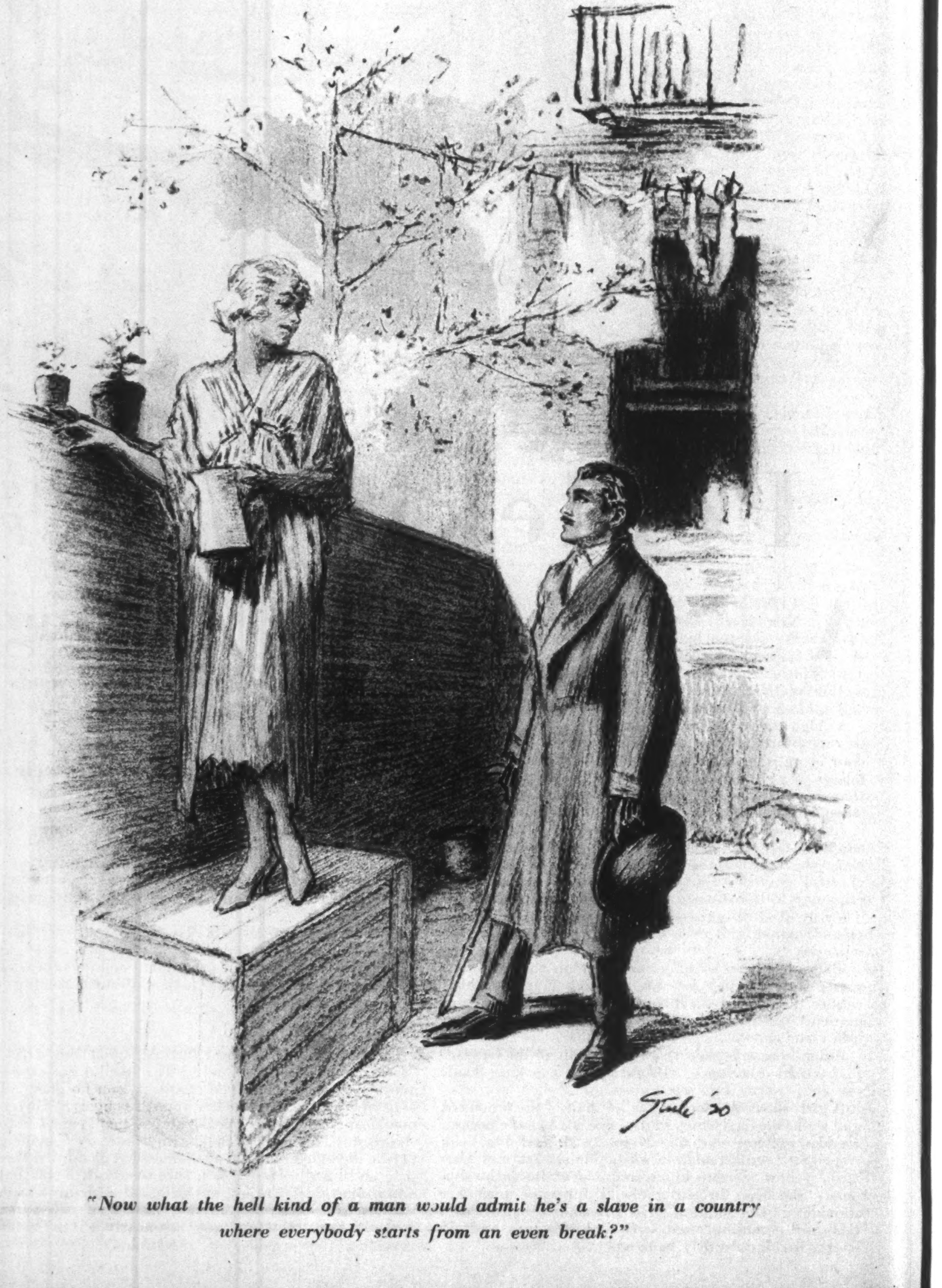
**Poldekin** — Well, Podoff, you must think of thousands of chimneys sticking up out of a town high into the sky. Ten times as high as the highest chimney you ever saw.

**Podoff** — Chimneys?

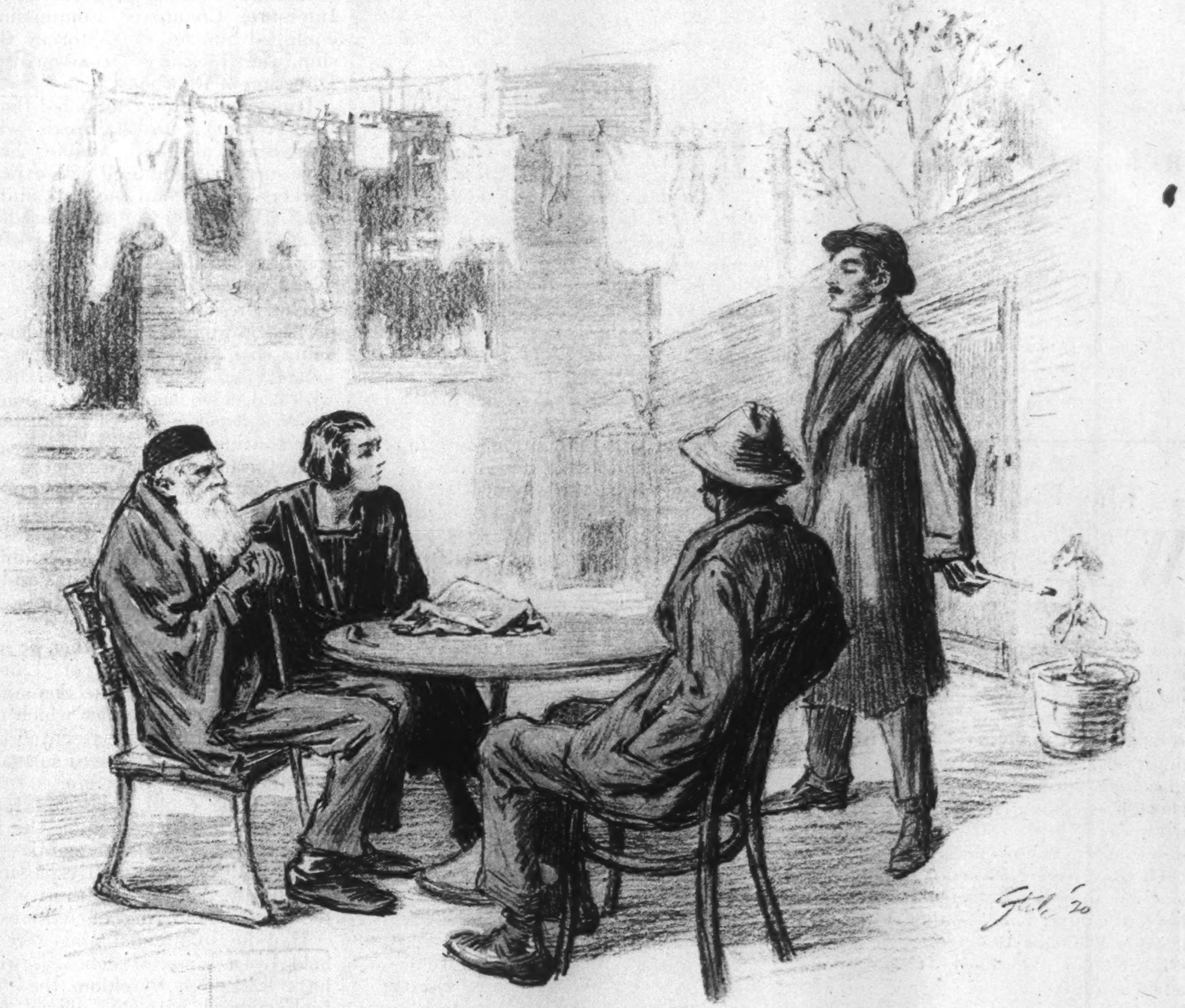
**Poldekin** — Enormous chimneys with windows; hundreds and thousands of them, all filled with people. And think of people and people and people hurrying along streets between precipices, and in big cars that screech over the ground, and in longer cars that roar on trestles in the air, and in other cars that roar louder in long, long, great worm-holes through the earth down below — and think of all this as always tearing down and building up — you can see how it is changing, changing, changing forever; such a thing can never stand still, but must hurry, hurry, hurry, with people always forever getting killed on the corners and dying in the houses and getting married in the churches, and babies being born — to work and sell and buy and have their own babies — and die and be put in the ground — all, all for no reason at all — and Krimof and I examined all this with the noblest attention, and there was only one thing we could not find, so we came to the conclusion that if they have got it, they must keep it hidden away where strangers are not allowed to look at it!

**Podoff** — What is that?

**Poldekin** — The meaning — of America.



*"Now what the hell kind of a man would admit he's a slave in a country where everybody starts from an even break?"*



*"I am going to hunt and ask everywhere for the meaning of America! You see, you have got to find an American first!"*

Podoff — Its meaning is: a capitalistic autocracy.

Poldekin — So far as we could see, the capitalists were all named Einstein. We could find the meaning of Jerusalem, of Italy, of Germany, of Russia — and we found a Chinese town — but we could not find the meaning of America. You see, you have got to find an American first.

Podoff — What for?

Poldekin — To ask him! I am going to hunt and to ask — everywhere!

Krimof — You will get us into trouble doing that.

Poldekin — Well, if we are going to give those people a new government, we have got to find them before we do it, haven't we?

Podoff — (rising) Your simplicity is irritating to me, sometimes, Poldekin. Krimof, let us go and talk in my room.

(Krimof takes his arm.)

Krimof — I should think so!

Poldekin — I am sorry.

(Podoff and Krimof go into the house.)

Poldekin — Maria ——

Maria — Why do you say things that trouble my father?

Poldekin — I do not. Shall I tell you what troubles him?

Maria — If you can.

Poldekin — Open your window at night and listen to the great rumble of this city, even when millions of its people are sleeping; yet the city is but a tiny pinpoint on the great earth, and the earth is only a tiny pinpoint in the sky, and the sky is only a tiny pinpoint in the universe. Remember that universe, Maria; it is — it is large! What is troubling your father is that he tries to make that universe fit a theory which is only a little thought in his own little human head. The universe declines to fit the theory; it has its own plans. Your poor papa is troubled; he sees that something is wrong, but he cannot imagine it is his theory and not the universe. Well, I am troubled, too; I do not know what those plans of the universe are. I only know that your papa cannot change them. He cannot make men into ants by an explosion of dynamite in a post-office!

Maria — When you talk like this, you trouble me, too, Poldekin. I want to keep my faith — in our cause.

Poldekin — Faith is not good — unless it leads to the Truth.

Maria — (in distress) You want me to abandon my faith?

Poldekin — Of course — if it should mislead you!

Maria — But what is there to take its place?

Poldekin — I do not know, yet. Maybe we could find it here. There is something here!

Maria — In America?

Poldekin — First, when our ship came carrying us into sight of the Liberty Statue — we saw those colossal buildings — terrifying things that could laugh at the little "Great Pyramid of Cheops" — what we felt was a monstrous power! Nothing like it has ever been seen on earth; we felt that, instantly! But in my walk, this morning, I felt something more than the power; I do not know what it is — but it is a real thing and I want to find it.

Maria — Well, tell me — if you do.

Poldekin — Well, I found something else. It is April!

Maria — Is it?

Poldekin — You can see it, even here: Maria, I want to find April somewhere else besides on the trees. We have left the long winter dark behind us in a wintry dark country; here is April and a new country — I want to see April again on a face I know.

Maria — You mean it kindly.

Poldekin — Maria — I want to see April on your dress. People are not meant to wear black forever; I think they were never meant to wear it at all. Nothing else does; Nature has no black — except coal, and the reason coal is black is so that the first man to find it would hate it, and try to burn it, to get it out of his sight. Then he found out what it was good for; not to stay black but to make brightness and color and warm him by it! Maria, won't you buy a dress the color of apple-blossoms?

Maria — That hurts me, Poldekin.

Poldekin — I always hurt you?

Maria — Well — I think you do.

(Blanche comes from her side of the tenement with a small pitcher and goes to her geraniums to water them.)

Poldekin — Well, then; they must be right about me: that I am a fool. I did not come with you — to hurt you.

Maria — I don't understand you: I don't know what you — are.

(She goes indoors.)

(He stands looking after her, then sits broodingly upon the bench. Blanche waters "Nathan" and "Benny," murmuring endearingly to them; and this begins to attract his attention.)

Blanche — Poo' 'ittle Benny! S'all have d'ink watta! Ess! Mamma div poo' Benny all watta he wants; so s'all! 'Ittle Nathan det d'ink watta in a minute, honey. Mamma div ums all a watta dey wants.

[*Continued on page 51*]

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## The Foolish Virgin

WE'RE retiring from the oil business. In twenty years, at the present rate of consumption, the last drop of petroleum under the United States will practically have been sucked from the rocks and we shall be dependent upon the rest of the world for the kerosene to fill our lamps, the gasoline to run our motors, the crude oil to drive our ships, the essences to make munitions, and, most important of all, the lubricants without which not a lathe, a wheel, a turbine, a locomotive, a shaper, a tractor, a drill, a trip-hammer, a mill or a dynamo can operate.

The day we go bankrupt in petroleum, we cease to be self-sufficient. From that moment commerce and industry are at the mercy of enemies and competitors. This is the land of the wheel. Our economic fabric is built upon the oil-can, and when it goes dry, we shall go in fear of strangling blockades — of impotence — of ruin.

Pretty picture, isn't it? The prospect doesn't appeal to you, eh? Didn't know that the situation was so serious or far-reaching? Thought that Nature would never tire playing fairy godmother? But her veins have just about run dry hereabouts. The Geological Survey has prospected the continent and knows exactly what's left in the country's cellar and about how long it will be before our industrial thirst depletes it.

If we don't grow long-headed as we grow short-handed—if we don't provide in advance against the crisis—if you and you and you postpone instructing Congress and the Executive to protect the rights of American companies operating in Mexico and other fields, while there's still time, any concert of powers with assured sources of oil and sufficient naval strength to lock our ports can cut us off and leave us to shrink into a second-rate power.

Nations can be foolish virgins, too.

*In an early number of McClure's, Mark Requa, General Director of the Oil Division of the U. S. Fuel Administration, begins a series of articles on the above situation which in our editorial judgment contain more food for national thought than any papers that McClure's has been privileged to print these many years.*

## Self-Defense Finance

THE battlefields of Europe are soaked with gold. That monstrous clot spreading from Antwerp to the Dardanelles is not alone the blood of men but their vast savings, too.

The whole universe shares the loss when any one nation is impoverished. We, too, must suffer from Europe's wounds and feel the pinch of her penury. War has dismantled her industries, reduced her productivity, trampled her fields, flooded her mines, eaten her herds, sheared her flocks, junked her machinery and stripped her pockets.

With reduced population, deteriorated equipment and exhausted finances, she can neither earn the wherewithal to pay the billions borrowed from America nor purchase the surplus output of recently enlarged American plants, ranches and granaries.

We have created an enormous market across seas, extended our facilities to serve it and now find our chief customer both unable to pay for goods delivered and incompetent to place further orders.

Most of the money on earth is over here and the trade we most need is over there. We have more meat, more wheat, more cotton, more leather, more steel, more copper than domestic use requires. If the excess isn't bought, mining, manufacturing and agricultural activity must be curtailed, multitudes of men thrown out of work and heavier losses sustained than the amounts ample to keep our debtors as going concerns.

If we quit making loans we'll quit making sales. We must help Europe or hurt ourselves. We can't keep our cash on this side of the Atlantic without eventually keeping our merchandise here also.

## Servant Not Master

FRANKLIN K. LANE has intelligence, knowledge and information —the three are not synonymous.

President Wilson is inclined to believe that they are. He constantly delegates intelligent men to responsibilities of which they have no knowledge — chooses pedants for duties beyond their intelligence and often denies intelligent officials the confidential information without which they cannot properly activate.

And as Lane was probably the best informed, the most intelligent and quite the broadest minded member of his official family, it follows that he frequently and not always prudently questioned the wisdom, and at times the justice, of White House decisions.

The Interior job did not offer sufficient opportunity to demonstrate his full measure. His dynamic, bold personality would have served him well as Secretary of War; his legal ability, his grasp of economics and his long service on the Interstate Commerce Commission well equipped him for the Attorney Generalship, the Treasury Department or the Direction of Railroads.

Lane would have conducted the Army, the Treasury, the Railroads with the most practical men available; he would have surrounded himself with experienced workers rather than theorists and party-pets. He would even have dared put big business on its honor and trust it to serve the nation — and, of course, that would never do.

The *President* doesn't believe in experts. So we had college presidents managing coal mines, stock-brokers bossing industry, an ex-pacifist, of socialist trend, with a decided leaning for the advice of the *New Republic*, as War Minister — but why continue?

Furthermore, Lane was more of a patriot than a partisan—which, of course, didn't endear him to the politicians on the Hill. Consequently Congress stinted the Interior Department, snubbed his broad, constructive programs and vented its sense of economy mainly on his bureaus.

Lane had a lot to say when he quit—he criticized the spanking of Lansing in presence of History; he denounced the tape-bound system under which national business is transacted—resented the Federal parsimony that forces so many men unwillingly from public life.

But Lane could have said far more. He might have dwelt upon the virulent jealousy between departments—the constant and outrageous trespassing upon specifically delegated authority with attendant squandering of millions.

Had he so minded and were he not held by a sense of delicacy, we might have learned how seldom the President took counsel with his official family—how often Cabinet meetings were held without mention of matters which set newspaper headlines screeching.

He might have told us what it cost the Country to reject his arrangement with the bituminous operators and why after two years of persistent effort to secure funds for nationalizing aliens and educating native illiterates, the Americanization Bill is still unpassed.

There's a lot more the matter with Washington than his swan-song celebrates and it behooves us to find it out and put it in the party platforms next Fall.

There's too much autocracy, and too little regard for community opinion, too much quibbling and not enough action, too much arrogance, too much blundering, too much taxation and still no apparent inclination to halt expenditures, reduce organizations to a peace basis, check profiteering or tackle any of the bigger questions with which the people of these United States are concerned.

In short, the Capital has forgotten that it is the servant of national will: that's what's the matter with Washington.

*Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, May, 1920*

# The Story *of Mrs.* Murchison

### *by* Harvey O'Higgins

### *Another Story* "From the Life"

**Illustration by Charles E. Chambers**

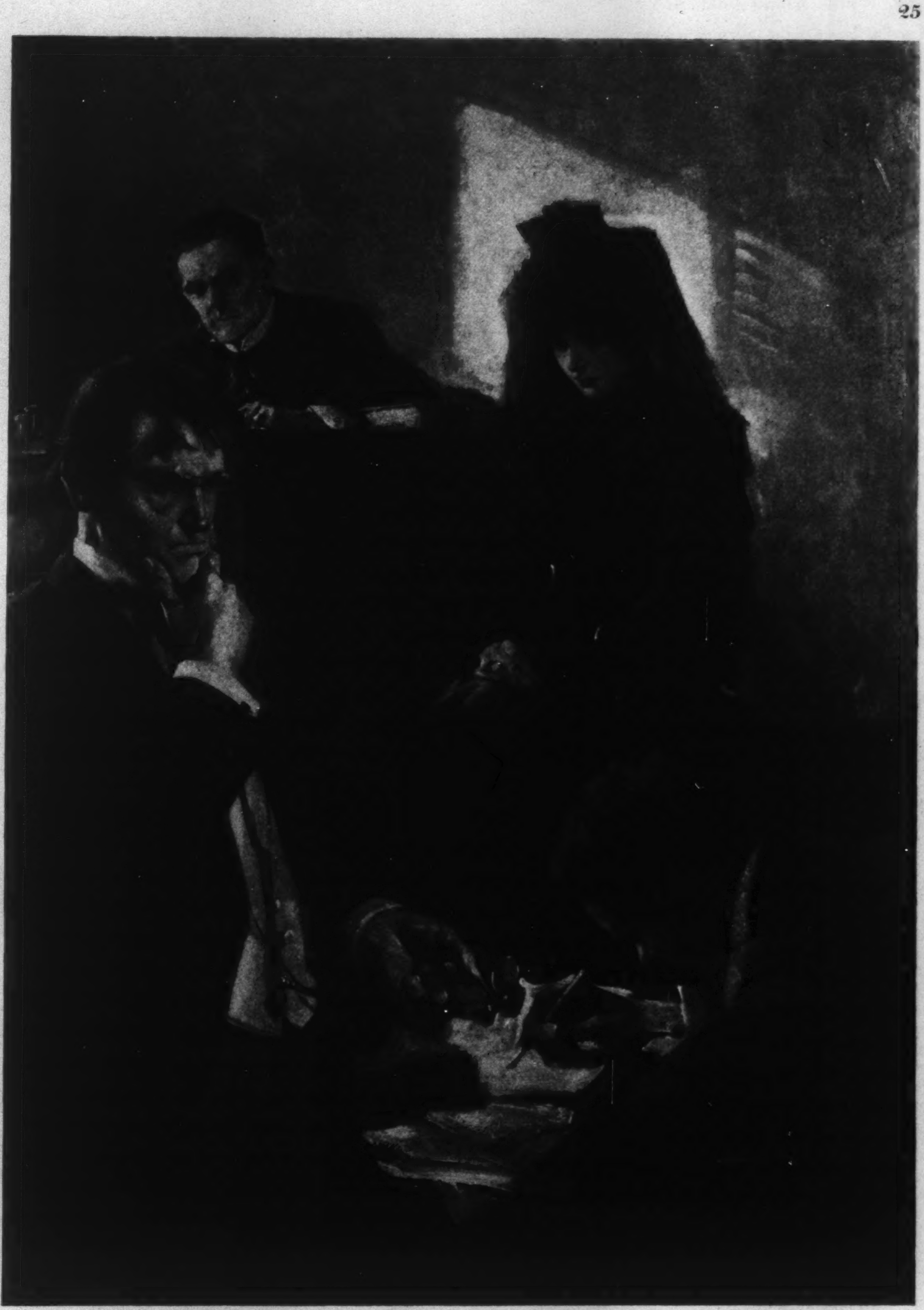
YOU remember Mrs. Murchison? No. I suppose not. Her death in a London air-raid, in July, 1916, recalled her to the memory of the American newspaper morgues for only two or three sticks of an obituary. And the name of her son, Major Wallace Bruce, printed in the British casualty lists later in the same year, went unremarked even by our newspapers, so far as I saw. Yet Mrs. Murchison and her son were once very distinguished Americans. If she had died in July twenty years ago, every front page on the continent would have displayed her name in the largest type of the day. She had achieved distinction in the way that is most open to an American woman: she had married a rich man and been accused of murdering him.

She rather marred that distinction, finally, by being found "not guilty"—if you remember. And if you do not remember, you have forgotten probably because of the very fact that she *was* found not guilty. She failed to reach the ultimately memorable elevation of the electric chair; and, as an innocent woman wrongly suspected of murder, she ended by being proved unworthy of that natural human interest in musee-monsters with which you had read of her—so that you would be justified in dismissing her from your memory as one of life's minor disappointments of romantic hope.

I am venturing to recall her to you, now, because I have learned that she was guilty. She killed her husband.

THAT fact, if I may say so, makes her a perfect specimen for my purposes. She had already everything else to make her perfect. She was intelligent. She was rich. She was well-educated and well-dressed. She had the manners of a gentlewoman. And she was, above all, appealingly pretty. When she first appeared in court, an audible breath of surprised pity exhaled like a gasp from the crowd in the courtroom; and, throughout the trial, public sympathy fairly brooded over her in an attentive silence as she spoke, or buzzed in suppressed resentful whispers over the testimony of the witnesses against her.

For me, it was not so much her beauty that was moving—the beauty of a small dark woman with large eyes and the sort of infantile nose that stirs the protective strain in masculine affection irresistibly. What did for me was her contralto voice when she took the stand in her own defense. It was a thrilling, throaty voice, full of husky catches, tremulous and yet strongly frank. It was a strange voice to issue from such a frail and inexpressive figure. And it was accompanied by no dramatic gesture whatever. Once she made as if to raise her hand in protest against some unnecessarily offensive question which the prosecuting attorney asked her, but she let it fall back again into her lap, where the other hand clasped it with an odd effect of comforting it silently. And I seem to remember her slowly shaking her head as she answered, in her deepest tones, "No. No. No." But for the most part she sat motionless, pale, listening with mute attention and replying with the slightest possible movement of the lips, as if everything had been exhausted in her but her remarkable voice that seemed to come out of the depths of a forlorn spirit, shaken but innocent and not afraid.



*She was, above all, appealingly pretty, and public sympathy fairly brooded over her. For the most part she sat motionless and pale — shaken but unafraid*

It was impossible to associate such a voice with a guilty conscience. And even before we had heard her voice—in fact, before the jury was empanelled—Al ("Porky") Orpen of The *Sun* was willing to bet that she would be acquitted, and only Tom McQuade of The *World* would take him on it. Orpen, of course, was playing a sympathetic hunch; he knew nothing of the case; he had been sent to the trial as what would now be called a "sob artist," though his sobbing was sufficiently subdued by literary artistry to be acceptable even to the old *Sun*. McQuade was using his reason. He had been on the story of the murder from the day it broke. "She's guilty," he said. "No one else could have killed him." Throughout the trial, he and Orpen argued with each other. And although their conflicting advocacy did not affect the jury, it is important to this study of Mrs. Murchison—for, out of McQuade's obstinate belief in her guilt, there came to me the first plausible grounds of proof that she was guilty.

Most important of all—though you have probably forgotten this, too—she was defended by Justin Littlejohn, who was then so far from being famous that McQuade was the only one of us at the press table who had ever seen him in court before. He appeared as a large, leisurely, prematurely bald young man with an indolent manner in repose and a deceptive air of simplicity. His opponent was a fighting lawyer, eloquent and dramatic. He objected incessantly to Littlejohn's questions, and Littlejohn did not seem to have the punch to break through this interference. He would say dispiritedly: "If my learned friend objects, I withdraw the question." Or: "My client and I wish only to bring out the facts. I will put the question in any form that will be acceptable to the other side." He let the prosecution ask Mrs. Murchison questions that the judge himself objected to. When he rose to address the jury, it was after a peroration from the state attorney that mobilized all the emotions of melodrama and sent them storming over the lines of the defense with horse, foot and artillery; and Littlejohn spoke upon the reverberations of that uproar, drily at first, and then confidentially, with an air of earnest candor, as if he

[*Continued on page 70*]

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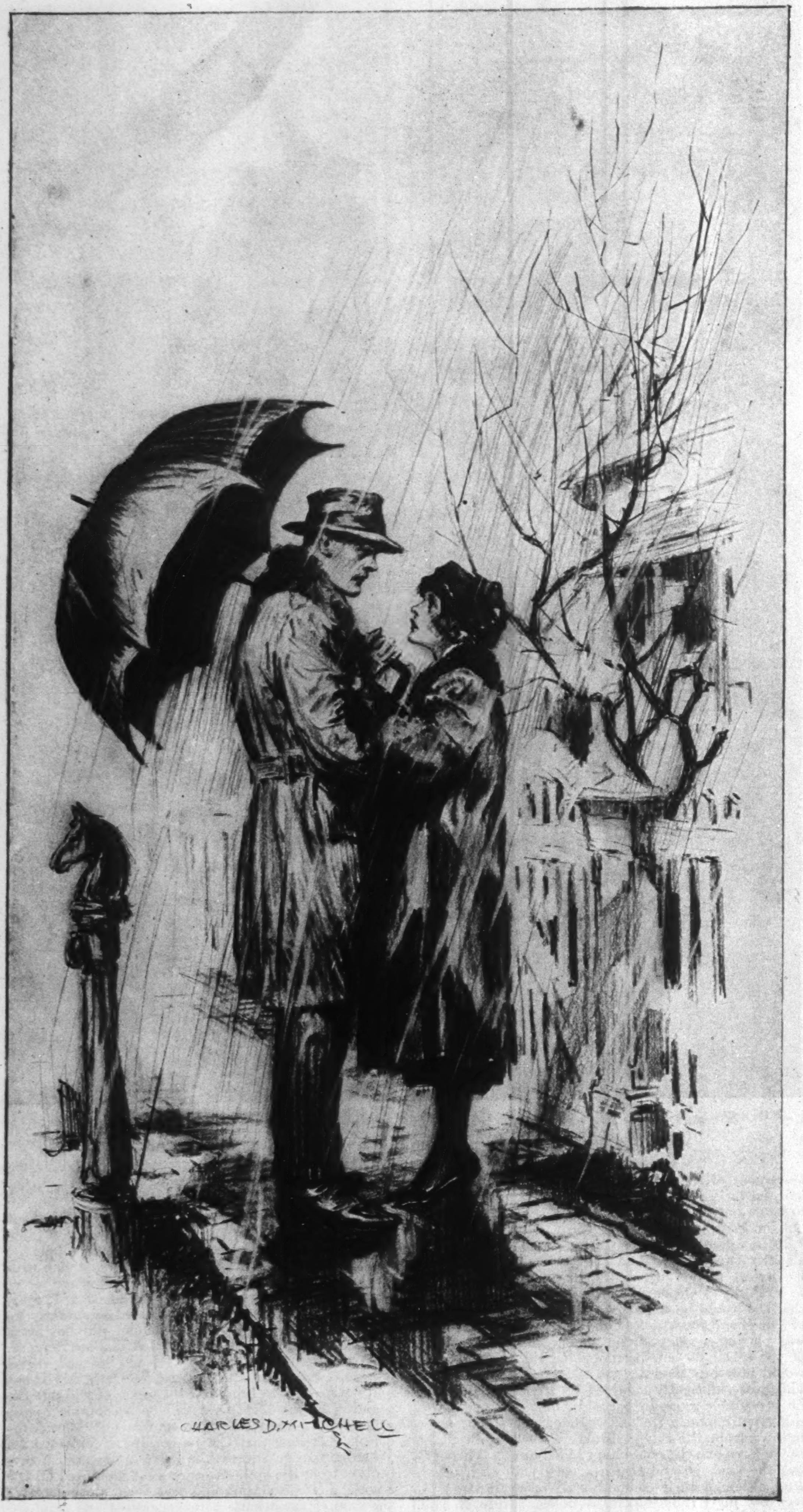


*"I don't want you to kiss my shoes," she said. "I just want you to be sensible and——"*

# The Asset Called Ann

### *by* Royal Brown

**Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell**

IN mid-August, when business details began buzzing about in his head as the bees were buzzing about the farm on which he had spent his boyhood and which now seemed beckoning to him, Ephraim Wingate capitulated and sent for Malcolm Sturgis. Ten days later Sturgis moved into the office adjoining old Eph's. Those who had worked for old Eph long and, presumably, faithfully gave him a welcome that was from the lips only, but that was to be expected. He had come in from the outside and though he had no precise title it was plain that he was to enjoy more power and a larger salary than had accrued to any of them.

They said they wouldn't have minded so much if Mills or Kent had gotten the job. This wasn't true — but they thought it was.

Little enough, however, did old Eph, of Ephraim Wingate and Company, Lumber, care what these older employees thought. He had heard that Sturgis was a go-getter and that Sturgis had pep. He had never felt the need of purchasing pep before, but the mellowing years were upon him; he had reached the period when forty winks — or more — of delicious drowsiness after lunch were to be counted as one of the precious things of life. The trouble was that Mills or Kent were bound to break in with an apologetic:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wingate, but I thought I'd better ask you about this——"

"Er, hem," old Eph would rumble, endeavoring to appear as if he hadn't been asleep. ". . . Damn them," he would rumble afterward, "they can't ship a hundred dollars' worth of anything without asking me about it first."

This was true and for it nobody but himself was to blame. In the old days he had kept his eye on every detail of the business. Now — now he wasn't as young as he used to be. So he sent for Sturgis, who was.

Thereafter, Kent and Mills and the rest of them, instead of bothering Old Eph, tried to bother Sturgis. But Sturgis had no intention of becoming the office beast of all burden; Kent and the others found themselves pushed into making routine decisions and shouldering responsibility. They liked it, too; the office ran more smoothly and Old Eph took a long delayed vacation.

"Why hasn't something been done about this account?" Sturgis demanded of Kent the day after old Eph left.

"I've written several times," Kent explained, apologetically. "He doesn't even answer letters——"

Sturgis frowned — he suspected Kent's letters. "I'll write him," he said, with unmistakable implication. "Send Miss Melton in."

The letter, addressed to Henry Croft, of the Croft Piano Company, Croft's Crossing, Mass., was a stinger—which was exactly what Sturgis intended it to be. The amount involved was almost eight thousand; Croft had paid nothing on account for months and he had also paid no attention to letters. This was absolutely inexcusable and Sturgis selected good old Anglo-Saxon words to sledge-hammer that truth home. When he affixed his signature to the finished letter he believed that there would be an answer from Croft and at once.

Four days later Old Eph returned. The bees that had buzzed so pleasantly in imagination had stung him—or at least one had, and not in his imagination either; the roosters and hens and lowing cattle had broken his matutinal slumbers; doughnuts and pies and other products of old-fashioned cooking had given him indigestion, and roaming through the fields at evening had given him a cold in the head. He assured himself that it was better to wear out than rust out; and that he certainly must have been approaching his dotage to hire Sturgis and pay him any such salary.

Now he fixed Sturgis with a baleful eye. "How about this Croft account?" he demanded. "Kent says you wrote him and that he hasn't answered."

"I wrote him," Sturgis replied evenly, "and if you doubt the letter lacked punch I'll get you the copy of it."

It became evident to Old Eph that Sturgis, so far from seeking to placate him, was ready to give him battle then and there. His estimate of Sturgis rose a few notches.

Nevertheless, "Well, it didn't get results—what are you going to do about it?" he growled.

Sturgis glanced at his watch. "Find out what time the next train goes to Croft's Crossing," he said, briefly.

"I'll see what effect a little personal persuasion will have on Mr. Croft."

"Be sure to find out what his liabilities and his assets are while you're about it," suggested Old Eph, saturninely.

"I'll do just that," promised Sturgis, grimly.

The train left at one-three; a little before four the brakeman announced in the dialect peculiar to his kind that the next station was Croft's Crossing. Sturgis, rising and moving forward, caught a glimpse of the factory. This was a four-story building which had originally been painted yellow but which did not seem now so much to suggest yellow as to complain that it was a long time between coats. Across the front was a long sign, badly weather-worn, but still proclaiming the fact that this was "The Home of Croft's Pianos—For the Home."

Sturgis, cutting across the track as the train pulled out, surveyed the factory with coldly critical eye. About it was an impalpable something that would suggest a bad risk to a fire insurance agent. To him the same thing suggested a bad account. He ascended a flight of stairs, the discordancies which put a piano in tune assailing his ears. At the top an open door gave a vista of the office with a scattering of clerks—gray, little dried-up morsels of men—bending over ledgers.

The tip-tap of a typewriter insinuated itself among the other noises as he crossed the threshold. Then he saw it—and its operator. She had fluffy brown hair, a wisp of which was trying to flirt with an uptilted nose. She captured this wisp and returned it to place as she came toward him.

"I'm Sturgis—of Ephraim Wingate and Company," he explained, smiling at her. She was—emphatically—the kind of girl men smile at.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and stared at him, her gray eyes very wide and suddenly antagonistic. Her voice was very chill as she added, "To see Mr. Croft?"

Sturgis nodded, and she led him toward a door in a pine partition. It seemed to him that even her straight slim back expressed animosity and defiance.

The inner office was strictly utilitarian. Dust, rising from an unpainted floor, sifted in glorified motes through the mellow shafts of autumnal sunshine. A modern file stood in one corner, an old-fashioned rolltop desk in another. At this sat Croft, tall, spare, time-beaten. The girl introduced Sturgis and then crossed to the file. Sturgis's eyes followed her, a little surprised, and Croft half turned in his chair.

"What is it, Ann?" he asked.

"I'm looking for the Paxton correspondence," she said, in a tone that indicated that she intended to stay right there until she found it.

Croft swung back toward Sturgis, a slow, singularly sweet smile lightening his face. "My daughter, Mr. Sturgis—and my right-hand man."

STURGIS came to his feet with alacrity. Everything was clear now. She was hostile because she had an idea he came to make trouble for her father (which incidentally, had been his own idea); and she was staying not because of the Paxton correspondence but because the instinct to protect her father was strong in her.

Sturgis resumed his seat. "I may as well get down to brass tacks," he said, but he smiled reassuringly at Croft. "I've come to talk to you about your account. I want to find out just what the trouble is and what can be done to remedy it."

Certainly Old Eph would have been surprised—to put it very mildly—if he could have heard that.

Even Ann was surprised. She paused and gazed at him.

"I can tell you what the trouble is," said Croft. "But I'm afraid you'll be a long time finding a remedy."

Ann, meeting Sturgis's glance, became pink and turned back to the file.

"I can try," replied Sturgis. "That is—" deferentially—"if you'll let an outsider into the details of your business."

(This, it may be remembered, he had intended to *demand.*)

Croft sighed. "It will be a relief to," he said.

Croft's experience was neither new nor striking. To swing his business, he had established a bank credit of twenty-five thousand. Every day, in February, he borrowed that amount paying the note in December, from the receipts of the holiday trade. This year he had gone to the bank and——

"They refused me. Because of general business conditions," he said with an expressive wave. "I think I might have pulled clear even then but for my employees. They're discontented, they're forever talking strike." Croft smiled, with wry whimsicality. "There are times when I feel like handing them the factory," he said. "I could at least make a living working for somebody else. But there's Ann——"

And there indeed was Ann, regarding Sturgis very fiercely.

"But why," demanded Sturgis, "didn't you tell us? You never answered our letters——"

"He's simply been worrying himself sick over everything," Ann broke in, a little breathless and more than a little indignant. "He's been hoping from day to day that something would turn up, that he might be able to pay up——"

"Ann!" her father deprecated.

Sturgis smiled at Ann. "I know," he assured her. "And he reached the point where he couldn't face his morning's mail."

Ann colored deeply and he knew, for a certainty, that her father had not read his letter—and that Ann had.

"Please remember," he added quickly, "that the man on the other end doesn't know your business or your difficulties. What you should have done was to write a few straightforward letters."

Sturgis turned back to Croft. "The fact that you owe a man you've never seen doesn't make him any the less human. He isn't just waiting to catch you in a tight place and squeeze you. The chances are that he's glad to have had your business and is willing to help you if he believes you're trying to do the square thing. But you've got to take him into your confidence."

"Is—is it too late now?" asked Ann.

"No," said Sturgis, judicially. "You don't owe too much for your capital. The trouble as I see it is that you've had to buy raw materials in driblets, for cash. That's expensive and it delays work because you're always waiting for something——"

"The men don't mind that," Croft cut in, drily. "They're in no hurry for anything—except more money."

Sturgis came to his feet. "I'd like to go through the factory," he suggested. Croft started to rise but Sturgis added, hastily, "I don't want to bother you—you're busy. Perhaps Miss Croft——"

Why he should have assumed that Ann wasn't busy or that it wouldn't be a bother to her is inexplicable. Actually, however, she seemed not to resent it. The hostility that had hardened her eyes had quite vanished. She seemed, indeed, to have a most touching belief that succor was at hand.

Now Sturgis's knowledge of factories and factory methods was empiric rather than specific, but he had no intention of permitting Ann to suspect that fact. As they went through the factory he asked questions, he studied men and processes as one who seeks information on which to build solid and far-reaching judgment. If his manner suggested vast stores of wisdom that would be revealed to her in due time, that should be forgiven him. It is the way of a man with a maid.

The attitude of the workmen, even the old gray beards who had presumably been longest in the company's employ, was apparent. They worked as one who fulfils a task grudgingly, biding one's time.

"What are they making?" Sturgis asked Ann, pausing to survey a group of men, busy—in their leisurely way—at lengths of wood fashioned by hand.

"Sounding boards," she said.

"Seems to me that machinery would do it quicker," he suggested.

"It can only be done by hand," she assured him.

On the first floor were rows of uncrated pianos.

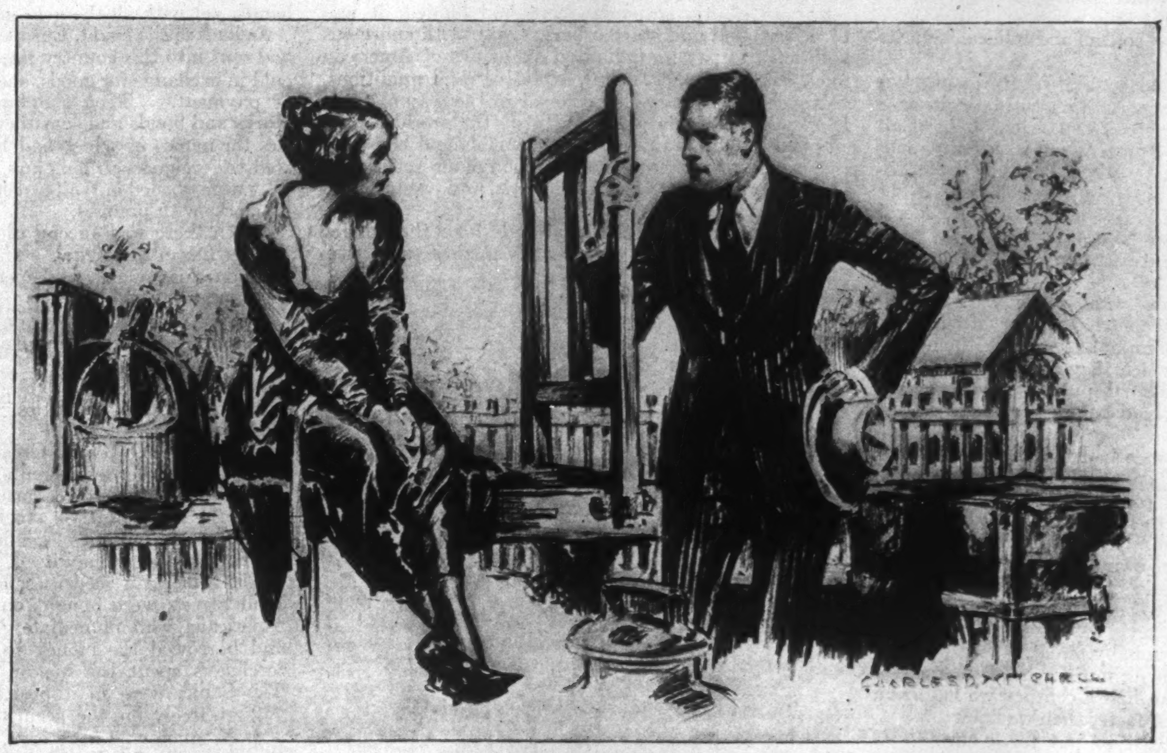
"Awaiting shipment?" Sturgis asked, with quickened interest. Here, he thought, were thousands of dollars of potential assets.

"They're waiting to be refinished," she said, her eyes troubled. "You see the men get careless and mar them sometimes," she sighed. "Lately they've been more careless than ever."

"There should be a heavy fine——"

"There is," she said, "but nobody is ever to blame."

They came to a wide door, which gave a vista of a slow, peaceful stream and [*Continued on page 75*]



*If intoxicants of all kinds are bad for young men Ann should have been prohibited*

# The War Bubble

## *An Economic Clinic at the Raving Dollar's Bedside*

## *by* Garet Garrett

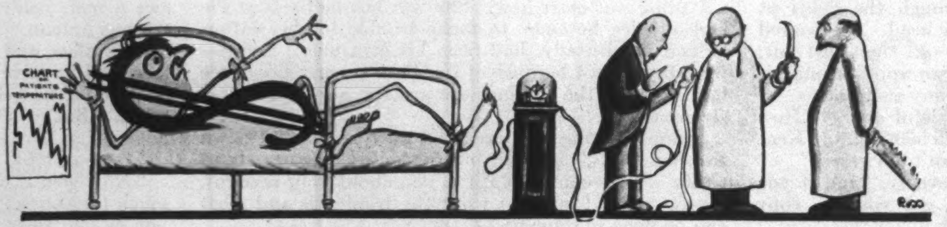
**Cartoons by Gordon Ross**

THEY are wrangling in the temple of finance. Let us go in and listen.

The question in dispute is this: Who did most to make the dollar mad?

The Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, speaking defensively for that institution, is saying:

". . . The Federal Reserve note is issued only in exchange for gold, dollar for dollar, or upon pledge of eligible paper, the result of a legitimate credit transaction, in which case a gold reserve of not less than 40 per cent. is required for all notes outstanding. The trouble is not due to currency inflation, but to credit expansion."



This puts it over to the bankers.

If the trouble were owing to currency inflation, then the Federal Reserve Board would be responsible, since it governs the issue of paper money, that is, currency. But if the trouble is owing to credit expansion, then bankers are most responsible. Bankers are the people who create credit currency by writing down in their books the names of individuals whose checks will be honored in money by the cashier at the front counter.

It is apparently the idea of the Governor of the Federal Reserve Board that if money is protected by a gold reserve it will not produce inflation. More of that further on. Let us attend to the wrangle.

The Financial Chronicle, solemn and biblical, returns the alibi, saying:

"Very brave words keep coming from Washington as to the need of holding speculation within legitimate bounds and of restricting credit expansion, and yet all the time further Federal Reserve note issues are being put out, the effect of which unquestionably is to promote at once credit inflation and price inflation."

And the voice of Dr. Miller, a member of the Federal Reserve Board, is heard saying, profoundly:

"Inflation is no less inflation when gilded with gold."

Enough!

What we hear confirms what we have long suspected. The keepers of the money mystery are fallible, like the rest of us. They cannot agree as to the nature of the phenomena over which they preside.

How can they intelligently dispute together concerning *who* made the dollar mad before they have settled *how* it was made mad?

Let us take our reverence back to the temple door and check it there. Then we shall wander at large and talk out loud and consult the original scrolls. Nothing is sacred save the fixed ideas, and they are not as sacred as they were. The record is free, and we are at liberty to make our own deductions.

The events are historical. One follows another. Therefore, we shall have to begin by reconstructing the chain of causes.

First was the giant in a baby sweat.

We were the giant among nations in all manner of resources. For more than half a century we had been growing out of our clothes, faster than we knew; we had never been obliged to put forth our strength. And the sweat was produced by the fact that we owed money in Europe when the War began — more than we thought we could pay. We were a debtor nation not of necessity but by habit. Our indebtedness was of two kinds, namely, current and fixed.

As you owe the grocer and butcher and milkman, so we owed the merchants and manufacturers of Europe from whom we had been buying imported goods — an aggregate sum of perhaps half a billion dollars. And as you owe the man who holds a mortgage on your house, so we owed the investors of Europe for the sums they had invested in American railways and factories, amounting to several billions of dollars.

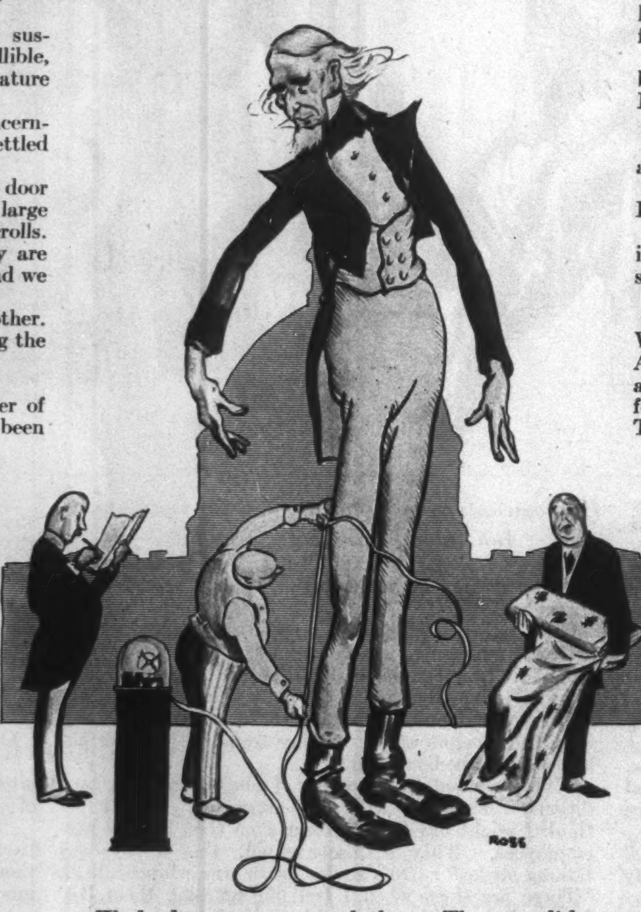
Naturally, with a war on its hands, Europe wanted its own money back and began to call for the half billion due on current account to be paid immediately in gold. Wall Street was in a panic. Actually it was debated whether or not we should suspend gold payments. It sounds ludicrous now, since we raised in twenty-nine months of war on our own account thirty-five billions. It is one of the scrolls the keepers of the temple might wish us to take away and lose. Also, the Stock Exchange was hysterical for thinking of the American securities that would be pressed for sale by foreign holders.

What suddenly hushed the silly giant's wailing was a gold deluge.

Almost before the small amount of gold this country sent to Europe in the first few weeks of the War to settle its charge accounts there had landed, it was turned around and started back again, with enormous additions, to pay for unlimited quantities of American food, cotton, copper, metal, explosives and munitions.

Never had anything so colossal in the way of trade happened before in the history of the world. We stopped building railways and terminals and houses to live in and monuments and irrigation dams and hydroelectric power plants and good roads, and produced instead the things Europe required for war.

The incentive was the same lodestone that pulled civilization westward across the Atlantic and then westward to the Pacific coast, and would still be pulling it in that direction if the world had not met in a circle. The incentive was gold.



*We had outgrown our clothes. Then we did what all do — in war — we printed new money in fabulous manner.*

Europe's buyers went to and fro in the market places calling for what they wanted, and whatever they called for had only to be loaded on a ship, and, lo! it was pure gold down in hand. We were like to illustrate in act the thought of the old economists who, in trying to represent the symbolic nature of money and that its value lay wholly in the circumstance that you could exchange it for goods, proposed a man cast away on a desert island with a chest of gold. You see at once that the gold is worthless to him. There is nothing to spend it for. He would gladly give all of it for a three-pound axe.

We were selling all our surplus production for gold, and then, with the supply of goods for home consumption much diminished, everybody had new gold to spend. With what effect? Prices began to rise.

That was the beginning of war inflation in this country. If it had continued for long enough, and the gold supply on the other side had been unlimited, we should ultimately have become a giant in tatters, with not enough food to nourish himself, with not enough fuel to warm himself, without pockets in which to put his hands, yet with all the gold in the world.

As long as she could, Europe paid in gold. When she had sent into this country nearly two thousand tons of gold in exchange for goods, she had to find other means of payment. Then she bundled up her American stocks and bonds and sent them over in bales. Securities the names of which had been forgotten, they were sold to foreigners so long ago, were found in the boxes that were opened in Wall Street, like rough merchandise, by clerks with jimmies.

When there was an end of both gold and securities Europe began to borrow. That is to say, she sold war loans in this country and spent the proceeds for more food and munitions.

During 1915 and 1916 war supplies to the value of between six and seven billions of dollars were sold to Europe in exchange for:—

(1) Gold.

(2) American securities that had been owned abroad.

(3) The I O U's of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia, and other belligerents.

And each of these three forms of payment enormously increased this country's stock of money while at the same time draining it of goods.

The gold was money itself.

The American securities, as they were returned to Wall Street, were bought on the Stock Exchange by Americans who immediately pawned them in banks and borrowed the money to pay for them; then the foreigners spent the money for food and munitions. The banks were in a position to lend money very freely on the securities because they had so much gold in reserve.

The I O U's of the belligerent countries in the same way were taken to the banks and converted into credit money. Suppose a manufacturer of explosives sold fifty million dollars' worth of his product to the British Government and received British war bonds in payment. He could not pay his employees in British bonds, but he could take the bonds to his bank and borrow against them all the money he needed to meet his pay-rolls, to pay for his raw materials and to pay himself. Suppose the manufacturer refused to be paid in British bonds. That made no difference. It came out the same way, only in that case the British Government borrowed direct from the banks on its own bonds and paid the manufacturer in good American money.

Prices already were greatly inflated in consequence of this nominally profitable, but, in fact, ruinous war trade when the giant himself resolved to take part.

And then the American Government did what republics, democracies, [*Continued on page 55*]

# The Waffle Iron

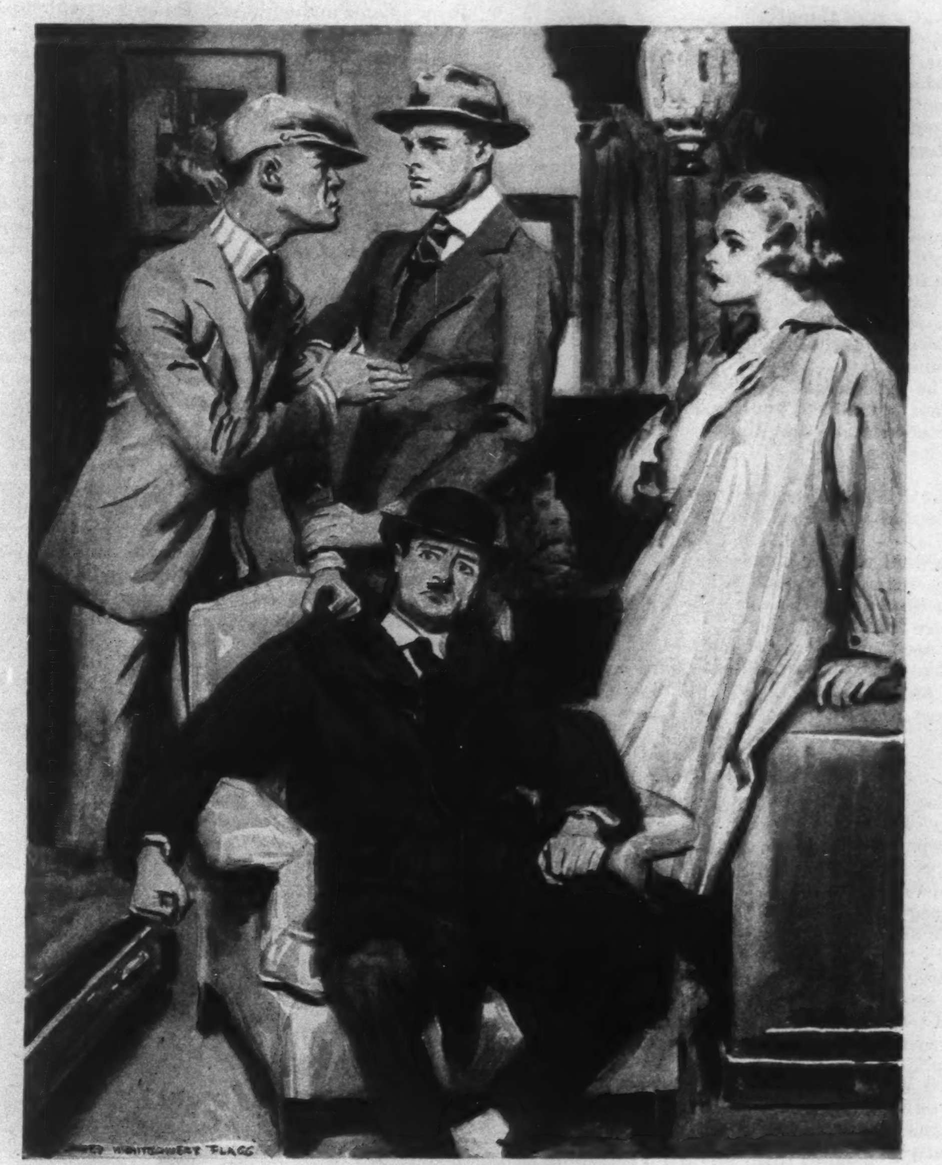
*by*

**Arthur Stringer**

**Illustration by**

**James Montgomery Flagg**

## *Part III*



*Gerry tried to remove the hand from Lipsett's collar. "Not on your life," Gunboat Dorgan announced. "Not until he eats every word of it"*

WHEN Teddie made ready for her conference with Gerald Rhindelander West she did so with a particularity which might have surprised both her recently abandoned maid and the immediate members of her own family. She went forth cuirassed in tailored and braided trimness and gauntleted in spotless kid with just the right array of wrinkles about her glove-tops. She was still further entrenched behind a four-skin scarf of blue-fox — which wasn't blue at all — and a canteen muff to match, to say nothing of seven cyanotic-looking orchids which completed the color-scheme and fluttered demurely above her slightly fluttering heart.

For it wasn't often that Teddie was as excited as she found herself that morning, just as it wasn't often that she had turned to give ponderable thought to the question of armor-plate. But it loomed up before her as a serious matter, this commandeering of a clever young attorney to her side of the case, and she felt the need of not producing an unfavorable impression on Gerry.

Yet even after she had unearthed Gerry's aerial office-suite in that seldom explored warren of industry known as Nassau Street, she found the attorney in question not quite as accessible as she had anticipated. For she was compelled to send in a card, and cool her heels in an outer room, and even after being admitted to the royal presence had to wait for a further minute or two whilst Gerry instructed an altogether unnecessarily attractive stenographer as to the procedure in manifolding a somewhat dignified array of documents.

He seemed still preoccupied, in fact, as he seated Teddie in a chair at his desk-end and absently took her muff and put it down and motioned away a secretarial-looking intruder and crisply asked just what he could do for her.

Teddie found it hard to begin. She made two false starts, in fact, before she was able to begin. And then she refused to be further intimidated by the paraded professional dignity of a person who'd once helped her paint zebra-stripes on a Jersey cow.

"Gerry, do you know Raoul Uhlan?" she found herself quite casually inquiring.

Gerry pondered the question for a moment. He was really thinking, all the time, how extraordinarily lovely Teddie could look in blue-fox.

"He's a man whom I have the privilege of not knowing," was Gerry's retarded but none the less satisfactory reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because he's suing me for twenty-five thousand dollars," was Teddie's altogether unexpected announcement. Gerry, however, seemed determined to remain immobile.

"Not for breach of promise?" he asked, with an air of diffidence.

"No; it's for what I suppose you'd call breach of the peace," explained his client.

"What did you do?" inquired Gerry, with vivid but secret memories of the Nero incident.

"I had his nose thumped," acknowledged Teddie, with vigor.

"Why?" asked Gerry, wondering why his mind kept straying back to one-eyed Russian rats.

Teddie hesitated. It wasn't an easy thing to talk about. That was a lesson she had already learned. But Gerry was different. He was one of her own world and one of her own set, and he'd look at the thing in the right way, in the only way. "Why?" he repeated secretly astounded by this new mood of humility in which he found Teddie Hayden immersed.

"Because he tried to kiss me," acknowledged Teddie, meeting Gerry's unwavering gaze.

"Fine!" said Gerry, as cool as a cucumber. "But who did the thumping?"

"A prize-fighter by the name of Dorgan — Gunboat Dorgan."

"Better still," calmly agreed her interlocutor, "for that implies it was a genuine professional thumping."

"It was," conceded Teddie. She was more than serious, she was even grim about it all. And if Gerry West had laughed at her, at any moment of that perilous mood, everything would have been over between them.

But Gerry was solemnity itself. "Go on!" he said, almost bruskly.

"Now Raoul Uhlan claims that he's lost a valuable commission through — through what was done to him. And the young lady who's interested in Gunboat Dorgan seems to think because I had him protect me in this way that I've interfered with her claim on this hero of hers, that I've — I've made love to him!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she's seeing her lawyer about it."

"And this man Uhlan?"

"He sent his attorney, a man named Shotwell, to my studio, to explain that because of his injuries he couldn't paint his twelve-thousand-dollar portrait. I was quite willing to pay for that, until old Shotwell put in another claim for twelve thousand dollars for damages in general and an extra thousand for himself."

"SO they're all trying after a bite," commented Gerry, studying his engagement-pad. "Now, tell me, Miss Hayden —"

"Don't do that," was Teddie's sharp command. "Don't call me Miss Hayden."

"All right, Teddie," acquiesced her counsel-at-law, without a break in his solemnity. "But the first thing you must tell me is just what you intend doing."

"I don't know *what* to do. That's why I came to see you. That's what I'm willing to pay you for. But it's not entirely unnatural, I think, to nurse a fixed aversion to being chased around the map by an army of reporters and subpoena-servers."

"There are several things, of course, that we can do," explained Gerry, quite unruffled by this unmasking of the guns of irony. "But before we go any further, Teddie, there's a phase or two of the case I must understand exactly. It was in your studio, you say, that this assault took place?"

"I *hate* that word!" interpolated Teddie.

"Well — er — this incident. Now, had you forbidden this man Uhlan entry, warned him away, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, he was coming there three times a week, to give me lessons," explained Teddie.

"For which he was being duly paid?"

"No, nothing was ever said about his being paid," she acknowledged. And Gerry's increase of gravity didn't altogether add to her happiness.

"And the day he got his thumping — why did he come to your studio on that occasion?"

For the second time Teddie hesitated.

"He came to make love to me," she finally admitted, not meeting Gerry's eyes. "And I had Gunboat Dorgan there to give him what he deserved."

Gerry wagged his head.

"Now, about this man Dorgan: he knew exactly why he was doing what he did?"

"Of course!"

"And he expected to be duly paid for this — er — this service he rendered you?" asked Gerry, persisting in his determination that things should not be made too easy for her.

"NO, he declined to have the matter of money come into it at all," Teddie rather falteringly acknowledged.

"Then what was the understanding?"

"There was no understanding."

"Then what did he do, when the thing was over?"

A silence fell between them.

"He kissed me," slowly acknowledged truthful Teddie, flushing up to the tip-tilted brim of her hat.

Gerry swung sharply about and stared out of the sky-scraper window.

"He had no reason, no excuse, for doing anything like that!" supplemented the tingling Teddie.

"Didn't he, now!" silently soliloquized Gerry as he swung slowly about in his swivel-chair and sat staring at her. Then he added, aloud: "And what happened after that?"

"He presumed on his privileges to the extent of taking my car out of the garage and going joy-riding in it."

"Without your knowledge and permission?"

"Entirely! And bumped into a street-bus and broke my lamps."

"That's much better," Gerry surprised her by saying.

"Why?" asked Teddie, vaguely disturbed by her remembered failure to mention an offhanded proffer of this same car to this same knight with the cauliflower ear.

"Because we can settle *his* hash with a larceny action," retorted Gerry. "But our biggest nut to crack, I imagine, will be Uhlan!"

"What can we do about him?" asked Teddie, with the faintest trace of a tremor in her voice.

"There are quite a number of things we can do," coolly explained her solemn-eyed counselor. "I can have him put out of the Camperdown Club before the week-end. I can demand an impartial appraisement of his physical injuries. I can see Shotwell, this attorney of his, and accept service. I can even get after 'em for blackmail. And there are several other things I can do. But each and every one of them will result in exactly the end we are most anxious to obviate. By that I mean publicity, newspaper-talk, the reporters you spoke of as chasing you all over the map. That's the one thing we must not and shall not have!"

"No, we mustn't have that!" echoed Teddie, mysteriously comforted by the masterfulness of this new-found sage who could achieve such a cool-headed and clear-eyed view of the entire tangled-up muddle. It took a load off her mind, to know that she had some one so adroit and dependable as Gerry to stand beside her in this fight against the forces of evil. She felt sorry, in fact, that she hadn't come to Gerry in the first place. Then she felt rather glad in remembering that, since she had come to him, she hadn't come looking like a frump.

"So the best thing you can do, Teddie," her new-found adviser was saying to her, "is to leave this entirely in my hands for a day or two. All I'm going to ask you to do is to keep mum and sit tight. Before the week-end, I feel sure, we'll have the whole thing straightened out. And, by the way, what's the name and address of your prize-fighter's lady friend?"

He remained solemnity incarnate as he jotted Ruby Joyce's name and address down on his scratch-pad.

"Has it occurred to you," he said, as he wrote, without looking up, "that this man Dorgan might have been the proper person for Uhlan to take action against?"

"I imagine he saw about all he wanted to of Dorgan," announced Teddie with the icicle-look once more in her eyes.

"But not all he wanted to of you?" questioned Gerry, pretending to ignore her eye-flash of indignation. It was not often that he'd enjoyed the luxury of finding Teddie Hayden on the defensive, and he intended to make the most of it. "It's quite apparent he isn't afraid of *you!*"

"I was hoping you could make him that way," acknowledged Teddie. She said it quietly, but there was a barb in it which Gerry couldn't quite overlook.

"Well, we'll get him that way," he announced with vigor, as he rose to his feet. "If it's action they're after, they'll get all they want!"

A consciousness of clearing skies both elated and depressed the brooding-eyed Teddie. What Gerry was doing for her was being done merely in the way of a professional duty for which he would be duly paid. But they had been friends once and she had treated him, she remembered, rather rottenly of late. She wanted to say something about that, make some effort to explain it away, yet she didn't quite know how to get that belated mood of repentance into words.

So, as she rose from her chair, she didn't even try to put it into words. She merely smiled softly and gratefully up into Gerry's eyes as he stood beside her, with the magnolia-white of her cheeks tingeing to pink as he stared back at her, with his jaw-muscles set and a quick look of pain on the face that still remained preoccupied.

"It's — it's awfully good of you, Gerry," she said as she held out her hand to him.

"That's how I make my living," was Gerry's unexpectedly brusk reply. But, apparently without knowing it, he still held her hand in his.

"It's awfully, awfully good of you," she repeated, as she reached with her free hand to restore the scarf which had slipped off her shoulder.

"It's not a bit good of me," he countered, almost harshly, as he put the scarf back where it belonged. And she would have been afraid of him, with that sudden black look in his eyes, if she hadn't remembered that Gerald Rhindelander West was a gentleman, a man of her own world and her own way of looking at things. And she rather liked that touch of *camaraderie* which was expressing itself in the unconsidered big-brothery weight of his hand on her unaverted shoulder.

"I FEEL so — so safe with you," she reassured him, with that misty look in her upraised eyes which can seem so much like a sigh made visible. And it was beginning to be a luxury, she felt, to find somebody she could feel that way with.

"Well, you're not!" he said in a voice that was almost a bark.

"How do you mean I'm not?" she asked, perplexed, with a still more searching study of his face.

"I mean because —"

He did not finish. Instead, with his hand still on her shoulder, he stooped and kissed her.

Teddie recoiled three full steps, and stood with her arms straight at her side and a black rage in her startled eyes. Gerry's own hands had dropped to his side, and his head fell forward, for all the world like a chrysanthemum that needed watering.

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" gasped Teddie, with the most unmistakable accents of loathing and anger in her voice.

"Wait!" called out Gerry, unhappily, pleadingly.

But Teddie had no intention of waiting. She withered him with one short look of revulsion, of utter repudiation, wheeled about, and strode out of the office.

She went, leaving behind her a blue-fox canteen muff and a much bluer young attorney who for quite a number of minutes stood staring morose and motionless out over the East River. He contemplated that wharf-fringed waterway very much as though he should like to take a header down into it. Then, as he slowly and dejectedly turned about, his eye fell on the forgotten muff.

He crossed to his desk and took the furry pillow up in his hands, turning it over and over. He meditatively stroked the deep pelt, sniffed at it, started for the door, and just as suddenly stopped. Then he quietly removed two tennis racquets and a box of golf-balls wrapped in a llama-wool sweater-coat from the bottom drawer of his desk and into this same drawer carefully tucked away the blue-fox muff — after which he stood, irresolute and unmoving, for another full five minutes.

Then, Gerry West, as though to make up for lost time, exploded into a sudden fury of movement. He punched the buzzer-button for his stenographer, jerked down the messenger-call lever and caught up the telephone-directory with one hand while he possessed himself of the receiver with the other.

"I'll show 'em," he muttered darkly to himself, "I'll show 'em they can't pull that cave-man stuff around my home circle!"

And in half an hour's time he had an ex-pool-roomer from a private detective agency busily shadowing Gunboat Dorgan, and another quiet-moving agent gathering what data he could as to the physical disabilities of Raoul Uhlan, and an expeditious clerk from the outer office confirming the address and movements of a certain Miss Ruby Joyce. Then, having started these wheels into motion, he hurriedly looked up a point or two of law, consulted his watch, and called up Louis Lipsett, of The *Star*, at the Press Club.

"Louis," he said over the wire, "I've got a great news story for you."

"Good!" promptly announced the other.

"Yes, it's so good, in fact, that you've got to come and help me kill it in the bud."

"Then let me add that what you want isn't a reporter, but an undertaker," retorted the unfeeling young White Hope of his over-saffroned daily.

"No, I want you, Louis, and I want you as quick as you can come," Gerry coolly averred.

"But why *me?*"

"Because you're [*Continued on page 42*]

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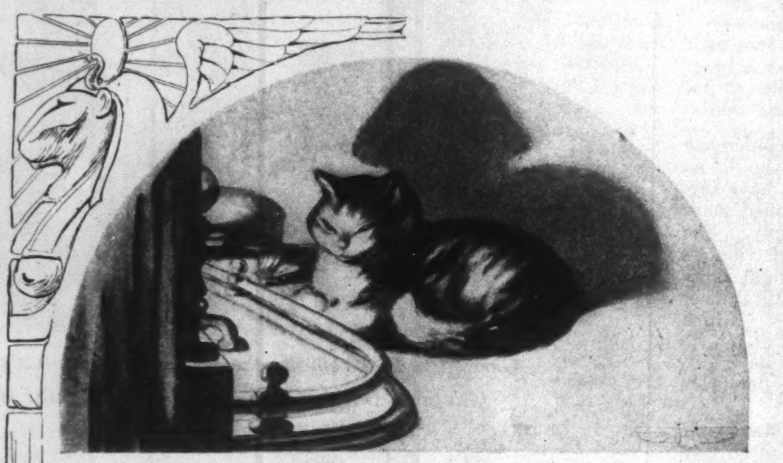


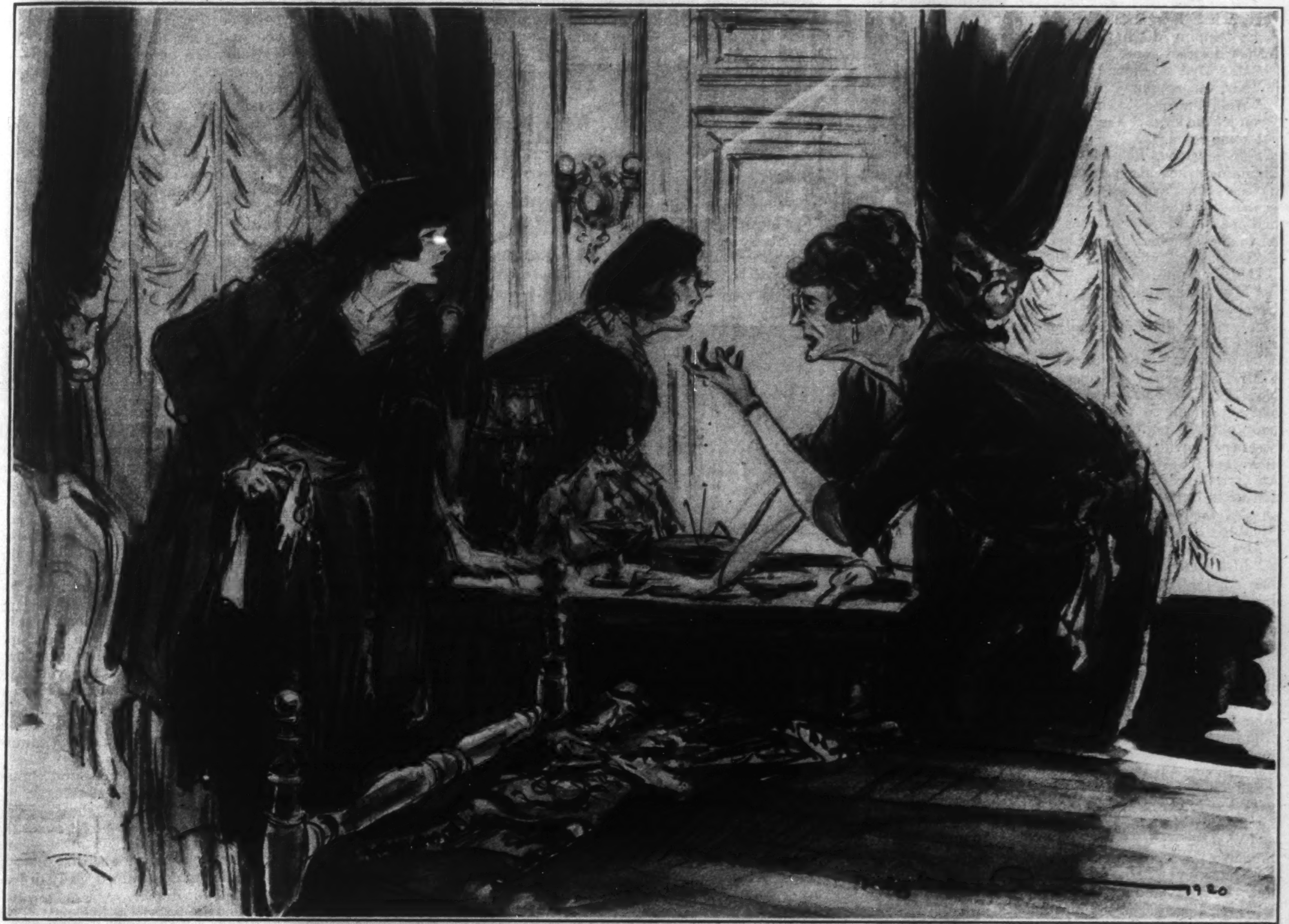
# My Cat

### *by* Amélie Rives

**Decoration by Oliver Herford**

MY cat is not from Persia, or Malta or Korea
Or the Isle of Man,
Or indeed from any of the countries
Preferred by the aristocracy of cats;
She wandered in to me one night from nowhere,
A mere, vulgar kitten
Vulgarly starving.
Her little hood and jacket are grey like common ashes,
Her white chemise is like common thistledown,
But she has ways of mysterious regality
And exotic beguiling,
And in her eyes are all Egypt and its secrets.

Now in the winter evenings
She and fire share my hearth,
Each purring, blinking watchfully at the other,
Wild, wilful creatures
Only pretending to be tamed.



*"I see what you're up to. You with your make-believe innocence — with your bluff of turning a man down because you didn't love him!"*

# The Trap

## *by* Maximilian Foster

**Illustrations by May Wilson Preston**

## *Part V*

AS the door closed and the light, mocking face withdrew itself from view, Lester stood there petrified. What his reflections were it would have been difficult to say.

That night in New York when Mawsby, raking the park benches, had brought the broken-down derelict to the house in Fitzhugh Square, Lester had formed his opinion of the man.

The man's pretense, all his talk of former riches and grandeur, was for the main part bunkum. So were his claims to social eminence. He had, it is true, come in contact with many persons of prominence; but this acquaintance, considering the terms on which it was based, would hardly have filled a man of any character with pride.

The clock struck half-past six. In half an hour it would be time to dress for dinner, but dinner was the last thing Lester thought of now.

Anger succeeded stupefaction. He had the wish to take Hastings by the throat and shake the life out of him as a mastiff would shake it out of a rat. It would be a pleasure, of course; but the pleasure would avail him little. For one thing it would not excuse nor obliterate his own guilt in the affair.

Hastings's threat was double-edged. If Hastings divulged, as he'd warned he would, what Lester had been doing, Lester would not have Sally Raeburn alone to reckon with, he would have the whole world to face. One thing certain, whether he won Sally Raeburn or not, he must leave nothing undone to save her from the consequences of the cowardly, cadlike retribution he himself had planned for her.

Yes, but how could it be done? Heretofore he had told himself he need only ask her to marry him to have Sally jump at the chance. Now he wasn't so sure of it. She was not the sort to let herself be played with, and already he had seen the effect his brusk, brutal treatment had had. So what if she'd already turned against him?

What could he do? He had to do something, and immediately,— but what?

He was still struggling with it when Mawsby knocked on the library door.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Ashe just telephoned to say he was driving over here to dinner."

Lester repressed the exclamation that sprang to his lips. Mawsby waited a moment.

"I beg pardon, sir; your car is still waiting outside. Is Mr. Hastings to be taken to the city?"

Lester reached the end of the rug, turned, then came back.

"No," he said.

If Mawsby was surprised he didn't show it.

For a moment Lester peered at the valet, studying him intently. The scrutiny Mawsby suffered with his usual blank, inscrutable calm.

"Mawsby," Lester asked abruptly, "have you ever laughed?"

Mawsby started as if he'd been jabbed.

"I, sir?"

"Yes. Have you ever laughed in your life?"

"I believe so, sir. Yes, sir. I think so, sir."

"Well, then, for God's sake," said Lester, "go out and do it now! Laugh, — laugh your head off! If you don't — if somebody don't, I think I'll — I'll ——"

It will be recalled that when Sally Raeburn, that morning, flitted down the stairs to go on her drive with Hastings she had left Mrs. Steese wildly rattling the doorknob of the room adjoining. It is not to be supposed, though, that Mrs. Steese spent the rest of the day doing this. She didn't. The instant she was dressed she had hurried in pursuit. But Sally already had gone.

Baffled, Mrs. Steese returned up-stairs. Her uneasiness now was evident. The direct cause of this uneasiness was not clear, but no doubt Mrs. Steese had ample cause for her disquiet. At any rate, not more than ten minutes or so had passed when she came hurrying down the stairs again, this time with her hat and wraps on.

Twenty minutes later she was aboard the train, on her way to the city.

She was absent most of the day. What the journey involved, Mrs. Steese hadn't divulged, but that it had been still further agitating to her mind was evident the instant she returned to Ferncliff.

It was just striking five when a hack from the station brought her home; and from her appearance at the moment one had the impression that only by the utmost self-control had she induced herself to come back. Butes, at the door, eyed her somewhat in wonder.

"Mrs. Dewitt, madame, will wish to see you."

Mrs. Steese started.

"Mrs. Dewitt?"

"Yes, madame."

Mrs. Steese did not reply. Furtive and subdued, more shifty-eyed than ever, she slipped into the house and hurried up the stairs. The door of the room she locked behind her. Then having removed her hat and wrap, after a moment's reflection she also took the precaution of removing from the lock the key to the room adjoining. Afterward, with what patience she could muster, and a rather queer look in her eyes of hunted doubt, Mrs. Steese sat down to wait for Sally Raeburn.

The singular part of it, however, was that not more than a half hour after this, her door opened and she came tripping down the stairs, every vestige of her former disquiet gone. She was even smiling gaily.

"Has Miss Raeburn come in?" she inquired.

"Not yet, madame," responded Butes.

"Well, the minute she does," directed Mrs. Steese, "you let me know. I'm going out to the greenhouse to get some roses."

She departed, humming to herself. She was still humming when she returned with the roses. As six o'clock struck and Sally, now returned from her drive, hastened up the stairs to her room, Mrs. Steese's gaiety had not subsided. Caroling lightly, she was laying out on the bed the brightest of her dinner dresses.

"Oh, hello," murmured Sally.

Her air was listless.

"My dear, what a day I've had! Such a day! Gracious!"

A series of little exclamations escaped Mrs. Steese.

"Have you?" Sally replied calmly.

Mrs. Steese was still ejaculating. Now that Sally had returned and she had some one to whom she could pour out all her confidences, Mrs. Steese was evidently determined to make good use of the opportunity. At first, however, Sally paid little attention, but as Mrs. Steese rattled on, she started.

"What's that?" she interrupted.

Mrs. Steese took another start.

"Just what I say, my dear. She'd guessed what was going on, and she dropped in to have a little chat about it. I was quite astonished. You know, of course, how at first we disliked her; but all of that's just nonsense. Why, she's one of the nicest, most friendly women I've ever met; and she's taken such a shine to you, besides. She made me promise I'd say nothing to you about it, but she just hopes you're going to succeed."

Sally gazed at her in wonder.

"What in the world are you talking about?" she asked.

"What? . . . why, Mrs. Dewitt, of course," was the reply.

"You say you had Mrs. Dewitt in here talking about me?" asked Sally, her lips still parted in wonder.

"Yes, — you and a lot else. She told me a heap about him, too. He's one of the best catches in New York."

"WHO is?" asked Sally.

"That fellow Hastings,— who do you think I mean?" She gave another excited chuckle. "My, but you're clever! I didn't even suspect what you were up to!" Then instantly she grew serious. "But you've got to be quick about it, Sally. The first chance you get you've got to snatch him up. There isn't any time to waste."

There was in Mrs. Steese's air now a momentary hint of uneasiness that Sally was quick to see.

"I saw Steese to-day," she announced.

"Well?" inquired Sally, unimpressed.

"Can you keep your nerve?" asked Mrs. Steese.

Sally stared at her. A chill, for an instant, plucked at her heart with an icy hand. "What happened?" she asked.

"It's just this, Sally: After you'd gone I got worrying over things. The way Mr. Lester was acting bothered me. I wondered if by any chance Steese had played the fool. He gets awful busy, you know, if ever he smells a piece of money. It got on my nerves so I couldn't stand it, so 'long about noon I skipped up to town, and — and ——"

"Well?"

"Now don't lose your head," warned Mrs. Steese,— "it ain't nearly as bad as it looks. All you've got to do is land that fellow Hastings, — he's just a saphead, so that won't be any trouble; then when you've got him tied up we can tell Lester to go whistle. Why, Mrs. Dewitt tells me he's got twice the money Lester has; and — ouch!" exclaimed Mrs. Steese, "let go my arm; you're hurting it!"

"What did your husband say?" demanded Sally.

"He didn't say anything, — not much, anyway," responded Mrs. Steese. "He let on, though, he'd seen Lester."

Sally caught swiftly at her breath.

"You say he saw Lester!" she whispered.

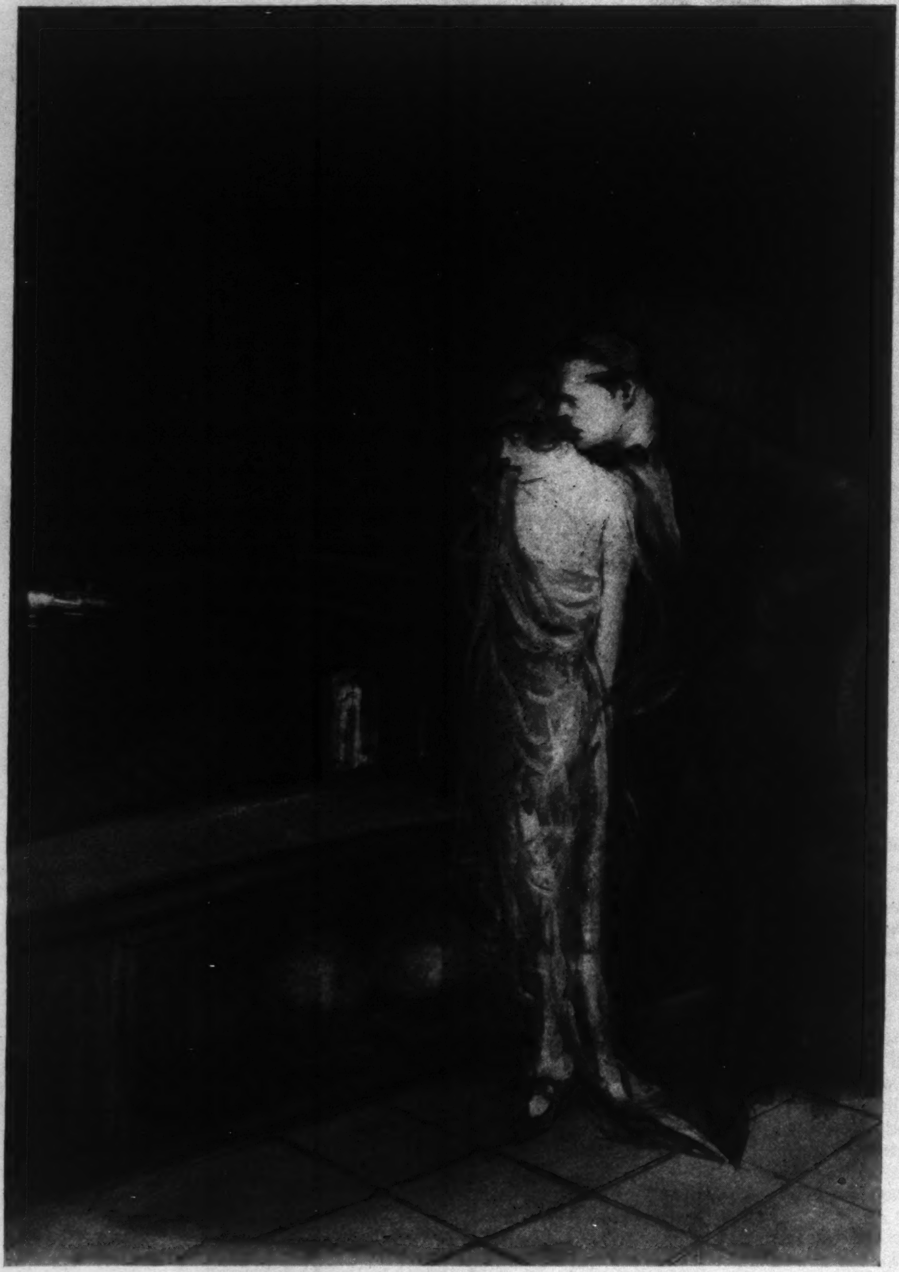
It was so. As Mrs. Steese also added Steese had been "pretty sore about it." Lester, he had said, hadn't treated him as one gentleman would treat another. He had acted just as if Steese, to use Steese's own account, was some cheap skate who could be bought off for a couple of dollars.

Sally's heart gave another dismal leap.

"You mean he tried to get money out of Mr. Lester?"

Mrs. Steese nodded grumpily.

"I don't see what there is to be scared about," she mumbled; "I've been figuring it out, and even if Lester's tumbled to what we're up to, he can't do anything.



*"You're divine, lovely to-night," he whispered swiftly,— "I'm fairly crazy about you, little girl!"*

I guess girls've tried to marry men with money before,— nothing criminal in that. The worst he c'd do would be to turn us out here. Unless I'm fooled, too, he won't do even that."

"Turn us out?" she gasped.

"What if he does?" retorted Mrs. Steese.

In the shame, in the horror and disgust, too, that shook her, Sally hid her face in her hands, convulsed, overwhelmed. But the loathing she felt was not all for Mrs. Steese; she loathed herself as well.

"Don't speak another word to me, Mrs. Steese! I'm as guilty, as shameful as you are; but that does not matter now. . . . No, don't speak! I'm not done yet! To-morrow, you and I will part. The first thing in the morning you will pack your things and leave this house. If you are not out of here by noon, I'll ——"

She got no chance to finish.

"What!" cried Mrs. Steese.

"Don't raise your voice," warned Sally; "if you do they may hear you and turn us out to-night. Mr. Lester knows everything, I'm quite sure of that, — so does Mrs. Dewitt, I suspect. But never mind that, — you and I are parting, Mrs. Steese; and by noon to-morrow you will be on your way to New York!"

Mrs. Steese's pale orbs, in her excitement, were popping from their sockets.

"Have you gone crazy?" she gasped.

"No," replied Sally, "I was never saner in my life."

"D'you mean if I don't go you'll run and blab everything to Lester?"

"I didn't say what I'd do," replied Sally. "I said that you would have until noon to leave this house."

"I see what you're up to!" proclaimed Mrs. Steese — "you want to get rid of me so you c'n have a free rein with that fellow Hastings! You think if you c'n get rid of me you won't have to pay me my little rake-off! I never did trust you, anyway," added Mrs. Steese, her anger venomous now; "I always suspected you'd try to put one like this over on me! I was on to you from the first — you with your make-believe innocence! You with your bluff of turning down a man because you didn't love him, — pshaw! You and I don't part till I get every cent that's coming to me!"

HER face vindictive, Mrs. Steese walked to the door of her room.

"Now listen to me, young lady. I'm not leaving here at noon to-morrow, and I'm not leaving the next day, either. . . . And don't you try any of your tricks, you hear me? The minute I find you're up to anything funny, I'll go to that young fellow you're after now, and tell him all I know!"

"Please go, Mrs. Steese," said Sally. "I have only a few minutes to dress for dinner."

Mrs. Steese lingered long enough to deliver a valedictory remark.

"You poor simp," she said contemptuously, "as if I'd let a chit like you trifle with me!"

She departed then with a sniff.

Pale but determined, Sally dressed herself for dinner.

The dinner was at half-past seven. A few minutes before the time, the door of Sally's bedroom opened; and still pale and repressed, she went swiftly to the staircase. There she halted, listening acutely.

On the floor below a murmur of voices could be heard. Among them was Mrs. Steese's, its note as usual shrilly animated; and as if assured by this, Sally started slowly down the stairs. It was clear, however, that only by effort was she forcing herself to the ordeal of facing the roomful of people down-stairs.

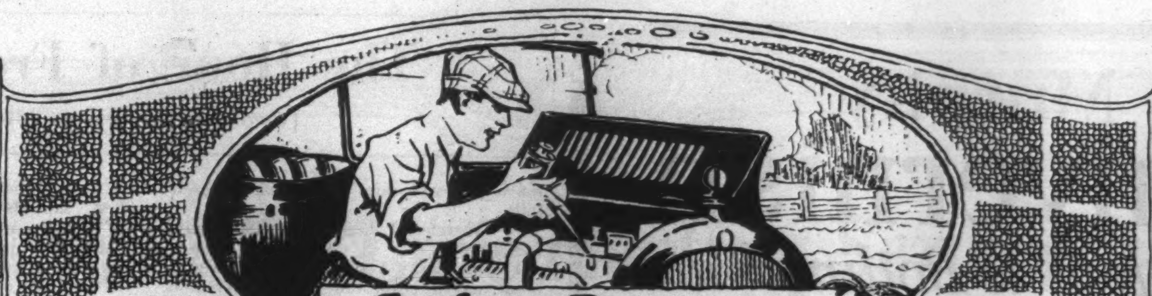
In that mad moment when, desperate from want, embittered, too, by the way the world had deserted her, Sally had attached herself to Mrs. Steese, the true significance of Mrs. Steese's suggestions she had hidden from herself. She had merely meant to marry. All girls hunted a husband, didn't they? Now, however, that old excuse wouldn't serve.

The shame, the horror of it, was engulfing. The fear, however, that Lester would denounce her to the others was not what horrified Sally. Curiously, she cared little about them. She was conscious she would care little even if Hastings were to learn. What tortured her was the feeling, a certainty now, that Lester knew everything.

She had the panic-stricken impulse to flee. Him she dared not face. The others did not count; but the thought of sitting out that dinner with Lester's dark eyes searching her to the soul was more than she could endure.

To-night was the turning-point. To-night was left her in which to do what she had to do. It must be done swiftly, of course; but she could do it. After that it would not matter much what happened. All she asked was the strength to get through with that one night; and a prayer on her lips, her face tortured into a disguising smile, Sally stepped

[*Continued on page 86*]



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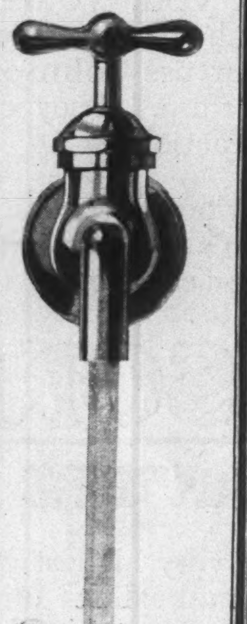

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# The Hour of Freydis

[*Continued from page 15*]

much you will care!" she said, reproachfully.

"—Therefore I think that you are acting foolishly."

Freydis said: "You make a human woman of me, and then expect me to act upon reason. It is you who are behaving foolishly."

Count Manuel meditated, for this beyond doubt sounded sensible. His heart was now exceedingly troubled. Queen Freydis now breathed more freely, and began to smile, with the wisdom of women, which is not superhuman, but is ruthless.

"The hand would be quite ruined, too," said Manuel, looking at it more carefully. He touched it. "Your hand, Queen Freydis, whatever mischief it may have executed, is soft as velvet. It is colored like rose-petals, but it smells more sweet than they. No, certainly my images are not worth the ruining of such a hand."

Then Manuel released her, sighing. "My images must wait," says Manuel.

"Why, do you really like my hands?" asked Freydis, regarding them critically.

Manuel said: "Ah, fair sweet enemy, do not mock at me! All is in readiness to compel you to do my will. Had you preserved some ugly shape I would have conquered you. But against the shape which you now wear I cannot contend. Dragons and warlocks and chimæras and such nameless monsters as I now see crowding about this enclosure of buttered willow wands I do not fear at all, but I cannot fight against the appearance which you now wear."

"WHY, do you really like my naturall appearance?" Freydis said, incrediby surprised. "It is a comfort, of course, to slip into it occasionally, but I had never really thought much about it one way or the other." She went to the great mirror which had been set ready as Hoel directed. "I never liked my hair done this way, either. As for those monsters yonder, they are my people, who are coming out of the fire to rescue me, in some of the forgotten shapes, as spoorns and calcars, and other terrors of antiquity. But they cannot get into this enclosure of buttered willow wands, poor dears, on account of Hoel's magickings. How foolish they look, leering and capering and gnashing their teeth, with no superstitious person sanywhere to pay attention to them." Now the queen paused: she coughed delicately. "But you were talking some nonsense or other about my natural appearance not being bad looking. Now most men prefer blondes, and, besides, you are not really listening to me, and that is not polite."

"It is so difficult to talk collectedly," said Manuel, "with your appalling servitors leering and capering and gnashing double sets of teeth all over Morven——"

Freydis, the high queen, went to the doorway through which she might not pass, unless a man lifted her over the threshold, on account of the tonthecs and the spaks and the horseshoes. She cried, in a high sweet voice: "A penny, a penny, twopence, a penny and a half, and a halfpenny! Now do you go away, all of you, for Hoel's wisdom is too strong for us. There is no way for you to get into, nor for me to get out of this place of buttered willow wands, until I have deluded and circumvented this pestiferous young mortal. Go down into Bellegarde and spill the blood of peasants, or raise a hailstorm, or amuse yourselves in one way or another. Anyhow, do not take thought for me who am now a human woman; for my adversary is a mortal man, and in that duel never yet has the man conquered."

She turned to Manuel. She said:

"Freydis am I, the dread high Queen of Audela. But you embraced my penalties, and made a human woman of me. So do I tread with wraiths, for my lost realm alone is real. Here all is but a restless contention of shadows that pass presently; here all that is visible and all the colors known to men are shadows dimming the true colors, and time and death, the darkest shadow known to men, delude you with false seemings; for all such things as men hold incontestable, because they are apparent to sight and sense, are a weariful drifting of fogs that veil the world which is no longer mine. So in this twilit world of yours do we of Audela appear to be but men and women."

"I would that such women appeared more often," said Manuel.

"Freydis am I, the dread high Queen of Audela, the queen of all that lies beyond this veil of human sight and sense. This veil may not ever be lifted, but very often the veil is pierced, and noting the broken place, men call it fire. Through these torn places men may glimpse the world that is real; and this glimpse dazzles their dimmed eyes and weakling forces, and this glimpse mocks at their lean might. Through these rent places, when the opening is made large enough, a few men here and there, not quite so witless as their fellows, know how to summon us of Audela when for an hour the moon is void and powerless: we come for an old reason: and we come as men and women."

"You do not speak with human voices," Manuel replied, "for your voice is music."

"Freydis am I, the dread high Queen of Audela, and very often, just for the sport's sake, do I and my servitors go secretly among you. As human beings we blunder about your darkened shadow world, bound by the laws of sight and sense, but keeping always in our hearts the secrets of Audela and the secret of our manner of returning thither. Sometimes, too, for the sport's sake, we imprison in earthen images a spark of the true life of Audela: and then you little persons that have no authentic life, but only the flickering of a vexed shadow to sustain you in brief fretfulness, say it is very pretty; and you negligently applaud us as the most trivial of men and women."

"No: we applaud you as the most beautiful," says Manuel.

"Come now, Count Manuel, and do you have done with your silly flatterings, which will never wheedle anything out of me! So, you have trapped Queen Freydis in human flesh. Therefore I must abide in the body of a human woman, and be subject to your whims and to your beautiful big muscles, you think, until I lend a spark of Audela's true life to your ridiculous images. But I will show you better, for I will never give in to you nor to any man breathing."

In silence Count Manuel regarded the delightful shaping and the clear burning colors of this woman's face. He said, in sadness: "The images no longer matter. It is better to leave them as they are."

"That is very foolish talk," Queen Freydis answered, promptly, "for they need my aid if ever any images did. Not that, however, I intend to touch them."

"Indeed, I forbid you to touch them, fair enemy. For were the images made living things in consonance with my desire I would be looking at them always, and not caring for any woman: and no woman anywhere would have the power to move me as your beauty moves me now, and I would not be valuing you the worth of an old onion."

"That is not the truth," says Freydis, angrily, "for the man who is satisfied with his images is as great a fool about women as any other man. And who are you to be forbidding me anything?"

"I would have you remember," said Manuel, very masterfully, "that they are my images, to do with as I wish. Also I would have you remember that, whatever you may pretend to be in Audela, here I am stronger than you."

Now the proud woman laughed. Defiantly she touched the middle image, with formal ancient gestures, and the clay shivered and caught sobbing breath from her touch. The image rose, a living creature that was smaller but far more beautiful than human kind, and it regarded Manuel scornfully. Then it passed limping from the enclosure, and Manuel sighed.

"That is a strong magic," said Manuel: "but I now perceive too late that I fashioned the legs of this image unevenly, and the joy that I have in its life is less than the shame that I take from its limping."

"Such magic is a trifle," Freydis replied, "although it is the only magic I can perform in an enclosure of buttered willow wands. Now, then, you see for yourself that I am not going to take orders from you. So the image, will you or nill you, must limp about in all men's sight, for not more than a few centuries, to be sure, but long enough to prove that I am not going to be dictated to."

"I do not greatly care, O fairest and most

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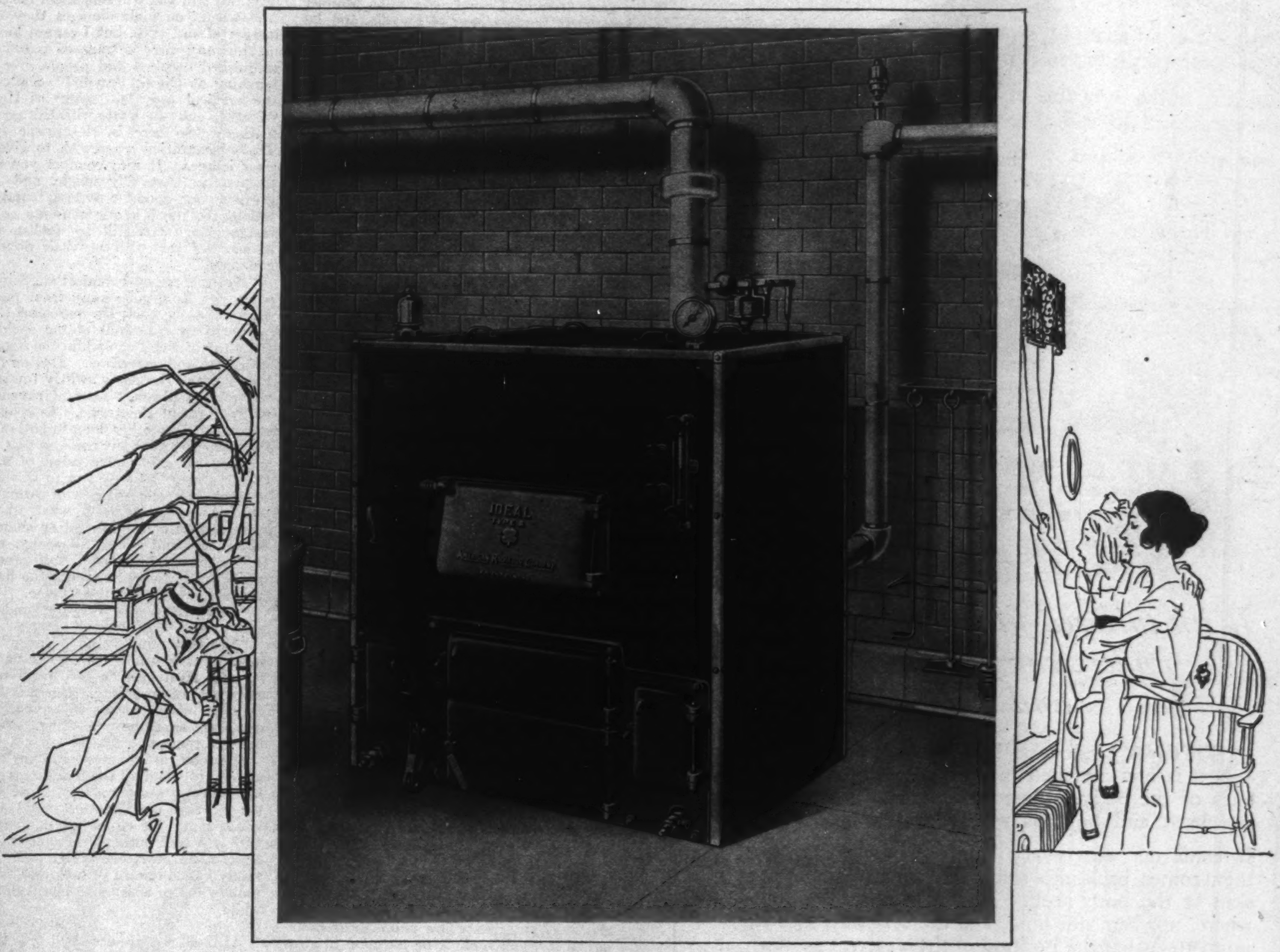

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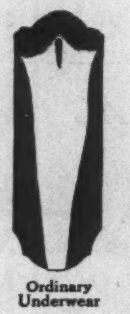

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shrewd of enemies. A half-hour since it seemed to me an important matter to wrest from you this secret of giving life to images. Now I have seen the miracle; I know that it is possible for the man that has your favor to become as a god, creating life, and creating lovelier living beings than any god creates, and beings that live longer, too: and even so, it is not of these things that I am really thinking, but only of your eyes."

"Why, do you like my eyes?" says Freydis,—"you, who if once you could make living images would never be caring about any woman any more?"

But Manuel told her wherein her eyes were different from the eyes of any other person and more dangerous: and she listened, willingly enough, for Freydis was now a human woman. Thereafter a grieving and a great trouble of mind came upon Manuel because of the loveliness of Freydis, and he made this complaint:

"THERE is much loss in the world, where men war ceaselessly with sorrow, and time like a strong thief strips all men of all they prize. Yet when the emperor is beaten in battle and his broad lands are lost, he, shrugging, says, 'In the next battle I may conquer.' Thus hope serves as a cordial for every hurt: but for him who has beheld the loveliness of Freydis there is no hope at all.

"For in comparison with that alien clear beauty there is no beauty in this world. He that has beheld the loveliness of Freydis must go henceforward as a hungry person, because of troubling memories: and his fellows deride him enviously. All the world is fretted by his folly, knowing that his faith in the world's might is no longer firm-set, and that he aspires to what is beyond the world's giving. In his heart he belittles the strong stupid lords of earth: and they, being strong, plan vengeance, the while that in a corner he makes images to commemorate what is lost: and so for him who has beheld the loveliness of Freydis there is no hope at all.

"He that has willed to look upon Queen Freydis does not dread to consort with serpent nor with swine; he faces the mirror wherein a man beholds himself without self-deceiving; he views the blood that drips from his soiled hands, and knows that this, too, was needed: yet these endurings purchase but one hour. The hour passes, and therewith passes also Freydis, the high Queen. Only the memory of her hour remains, like a cruel gadfly for which the crazed beholder of Queen Freydis must build a lodging in his images, madly endeavoring to commingle memories with wet mud: and so for him who has beheld the loveliness of Freydis there is no hope at all."

Freydis heard him through considerately. "But I wonder to how many other women you have talked such nonsense about beauty and despair and eternity," said Freydis, "and they very probably blondes! And I wonder how you can expect me to believe you, when you pretend to think me all these fine things, and still keep me penned in this enclosure like an old vicious cow."

"No, that is not the way it is any longer. For now my images and all that life holds and all that is anywhere without this enclosure of buttered willow wands mean nothing to me, and there is no meaning in anything save in the loveliness of Freydis." Dom Manuel went to the door of the enclosure, then to the windows, sweeping away the gilded tonthecs and the shining spaks, and removing from the copper nails the horse shoes that had been cast by Mohammed's mare and Balaam's ass and Pegasus. "You were within my power. Now I destroy that power, and therewith myself. Now is the place unguarded, and all your servitors are free to enter, and all your terrors are untrammeled, to be loosed against me, who have no longer anything to dread. For I love you with such mortal love as values nothing else beside its desire, and you care nothing for me."

After a little while of looking she sighed, and said uneasily: "It is the foolish deed of a true lover. And really I do like you, rather. But, Manuel, I do not know what to do next! Never at any time has this thing happened before, so that all my garnered wisdom is of no use whatever. Nobody anywhere has ever dared to snap their fingers at the fell power of Freydis as you are doing, far less to be making eyes at her. And besides, I do not wish to consume you with lightnings, and to smite you with insanity appears unnecessary."

"I love you," Manuel said, "and your heart is hard, and your beauty is beyond the thinking of man, and your will is neither to loose nor to bind. In a predicament so unexampled, how can it matter to me at all whatever you may elect to do?"

"Then certainly I shall not waste any of my fine terrors on you!" said Freydis, with a vexed tossing of her head. "Nor have I any more time to waste upon you either, for presently the Moon-Children will be coming back to their places; and before the hour is out wherein the moon stays void and powerless I must return to my own kingdom, whither you may not follow me to provoke me with any more of your nonsense. And then you will be properly sorry, I dare say, for you will be remembering me always, and there will be only human women to divert you, and they are poor creatures." Freydis went again to the mirror, and she meditated there. "Yes, you will be remembering me with my hair done this way, and that is a pity, but still you will remember me always. And when you make images they will be images of me. No, but I cannot have you making any more outrageous parodies like astonished corpses, and people everywhere laughing at Queen Freydis!" She took up the magical pen, laid ready as Hoel had directed, and she wrote with this gryphon's feather. "So here is the recipe for the Tuyla incantation wherewith to give life to your images. It may comfort you a little to perform that silly magic, and it will prevent your good-for-nothing blondes from talking too much idiotic nonsense about the images which you will be foolish enough to make of me with my hair done unbecomingly."

"Nothing can ever comfort me, fair enemy, when you have gone away from me," said Manuel, as he took the parchment.

Then they came out of the enclosure to the altar of Vel-Tyno while the moon was still void and powerless. The servitors of Freydis were thronging swiftly toward Morven after a pleasant hour of ravening and ramping about Poictesme. As spoorns and calcars and as other long-forgotten shapes they came, without any noise, so that Morven was like the disordered mind of a wretch that is dying in fever: and to this side and to that side the witches of Amneran sat nodding in approval of what they saw. Thus one by one the forgotten shapes came to the fire, and cried, "A penny, a penny, twopence, a penny and a half, and a halfpenny!" as each entered into the fire which was the gateway to their home.

"Farewell!" said Freydis: and as she spoke she sighed.

"Not thus must be our parting," Manuel said. "For do you listen now, Queen Freydis! It was Hoel the Deep-Minded who told me what was requisite. '*Queen* is the same as *cwen*, which means *a woman*, no more nor less,' said the wise king. 'You have but to remember that.'"

She took his meaning. Freydis cried out, angrily: "Then all the foolishness you have been talking about my looks and your love for me was pre-arranged! And you have cheated me out of the old Tuyla mystery with just such nonsense as a plowman trades against the heart of a milkmaid! Now certainly I shall reward your candor in a fashion that will be whispered about for a long while."

"ALL, all was pre-arranged save this," said Manuel, with a yapping laugh. He thrust into the fire the parchment which Freydis had given him. "Yes, all was pre-arranged save that Hoel did not purge me of that which will not accept the hire of any lying to you. So Hoel's wisdom comes at the last pinch to naught."

"But have you no sense whatever, for you are burning your hand!"

Dom Manuel withdrew his hand, with a grimace, for in the ardor of executing his noble gesture he had not estimated how hot the fire was. "It is but a little hurt to me who have taken a great hurt," says Manuel, sullenly. "For I had thought to lie, and in my mouth the lie turned to a truth. At least, I do not profit by my ill-doing, and I wave you farewell with empty hands burned clean of theft and double dealing."

Then she who was a human woman said, "But you have burned your hand!"

"It does not matter: I have ointments yonder. Make haste, Queen Freydis, for the hour passes wherein the moon is void and powerless."

"There is time." She brought out water from the enclosure, and swiftly bathed Dom Manuel's hand.

From the fire now came a whispering. "Make haste, Queen Freydis! make haste, dear Fairy mistress."

"There is time," said Freydis, "and do

[Continued on page 39]

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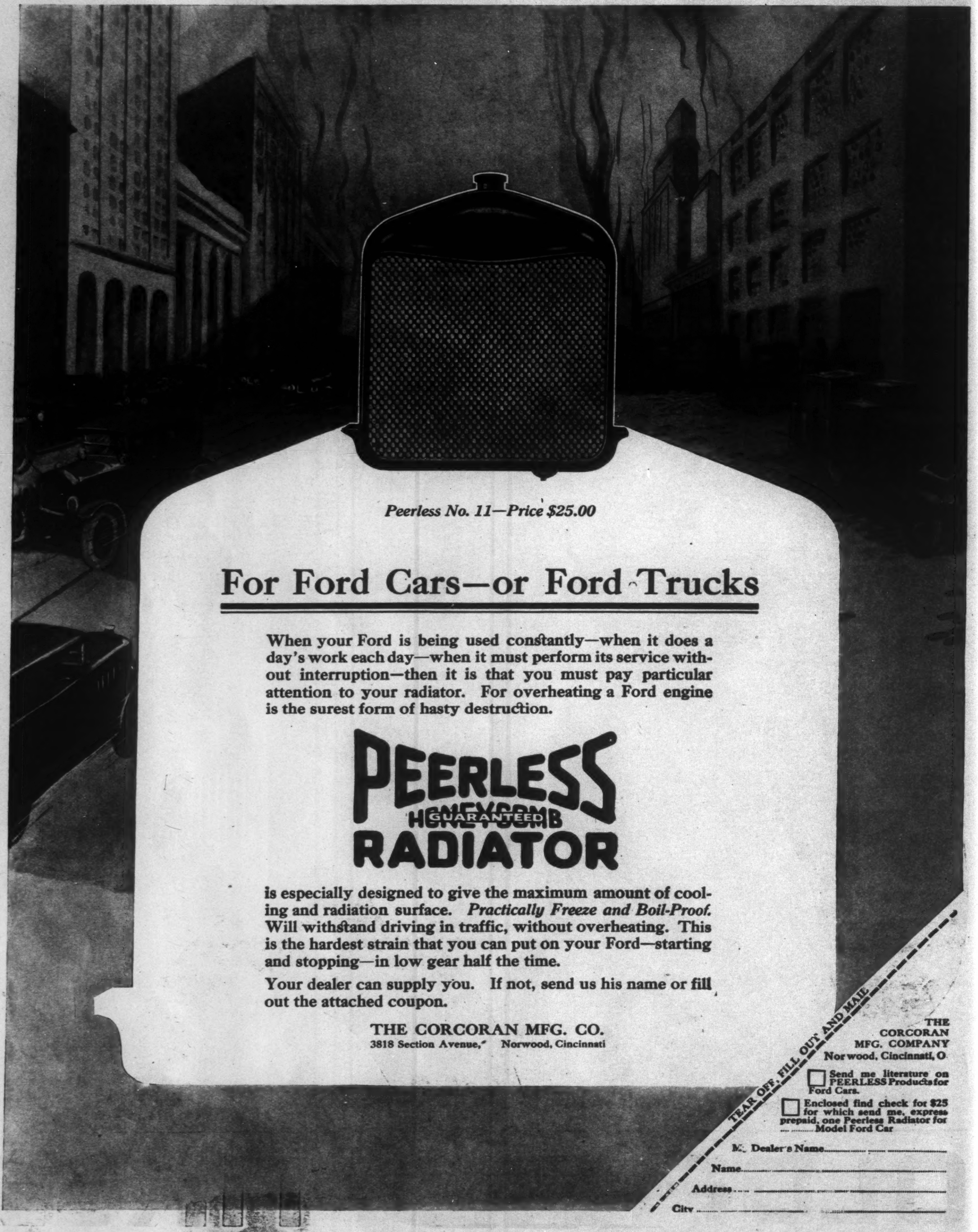

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you stop flurrying me!" She brought from the enclosure a pot of ointment, and she dressed Manuel's hand.

"Borram, borram, Fairy mistress!" the fire crackled. "Now the hour ends."

Then Freydis sprang from Manuel, toward the flames beyond which she was queen of ancient mysteries, and beyond which her will was neither to loose nor to bind. "A penny, a penny, twopence—" she began.

But just for a moment she looked back at the man, alone and hurt. In his eyes the firelight showed love out of measure and without hope. And the heart of a human woman moved in the breast of Freydis.

"I cannot help it," she said, as the hour passed. "Somebody has to bandage it, and men have no sense in these matters."

Whereon the fire roared angrily, and leaped, and fell dead, for the Moon-Children had returned from the well, and the moon was no longer void and powerless.

"So, does that feel more comfortable?" said Freydis. She was a mortal woman now, with no choice in the matter.

For awhile Count Manuel did not speak. Then he said, in a shaking voice: "O woman dear, it is you and you alone that I will be loving eternally with such tenderness as is denied to cold and lonely queens. And it is you that I will be serving always with such a love as may not ever be given to perverse small images either! And though all life may be a dusty waste of endless striving, and though the ways of men may always be the ways of folly, yet are these ways our ways henceforward, and not hopeless ways, for you and I will tread them together."

"Now certainly there is in Audela no such moonstruck nonsense to be hearing, nor any such quick-footed hour of foolishness to be living through," Freydis replied, "as here tonight has robbed me of my kingdom."

"Love will repay," said Manuel.

And Freydis, a human woman now, laughed low and softly. "Repay me thus," she said: "no matter how much I may coax you, do you not ever tell me how you happened to have the bandages and the pot of ointment set ready by the mirror. For it is bad for a human woman ever to be seeing through the devices of wise kings, and far worse for her to be seeing through the heroic antics of her husband."

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# Minnie Tighthand and Mrs. Dunley

[*Continued from page 17*]

### *Chapter VI* The Marriages

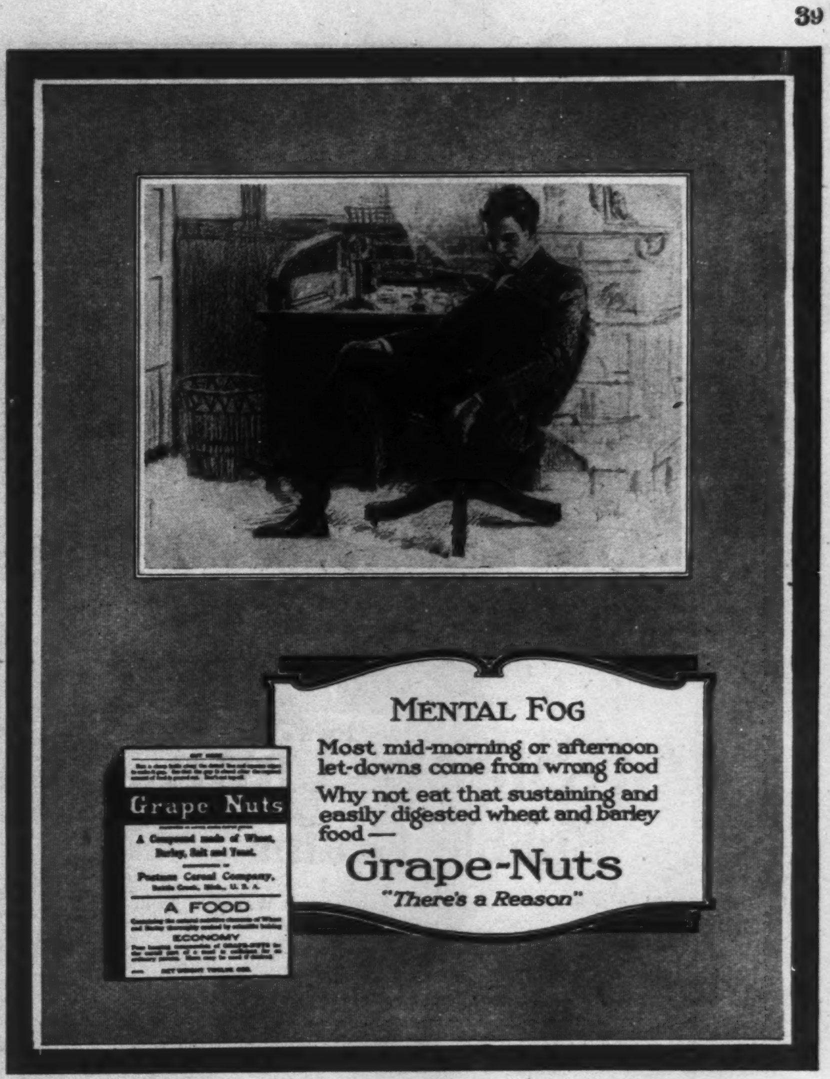
It was now the day before the marriage of Eliza and Mr. Tighthand. Minnie was making an ornament to place on the head of the bride. Little May sat by her side. Both were very happy. Little May was much pleased with her new home. Mr. Tighthand sat by Minnie. His face looked happy, and most undoubtedly he was. The day came. The marriage was to be at Minnie's home. Upon the piazza stood groups of young men ready to wait upon the ladies out of their carriages. There had a carriage just arrived. The bride was in it. She looked magnificent. Her dress was white over a blue lace one. It had short sleeves gathered at the bottom with a silk ribbon. Her hair was curled, with the beautiful ornament Minnie had made around it. Mr. Tighthand stepped forward to take her out of the carriage, when John Morton bounded toward him and said "Hands off, that is for me to do." "Step right back, Sir," said Mr. Tighthand calmly. "I will not" shouted John. "What business have you with her?" "Why she is to be my wife," was the reply. "Your wife, don't you insult me in that manner again," said John. Mr. Tighthand took no notice of this remark, but calmly waited on Eliza out of the carriage, and into the house. Every eye was upon the bride, every person rose from their seats to give the bride and bridegroom a seat. The cermony had commenced, at the right of the bride stood two young brides-maid, Ida and Minnie dressed in blue silk. At the right of Mr. Tighthand stood two young groomsmen, James Dunley and George Rome. The Priest had opened his book, when Mrs. Dunley and Mr. Grant entered. The cermony went on. When it had ended Mr. Grant and Mrs. Dunley rose to be married. The cermony was ended. Mrs. Dunley was no longer a widow, nor was Mr. Grant a widower. No longer would people say "the rich widow Dunley," but the rich Mrs. Grant. The company had gone. Mr. and Mrs. Tighthand and Minnie were all that were left, and of course they were not going.

### *Chapter VII* Little May's Home

Little May was now pretty well acquainted. Minnie was quite certain now that she was Ida's sister. Minnie had just gone over to Mr. Grant's to see Ida. "How do you do, Ida" she said. "Very well, I thank you," said Ida. In the course of their conversation Minnie said to Ida: "Ida, do you know that you said your little sister's name was Louise May Dunley?" "Yes," said Ida. "Well now you know that if she had travelled all her life, and she went when she was so young that she would forget the name of Louise and Dunley, as they are so long and would remember the name of May, and I think the little girl to my house is your little sister." "O! Minnie, Minnie, it is, it is, it is my dear little sister Louise. Let us go over now and find out more about her." "Well," said Minnie, "Put on your things, and we will go." And they went. When they got there May was sitting on a stool by the side of Eliza, and Eliza was sewing. After they were seated Minnie called May to her, and said to Ida, "Can you see any look like your little Louise?" Ida looked at her, and said "yes, there are the same blue eyes, the same auburn hair, and the same delicate white complexion." May now ran up to Ida, and said, "I had a sister that looked just like you." Now Ida and Minnie were fully convinced that it was little Louise. Ida's heart leaped for joy, and said she to May. "Did you ever have a home?" May replied "O! yes, and a Pa and a Ma." "Where did they go to," asked Ida? "I dont know" answered May. May kept her eyes upon Ida, and at last said "O! you do look just like my sister." Ida now jumped up and caught May in her arms, and said "O! May, you are my dear little sister, I know you are." Minnie and Ida was going to take May over to Mrs. Grant's and ask Mrs. Grant if May was her child. When they got there Mrs. Grant was sitting by the window. As soon as she saw little May she jumped up and caught her in her arms, and said to Ida. "Ida, Ida where did you get her, it is our little Louise. Where did she come from?" Mrs. Grant asked May if she remembered her. Little May told her that she looked like her Mother and she guessed she was.

### *Chapter VIII* The Insult

Minnie and George Rome seemed to think a great deal of each other. One day as they were walking out together George asked her to be his wife. Minnie told him yes, but first ask her Father. George did so. Her Father said yes, but that they must live with him. George consented to do so. They were to be married the Fourth of July, a month from then. Mrs. Grant was now just going in to see Mr. Tighthand. Minnie met her at the door. When they were seated Mrs. Grant said to Minnie, "Don't you think you are about old enough to get married?" "Yes, I think I am," replied Minnie. "Well, my business here with you is to know if you will have my son James." Minnie's eyes flashed with anger, and she said: "Mrs. Grant I will not, and I don't want you to insult me again in that manner." "I ask you again Minnie," said Mrs. Grant, "If you will have my son James?" Minnie straightened her tall form up and looked down at Mrs. Grant with contempt, and said, "Mrs. Grant, I say once for all, I will not. I am engaged to another man, and if I were not I would not have your son, and I should think you would not want such a romping, coarse girl for your daughter." Mrs. Grant did not say one word more, but went straight home. After she had gone Mr. Tighthand came into the room and said, "Was there any one here, Minnie?" "Yes," said Minnie, "Mrs. Grant. She came to see if I would wed her son." "Wed her son!" said Mr. Tighthand, with both anger and surprise. (We shall hereafter call Mr. Tighthand the Colonel). "Yes, have her son," replied Minnie. "And what did you tell her?" "O! I told her I was engaged to another man, and if I were not I would not have her son, and that I should think she would not want such a vulgar, coarse girl to



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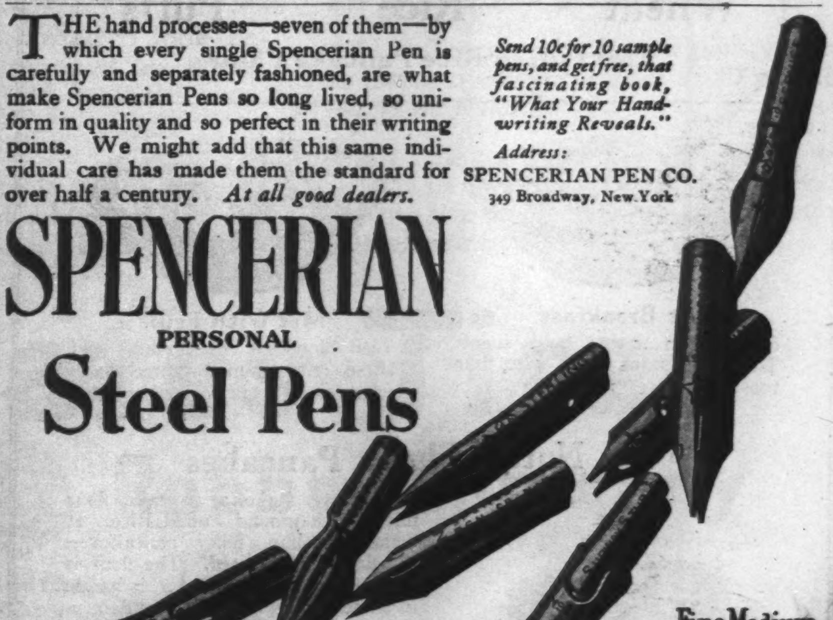

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Fine Medium, Stub and Ball pointed

At Sleep-Time

Bubble Grains

Millions of happy children, at bedtime, get Puffed Wheat in milk. And think what a dish it is.

Whole wheat with no element omitted. Every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Wheat puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size — thin, flimsy, flaky morsels, like fairy foods.

Never was a whole grain made so enticing, never so fitted to digest. What good-night dish compares with this?

The supreme delights

Puffed Grains hold first place among all cereal dainties. Each is a food confection. The grains are so nut-like that people use them in home candy making — as garnish on ice cream.

Yet two are whole grains, and all are scientific foods invented by Prof. Anderson.

Every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. Every atom is fitted to digest.

When you have foods so delightful, so hygienic, serve in every way you can. Children revel in them.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

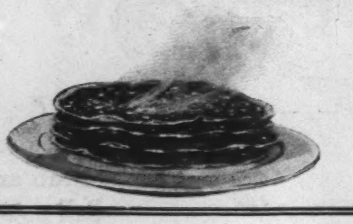
At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar. The airy grains taste then like toasted nut meats puffed.

Mix With Fruit

The blend is delicious. And these crisp, flimsy morsels add what crust adds to a shortcake.

For Nutty, Fluffy Pancakes



Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes — the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

3351

marry her son." "But did she ask who the man was that you were engaged to?" "No, she did not, and if she had I should have told her that it did not concern her. I was not obliged to tell her that." "But how did she dare to ask you to have her son?" "Oh! she dare to do anything she wishes to do," replied Minnie. "Dare to do anything, but that was too impudent after she had insulted you so about a month ago." "That makes no difference with her, she thought I had forgotten that." "But do you suppose she thought you would have her son," said the Colonel? "Why, yes, and she thought I would feel myself highly honored," replied Minnie. "Well the next time I see her I will tell her my opinion of her," said the Colonel. "Oh! no, Father, you shall not. I would not take any notice of her and besides it will break friendship with Ida, and I, and I want Ida to be my friend as long as we live so do not do any such thing." "Well I will not, but I must go and tell Eliza of this insult and see what she thinks about it."

### *Chapter IX* A Marriage

A month had passed. It was the day of Minnie's marriage. She was sitting in the house with her intended husband waiting for the company to come. Two or three carriages had arrived. The bride was arrayed in blue silk, her hair was curled as usual, her neck and arms were bare, on her neck were gold beads, a present from her intended husband. On her wrists were bracelets, those too a present from him. Around her hair was a wreath of roses, made by her own hands. Over her face was a green veil, with about an inch of embroidery on the bottom and sides. She looked very beautiful. The cermony had commenced. At the side of Minnie stood two young bridesmaids, Emma Green and Ida Dunley. At the side of George stood two young groomsmen, James Dunley and Charles Tighthand, a brother of Colonel Tighthand. The service had ended. George Rome and Minnie were made one. Minnie had hardly got out of the house before she gave one of her shouts of laughter, and said, "Wont it sound comical for me to be called Mrs. Rome? I wont be called Mrs. Rome, I will be called Minnie. If a stranger should come into the neighborhood and he or she should hear me be called Mrs Rome they would think I was some old Granny, so I will not be called Mrs. Rome never; my name is Minnie and I will be called Minnie. Just think of Eliza Green, that young girl called Mrs. Tighthand like any old Granny. It makes me blush to think of it. People shall not call me Mrs. Rome till I am Grandmother, but dear me I must not while my time away talking here. Come George, come, let us go home now. I wish the wedding had been at our house. Come along, I say, what are you standing there like a gawky for?" "What makes you so cross Mrs. Rome?" "Stop, don't you call me Mrs. Rome, or I shall always call you Grandpa. You shall call me Minnie, or I shall run away from you." "Well, my dear little Minnie, we are just home now, so let me help you out." "I will Grandpa," replied Minnie. "Why dear Mrs. Rome, what makes you call me Grandpa?" These words were hardly out of George's mouth when Minnie's white hand was over it so tight he could neither breath nor speak, but she soon took her hand off, and said, "George we shall get taken up for salt and battery if we go on in this manner." "Well come in my Daisy, now," said George, and they went. After they were seated George said to Minnie: "Minnie did you hear what Mrs. Grant said?" "No," said Minnie, "what was it?" "Well when you were laughing and talking up there by the church just after we were married I heard Mrs. Grant say to her niece Sarah Morton, that she thought you were acting very boisterous for a bride, that a bride should be very silent and easy, and slow and should not smile until they were out of company at least." "Well," said Minnie, "when she is a bride she may act to please herself, and I will act to please myself. She takes care of me whatever I do, but it makes no difference with me it does not change my conduct and when her daughter is a bride she may act as she pleas, but I shall be as merry as I wish." "I like to see girls merry," said George, "but it is time to go to bed, it is half past nine," and they went.

### *Chapter X* George and Minnie

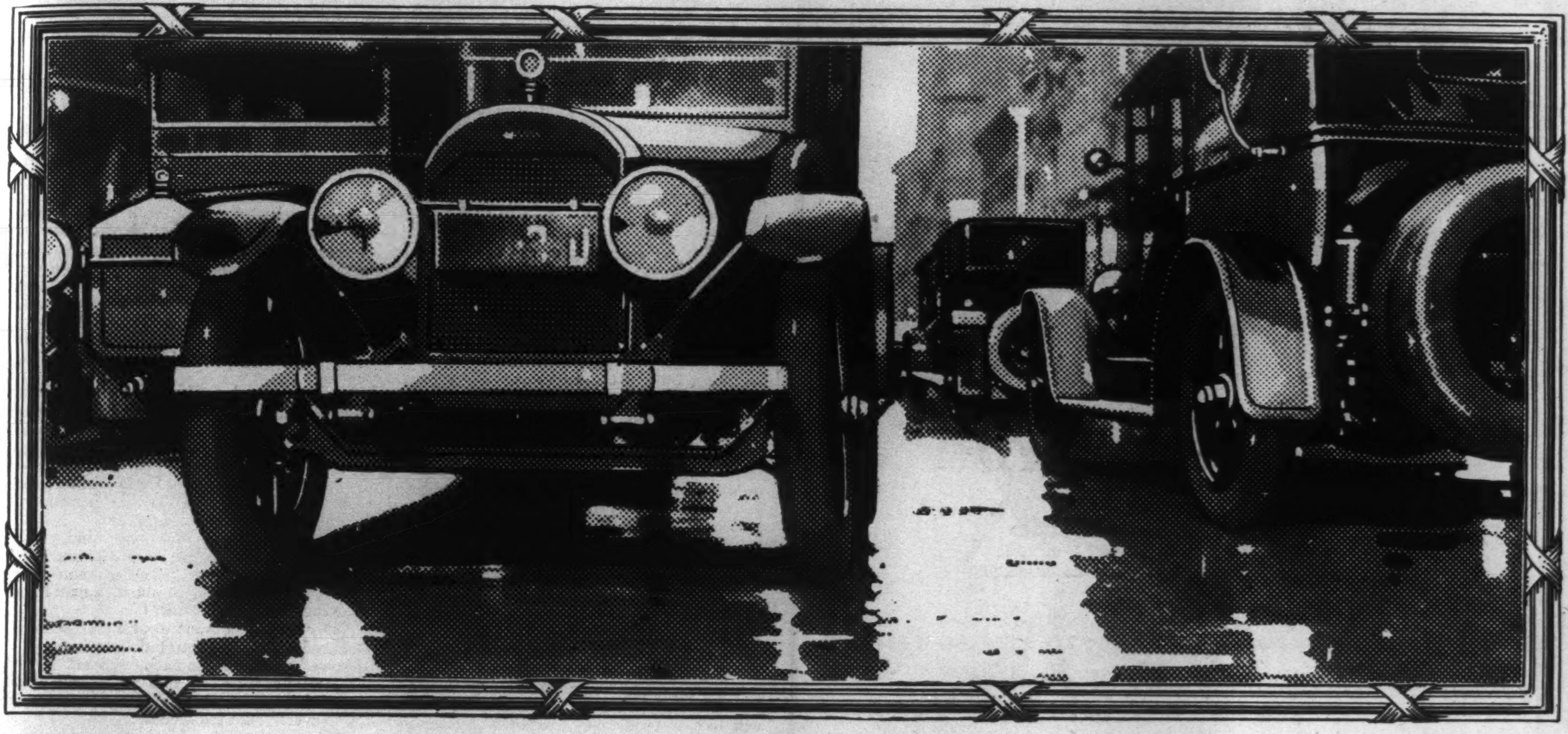
Minnie was a very early riser. She got up very early this morning. It was the morning after her marriage. She had been up about four hours. It was eight. She heard a knock at the door. She went to it. It was little May Dunley. "Why how do you do, my dear," said Minnie. "Very well I thank you, how are you," replied May. "I am well, wont you take a seat?" "No, I thank you, my errand here was to know if you would come to my sister Ida's wedding." "To Ida's wedding! Why is Ida going to be married?" "Yes." "Who to?" "To John Morton, her cousein." "I will come, but when is she going to be married?" "Day after tomorrow" replied May, "so good day, I cannot stay any longer. "Good day, May," said Minnie. After she had gone Minnie said to George, "George, I am sorry that Ida is going to throw herself away on that scapegrace, and it is her cousein too. That is bad enough alone if he were not such a rascal. Ida is a good girl she deserves a good husband." "Yes," said George, "she does deserve a good husband, but she will have no one to blame but herself when she finds him out." "No," said Minnie, "she will not." Just as Minnie said these words the door opened and the Colonel came along. "Good morning, Minnie." Where have you been all the morning," said Minnie. "I have been over to the Grants," replied he. "Then you know that Ida is to be married." "No, I do not, but I know that Mrs. Grant says that if Ida and John Morton live till day after tomorrow that they shall be married, and Ida says that she will be killed before she will have him." "That is right" said George and Minnie both at once. "So I think," said the Colonel. "I do not know what her Mother thinks to want her to have such a rascal as John Morton." "Does John want to marry her?" asked George. "Yes, and he says that he knows that he shall for two strong persons like he and Mrs. Grant can manage one little girl like Ida." "Well," said Minnie, "if that is the case we will see whether John Morton will marry Miss Ida, if she does not want him. For I will help Ida, and I can handle eight persons like John and Mrs. Grant, and if they undertake to compell Ida to have John I will take them on my little finger and throw them over the moon." "I don't believe you could do that, Minnie," said George. "I can put you out of doors," replied Minnie. "No you cannot," said George. "Well we will see" and Minnie took George with one hand and put him out of doors. "You are very strong, my lady," said George to Minnie. "You may come in. O dear you think because I can put you out of doors that I am very strong, old Grandpa," replied Minnie. "I want you to know that you are not any stronger than common men." "I know it now," said George.

### *Chapter XI* The Thunderbolt

It was the day of Ida's wedding. The company had nearly all assembled. Minnie had just gone. As she stepped into the meeting house she stepped up to Mrs. Grant and said, "Mrs Grant do you suppose that your daughter is going to marry that scapegrace?" "Yes, I do suppose she is going to marry John Morton." "Well I know she is not, for I can prevent it," said Minnie. "You prevent it, what have you to do with my daughter." "I have as much to do with her as this that she is my best friend, and she is not going to be compelled to have that scapegrace." "My daughter is going to marry Mr. John Morton." Ida stepped up to her Mother from the other side of the room, and said, "Mother I am not going to have John Morton." "My daughter you must not say that, for you are." "Mother, hear me once for all. While there is a breath left in my body I never will marry John Morton, do you understand me?" "My child, what is your reason, for not wanting to have John?" "I have no particular reason, but I hate him, I abhore him, I despise him," replied Ida. "Well you need not have him, but you can never come back to my home, and never do I wish to see you." "I do not wish to live with you. I can find me a home. I can live with Minnie," replied Ida, her blue eyes shining with indignation, "but I had rather have no home at all than to marry John Morton." "Go, go, I do not want to see you" said Mrs. Grant. "Minnie, may I live with you," said Ida. "Why yes, of course, we will go now," and they went, and lived together for two weeks. Then Ida and Charles Tighthand were married. They resided at New York. Charles became a Justice. Everybody honored him. Minnie and George Rome live as usual at the Colonel's mansion. Mrs. Grant lived quite unhappily. In a year James Dunley and Emma Green were married. They resided at Mars. Little May lived with them.

[*The End*]

# You never get more out of your Tire than the Maker put in



*The car in the foreground has a wheel out of line.*

*Few motorists realize that a displacement of only one degree has the same effect on a tire as if it was dragged 92½ feet in every mile.*

*New tires have been known to be completely stripped of their treads in 100 miles of running under such conditions.*

STAND on a street corner some day and watch the motor cars go by. Every now and then you will see a motorist with two or three tires strapped on the back of his car, each tire of a different make.

A man afraid of his tires.

* * *

No matter how many precautions a man may take he will never get out of a tire *more* than the maker put into it.

If a tire is built to go a *limited number of miles* there is no reason why it should be expected to go any farther.

When it breaks down before it has gone the limit, there is no reason why an allowance should not be made to the buyer.

What intelligent buyers are looking for is *better tires*—not limited-mileage tires or conciliatory allowances.

And they are beginning to look behind tires to the *principles* on which they are built and sold.

* * *

Here is the principle which governs the production and sale of U. S. Tires: Build a tire as good as human skill can build it, and let *responsibility for quality* exceed every other consideration.

Seek out the new kind of tire dealer—the man who believes in quality and square dealing, who is putting the tire business on as sound a basis as any other retail business in his town.

Back of him stands every resource and facility of the United States Rubber Company—the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world.

U. S. Tires are built on a *quality* basis as fast as quality conditions will permit—*and no faster.*

And they are guaranteed free from defects in materials and workmanship for the life of the tire—*with no limitation of mileage.*

# United States Tires

## United States Rubber Company

*Fifty-three Factories*

*The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World*

*Two hundred and Thirty-five Branches*

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

On the Porch

ALL YEAR 'ROUND

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GRASS RUGS
MADE IN AMERICA

The Ideal Floor Covering

Your porch or verandah—the outdoor living room of the whole family from spring to fall—can be made as cheerful and comfortable as any room by a judicious selection of CREX rugs in colors to harmonize with your porch furniture, hanging baskets, jardinieres, etc.

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Remember all grass rugs are not CREX. You may even be offered imitations made of split or crushed straw. But genuine CREX rugs will give to you the same satisfaction they have given to millions of other users during the past twenty years. In homes both modest and pretentious they have stood the test of time.

CREX is easily said and easily read. The name woven in the side binding provides an ineffaceable identification mark.

*Handsomely illustrated catalog showing actual colors and sizes of the three CREX weaves—DELUXE, HERRINGBONE and REGULAR—mailed free on request.*

CREX CARPET COMPANY
212 Fifth Avenue, New York

CREX
GRASS RUGS
CATALOG

Look for name in the edge of side binding

It's your protection and our guarantee

## The Waffle Iron

— Continued from page 30

the only ink-coolie on this Island who'd keep your word if you once promised to. So come over here in a taxi and let me unload"

Louis came, and smoked Gerry's good cigars, and listened, and remembered his promise with a true inkster's pang of regret.

"Now, the one thing that Avenue-robin can't stand, the one thing he doesn't want, in all this, is printers' ink. So it's up to us to give him what he's afraid of. It's up to us to hold a full-page Sunday story over his fat head. I want you to go right up to him as a reporter from The *Star*, with every detail I've given you. I want you to let him see just what it'll look like when it's unrolled, the entire unsavory story. And if he isn't sending a hurry-call in for the soft pedal before you're out of the elevator I'll buy The *Star* for you to play with when you have got writer's cramp in the coco and can't dream up cable-dispatches any more."

"And supposing our Romeo doesn't weaken?"

"He can't help it. But if he's crazy enough not to, I'll bring Gunboat Dorgan up there myself. And if that doesn't turn the trick, I'll call the rotter out myself and give 'im what he deserves."

The man from The *Star* office smiled a bit.

"Say, Gerry, doesn't this strike you as going pretty far, for a mere client?"

"A mere client!" echoed the other. "She's a darned sight more than that. She's the girl, please God, that I'm going to marry!"

"So at last I get you," announced the solemn-eyed Louis as he reached over the desk-end and solemnly shook hands with the other man. "And now I'll know how to put the screws to that palette-scraper!"

"Then let's get busy," suggested Gerry as he reached for his hat and coat, after a moment's talk over the wire. "They've got that Joyce girl for me, and the sooner we have our pow-wow the better!"

WHEN Teddie left Gerald Rhindelander West's office she left behind her more than a blue-fox canteen-muff. She left the last of her confidence in life, the last of her belief in mankind. She found herself compelled to face a world that seemed too big and brutal for even the valorous spirit of youth.

The current was too strong for her. It had tired her out, and baffled her, and broken down both her will-power and her pride. Much as she hated to do it, she felt that her only way out was to compromise with Raoul Uhlan.

A quick assessment of her immediate means, however, showed her that she had little more than half enough money to meet his demand. So she promptly stopped in at the Waldorf telegraph-desk and sent a message to her Uncle Chandler at Hot Springs.

"Please wire my banker," she said, "eleven thousand dollars without delay or foolish questions. Lovingly, Teddie."

Her Uncle Chandler, after frowning for a full hour over this unexpected message, none too willingly wired instructions for eleven thousand dollars to be placed to the credit of his niece. Then, he sent a day-letter off to old Commodore Stillman at the Nasturtium Club, explaining that he had reason to believe that Theodora was in some sort of trouble and requesting him to drop quietly down to the girl's studio and have a look around to see just what was wrong.

And the Commodore in question, instead of being upset by this calamitous intimation of beauty in distress, adjusted his cravat and stopped in at Thorley's for the insertion of a Richmond rose-bud in the button-hole of his right-hand lapel. Then he toddled blithely down to Teddie's studio just in time to see an urbane old gentleman pocket a narrow slip of paper which looked remarkably like a bank-check. He stood aside, however, until this triumphant-eyed old gentleman had bowed himself triumphantly out, whereupon it came to his attention that his somewhat abstracted young hostess remained undeniably divorced from the customary buoyancies of youth.

He was so impressed, in fact, by the shadows of fatigue about Teddie's starry eyes and the world-weariness in her forlorn little smile, that he concluded the gravest fears of his old friend the Major to be quite well founded. But Teddie, accepting him as an emissary from a world of pomp and order which seemed eternally lost to her, was glad enough to ensconce him in the brown-velvet armchair and make tea for him in the battered old samovar.

He hemmed and hawed, and touched lightly on the prerogatives of the elderly, and ventured the assertion that New York was an extremely bewildering city, especially for the young, and then with rather awkward unconcern announced his hope that Teddie was making a go of it!

But Teddie wasn't making a go of it, as she very well knew, and for one weak moment she was tempted to take this kindly-eyed and clean-hearted old gentleman into her confidence.

But she merely gave the Commodore another cup of tea and somewhat pensively asked if the Autumn ball at Tuxedo had been a success this year. Whereupon the old Commodore admitted that it had been a success, if you could call such things a success. But they weren't like the good old days of the Patriarchs and The Howling Swells. The spirit of the times had changed, had lamentably changed, and the relationship of the sexes in the younger generation seemed disturbing to the survivors of the older era when a lady was accepted as a lady and treated as one. And from this diatribe on the degeneration of the present day Teddie's counselor glided easily and eloquently into the advantages, for the girl of to-day, of early marriage and adequate guardianship. Every girl of spirit ought to marry, even Teddie herself, he finally ventured, ought to marry.

"No young whippersnapper, mind you," discreetly qualified the old Commodore, "but some older and steadier man who knows the world and its ways, a man to be relied on in times of trouble!"

"I've seen all I want to of men," she announced with unexpected passion. "I despise 'em, the whole pack of them!"

"And you don't intend to marry?" demanded the scion of the statelier years.

"Never!" retorted Teddie.

"Then what, may I ask, do you intend doing?" inquired her stiff-shouldered old visitor.

She had intended to say that she wanted to live for Art. But she hesitated. For Art, at that particular juncture, seemed a very anæmic and elusive thing to live for.

She was prompted to resent being asked what she intended living for. But she recognized kindliness under the intentions of that over-personal emissary from her older world, however heavy-handed he may have been in his execution of those intentions. And that, impinging on her desolated young spirit, intrigued her into a brief but depressing mood of self-pity. There was no trace of tears in her eyes, but before she found that mood conquered and killed she was unable to resist the temptation to let her bobbed head sink wearily into the crooked arm which rested on one end of the none-too-orderly cherrywood table.

"Oh, I say, you know; this sort of thing won't do!" ejaculated her obviously disturbed visitor.

Teddie, however, was without the spirit either to agree or disagree with that statement. And her unhappiness so melted the heart of the benignant old Commodore that he took her hand and stroked it as he talked to her. And so gratified was he to see even the ghost of a grim little smile about her lips that a paternally commiserative impulse prompted him to stoop down and kiss the magnolia-white cheek.

So intent, indeed, had he been on his contemplation of this white cheek, that the door had opened and a third person had stepped into the studio without his being conscious of the fact.

"So *he's* doin' it, too!" called out Gunboat Dorgan, with a quaver of incredulity in his Celtic young voice. Whereupon he advanced slowly toward the table-end. "Say it quick," he commanded. "D' you want me to knock his block off?"

"No, no!" cried Teddie, already on her feet. "There's been too much of that."

"But I saw the old bird tryin' to kiss you!" proclaimed the indignant youth.

"Who is this young jackanapes?" interrupted the older man, in no way intimidated.

"Didn't I see this old mutt pullin' that muggin' stuff?" persisted Gunboat.

But Teddie was herself by this time, and she fixed her champion

[*Continued on page 47*]

# Bon Ami

## —*makes windows invisible!*

My—how much brighter and lighter the room is after I have cleaned the windows with Bon Ami! It removes all the grime and haziness and lets the sunlight stream in. All you do is coat the surface with a thin lather and wipe it off when dry.

Bon Ami is also best for mirrors, white paint, linoleum, bath tubs and nickel.

Made in both Cake and Powder Form

*"Hasn't scratched yet!"*
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Bon Ami Powder
For all the Five Kinds of Polishing and Cleaning
New York

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More miles per gallon
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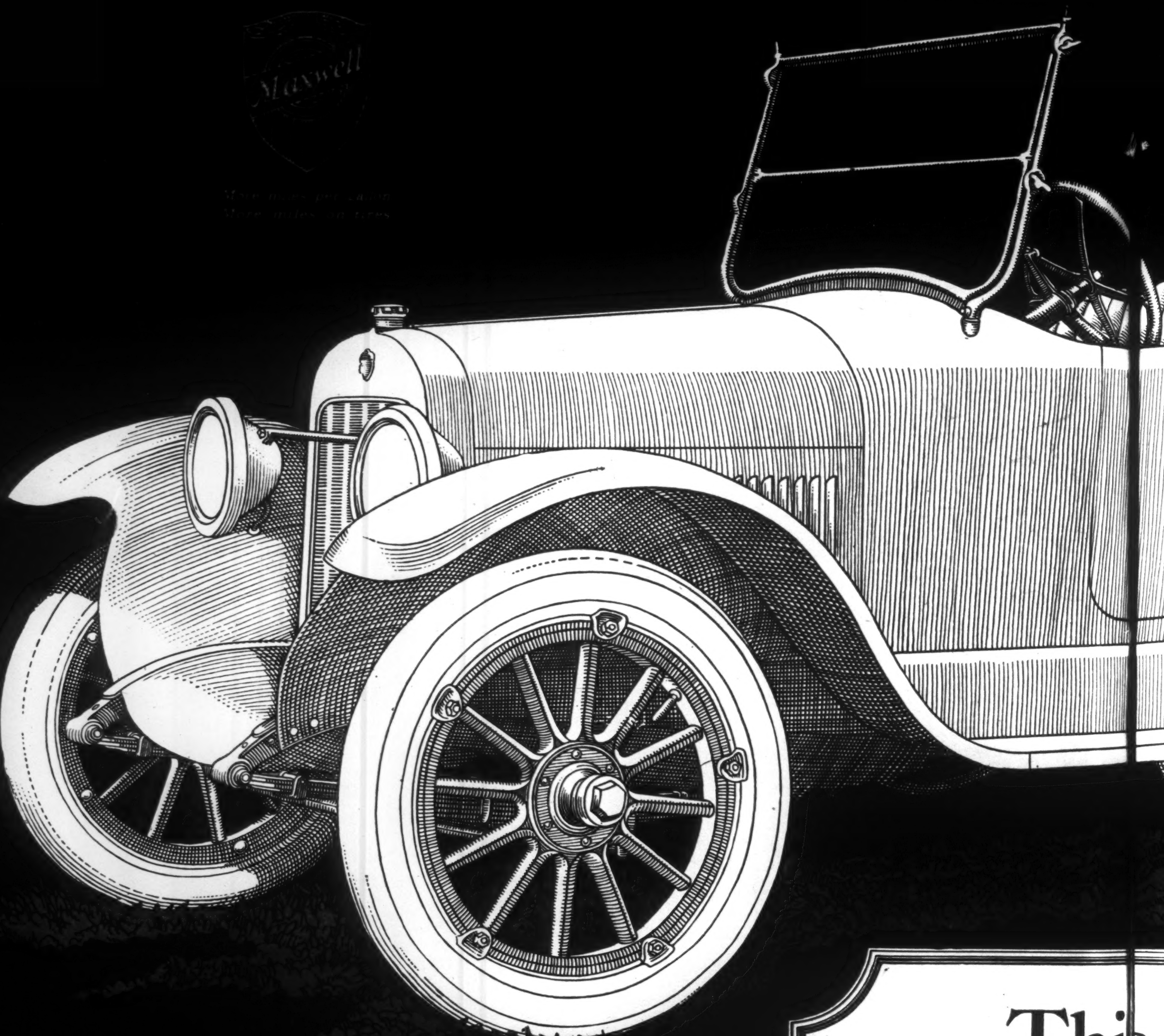

# This

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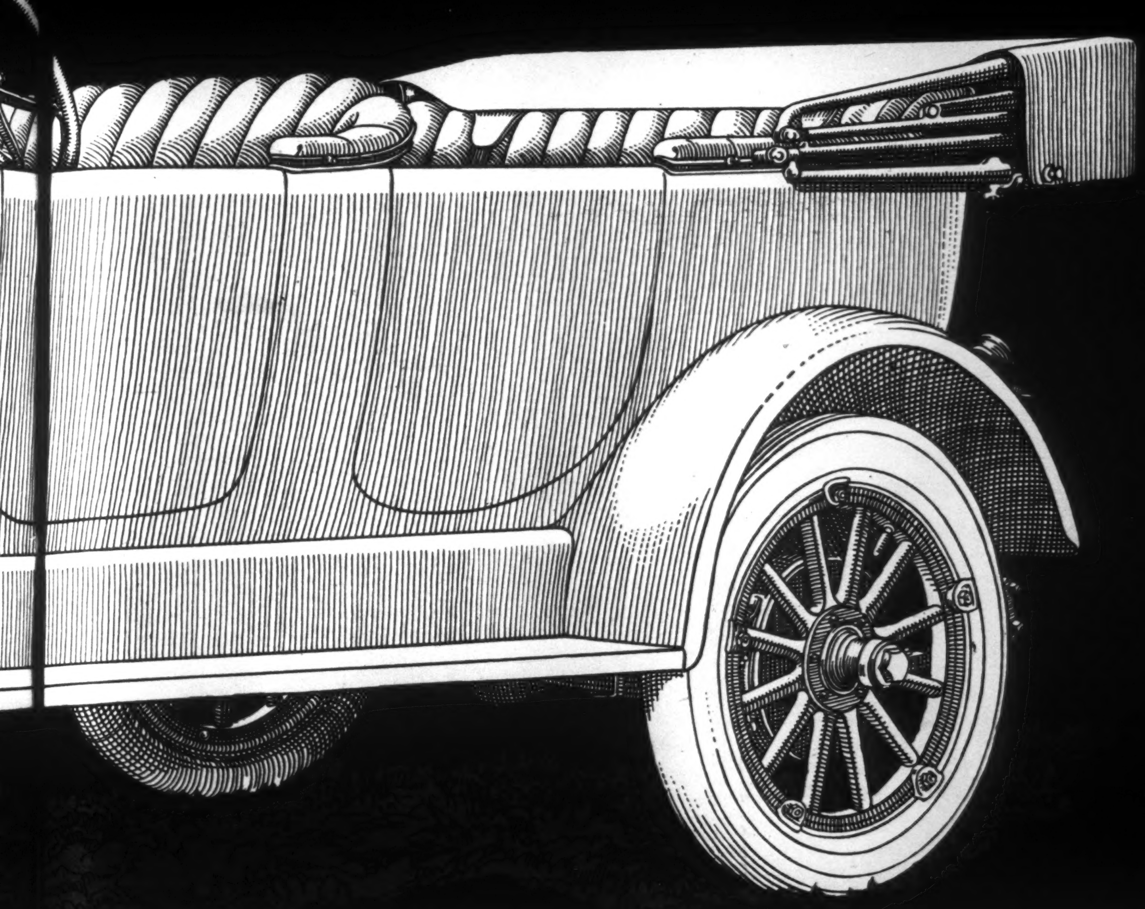

# is Is The Post-War Maxwell

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- Eye Lash Beautifier
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- Extract
- Face Powder
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- Hair Tonic
- Lip Rouge
- Liquid Soap
- Nail Polishes
- Powder (Solid)
- Sachet Powder
- Shampoo
- Talcum Powder
- Tissue Cream
- Toilet Water
- Tooth Paste
- Vanity Case

# The Waffle-Iron

—*Continued from page 42*

from the East Side with a cold and steely stare.

"I want to talk to you!" she said, with great deliberation.

"And I guess I gotta earful or two to unload to you!" countered Gunboat, betraying that he was laboring under an excitement which more recent events had only temporarily eclipsed.

"I should be obliged to know just who this young bounder is," repeated the older man, in his most authoritative quarter-deck manner. But that manner was entirely lost on Gunboat Dorgan.

"You just play dead, you old Has-Been, until I say a word or two to me lady-friend here," he proclaimed as he confronted Teddie. "I came here to find out what right a law-sharp named West has got to take that car of yours away from me. I wantta know what call he's got to load Ruby up wit' a lot o' talk about me goin' to States Prison. And I may be a prize-fighter —"

"A prize-fighter?" interrupted the older man in the background. Then he strode valorously in between the two. "Do you mean to tell me, Miss Hayden, that a girl of your antecedents has — has come to have dealings with —"

But he was destined to interruption.

"Say, d'you want me to throw this old cuff-shooter out o' here?" was Gunboat Dorgan's crisp and angry demand of the girl.

"Stop it!" cried Teddie, with a stamp of the foot.

"I'm tired of all this. I'm so tired of it I can't stand another moment of it!" Then, with a deep breath, she turned about to the old gentleman. "It's been very kind of you, I'm sure," she said in a voice of laboriously achieved patience, "but you can't possibly help me, and you can't possibly do any good by remaining here. So, if you'll permit Mr. Dorgan and me to talk this quietly over, by ourselves — "

"You are requesting me to leave you?" her would-be benefactor inquired, as he reached for his hat.

"You must," announced Teddie.

"Then permit me, Miss Hayden," said the other with dignity, "to bid you a good afternoon."

And the old Commodore buttoned his coat and took his departure. He sallied forth with considerable trepidation, trepidation which remained with him even after he stopped in at a telegraph-office and dispatched a message to the old Major in Hot Springs, announcing that things looked very dark indeed, as Theodora seemed to be mixed up with a young prize-fighter by the name of Dorgan, and suggesting that the sooner Theodora's uncle could get back to the city the better it might be for all concerned.

TEDDIE, alone with her irate young prize-fighter, turned and regarded him with a studiously narrowed eye.

"Now, what do you want to know?" she quietly demanded. She felt oddly and immeasurably older than she had done but one short week ago.

"I want 'o know who's playin' double in this mix-up," Gunboat Dorgan promptly asserted.

"I don't understand," protested Teddie.

"Well, first thing, I want o' know just what you said about that car?"

"When?" temporized Teddie. "And where?"

"Just b'fore I kissed you, right here in this room," asserted the over-honest youth. Whereupon Teddie stiffened and winced and had to take a grip on herself before she could control her voice.

"I'm sorry there's been any mistake about it," explained Teddie, doing her best to be patient. "I remember now, I said you could have the car. And, as a matter of fact, you are perfectly welcome to it, or what's left of it!"

"Then why's this man West talkin' so big about grand larceny and gettin' me locked up? What's he know about what's been passin' strictly b'tween you and me? You were up ag'inst it, and I could see it, and I helped you out the same as I'd help any girl. And I didn't have me hand out when I did it!"

"That was the trouble, Mr. Dorgan," Teddie tried to tell him. "I was willing to accept service from you without stopping to consider whether or not it could be repaid, I mean adequately repaid. And that's where I made my mistake.. You'll have to attribute that mistake, I'm afraid, to the defects in my bringing up. It's a sort of penalty for the past. One gets into the habit of accepting things, just as one accepts cinnamon-toast from the footman, without being actively conscious of any human obligation. That man had made himself unbearably offensive to me, and I asked you to punch his nose for me, without remembering the risks it involved, without appreciating the danger —"

"Risks!" cried Gunboat, finally arriving at an idea in what seemed a morass of abstractions. "Where's the risks in standin' up to a big stiff like that?"

"I'm afraid I wasn't thinking of the risks to you," Teddie rather wearily explained. "I was rather selfishly remembering the risks to myself."

"Well, you ain't suffered none from it, have you?" derided her still indignant-eyed cross-examiner.

"I've just paid Raoul Uhlan twenty-five thousand dollars as compensation for his injuries," explained Teddie, as coolly as she was able.

Gunboat Dorgan fell back, gaped a little, and then swallowed hard.

"You paid — that mutt — that money — for — for what he'd get tarred and feathered for — down in my Ward!" he gasped, wide-eyed with incredulity.

Teddie nodded.

And Gunboat, seeing that movement of acquiescence, repeated: "Twenty-five thousand dollars!" Then he began to stride meditatively back and forth, pacing the studio. Teddie watched him without speaking, until he came to an abrupt stop.

"Say, Ruby was right in this, after all," he suddenly proclaimed. "*I* was the guy who got off his trolley. You — you looked so good to me I got my numbers mixed. I got to dreamin' things. But twenty-five thousand bucks in cold cash ain't no dream. And d' you know what I'm goin' to do, and do right now? I'm goin' up to that Uhlan guy and get that twenty-five thousand back. Just so's you can see I'm a little more on the level than you've been imaginin'. I'm goin' to make that studio-lizard come across wit' that dough!"

"But I don't want you to do that!" cried Teddie, harboring a strangely muddled up and reluctant admiration for the deluded young fire-eater with the Saint Anthony light in his blazing blue eyes.

"Of course you don't, for the thing's got you buffaloed the same as *you* got me buffaloed," proclaimed the knight of the ring. "And the whole lay-out's wrong. The only thing that got hurt about that guy was his dignity. I held back on the sleep-punch, and played wit' him. I didn't give him anything that a pound of beefsteak wouldn't put right inside o' twenty-four hours — but now he's pulled this blackmail stuff I'm goin' to put him wise to how I was toyin' wit' him. I'm goin' to let him see that if he ever so much as opens his trap about this business he's goin' to have it decorated wit' a double set o' plates when I get through wit' him."

Teddie tried to stop him as he turned away.

"Noth-thing doin'!" he proclaimed with his movie-hero side-movement of the hand. "I'm Irish, I am, and me Irish is up. You're goin' to see this goob bitin' on a mouth-gag or you're goin' to see crape swingin' over his door-mat! I'm wise to this lay-out now," he announced from the doorway, "and I'm goin' to have a hand in windin' it up. I'm goin' through wit' this, and nobody's goin' to stop me. And maybe this'll square up a little for — for them lamps o' yours I put on the blink!"

Teddie, once she was alone in her studio, experienced a sense of confinement, a feeling of compression, which had hitherto been absent from her newer mode of life. She felt the need for untrammelled movement through fresh air, the craving to get out into open spaces and leave the suffocation of city walls behind her. She promptly decided, in fact, to drive her car out to Tuxedo, and even went to the telephone to order it from the garage. Then she remembered that she no longer had a car.

But this, in the face of the denudations with which life had been confronting her, did not impress her as a very vast deprivation. She merely called for another number and

## 6,000 More People

### Every Day Start Saving Teeth in This Way

*All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities*

There is a new, scientific tooth paste used on millions of teeth today. You see them everywhere — glistening teeth, conspicuous for their beauty.

Leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use. Over 6,000 people daily, on the average, write us for a trial tube.

Soon or late all careful people are bound to join these users. But this is to urge you to learn at once what this new method means.

### To End the Film

The purpose is to end the film— that viscous film which coats the teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

You can feel this film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. The tooth brush does not end it. So month after month it remains there, causing stain and tartar and decay.

Film is what discolors — not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles are constantly increasing, despite the wide use of the tooth brush. And film is the major reason.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by countless careful tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent — a tooth paste which meets every dental requirement. And a 10-Day Tube is being offered to let everyone see what it does.

## Watch Your Teeth Whiten

Get this free tube and let your mirror show you Pepsodent effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. And now this efficient film combatant can be every day applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as fixed film disappears.

Compare this new-day method with the old. Then let the clear results decide what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

***The New-Day Dentifrice***

**The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.**

318

**10-Day Tube Free**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 282, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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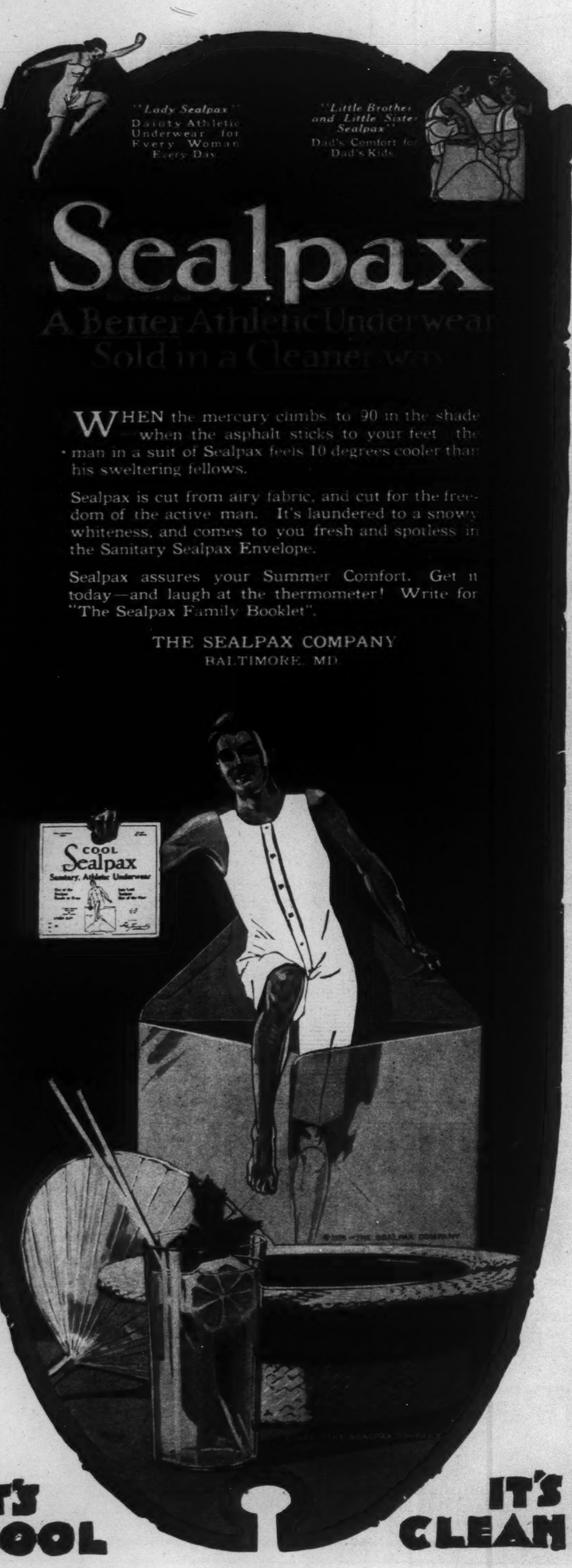


"Lady Sealpax"
Dainty Athletic Underwear for Every Woman Every Day

"Little Brother and Little Sister Sealpax"
Dad's Comfort for Dad's Kids

# Sealpax

A Better Athletic Underwear Sold in a Cleaner way

WHEN the mercury climbs to 90 in the shade—when the asphalt sticks to your feet—the man in a suit of Sealpax feels 10 degrees cooler than his sweltering fellows.

Sealpax is cut from airy fabric, and cut for the freedom of the active man. It's laundered to a snowy whiteness, and comes to you fresh and spotless in the Sanitary Sealpax Envelope.

Sealpax assures your Summer Comfort. Get it today—and laugh at the thermometer! Write for "The Sealpax Family Booklet".

THE SEALPAX COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

ordered a taxi, contenting herself with the thought of three gasoline-flavored hours in that *rus in urbe* known as Central Park.

But when she opened the door to what she thought was to be a taxi-driver she found Gerry West there with his hat in his hand and a look of triumph in his eyes.

"Well, I've got it back," he announced, only momentarily abashed by the iciness of her manner.

"Got what back?" asked Teddie, without so much as asking him to step inside.

"Your car," explained Gerry, entering the abode of art on his own hook. "It's down at the door."

"I'm sure that was very kind of you," Teddie coldly admitted. But her attitude was distinctly hostile. For there were certain things which she wasn't quite able to forget.

"Say, Teddie," demanded her quick-eyed visitor, entirely ignoring her expression in his comprehensive stare about the studio, "what in the name of heaven are you doing in a dump like this?"

"It seems to have proved an entirely satistory place to me," Teddie responded with the utmost dignity.

"But has it?" demanded Gerry, putting down his hat.

"It would, if I were left alone," said Teddie, biting her lip.

"And what would that mean? What would that bring you?" asked Gerry, with a suddenly sobered face.

"It would bring me the freedom I want," retorted Teddie, with a challenge in her gaze.

"That is the one thing it could never do, O Helen of the Ruinous Face!" corrected Gerry. But Teddie, who was in no sense a classical student, saw nothing remarkably appropriate in this allusion to the ancients.

"What makes you think that?" she asked, with a tremor in her voice, She hadn't intended any retreat from her earlier severity of tone. But Gerry had touched on something which had been bewildering her more than she was ready to acknowledge.

"The things that have been happening around here," he had the brutality to retort, "the things I'm now trying to straighten out for you!"

And remembering those things, the sense of her desolation returned to her double-fold. She was neither obtuse nor unsympathetic; she was merely a girl who had been prodigiously preoccupied with her fight for freedom and the depressing discovery that it was a losing fight.

"O Gerry, what's the matter with me, anyway?" she demanded with an altogether unlooked-for note of passion in her voice.

"Don't you know?" he said as he followed her to the window. "Don't you know, you poor little muddle-headed kid?"

Teddie shook her head. She was rather foolishly afraid that Gerry was going to be sympathetic, and she didn't want that, for sympathy, she knew, was the one thing which might unnerve her.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you, Teddie," asserted Gerry, compelling her to meet his gaze. "You're inflammatory without quite knowing it. You're provocative, without being foolish enough to have fathomed the fact. The Lord made you so lovely, girl, that you put an ache in men's hearts and a mist in front of their eyes. You make them forget themselves. And that's why I've got to take you in hand."

"Take me in hand?" repeated Teddie, standing up very straight and white. "I think I've something to say about that!"

"Teddie, I've loved you all my life," said Gerry, quite simply.

"Then this is no time to tell me a thing like that," she retorted with spirit.

"And you're wrong there," contended Gerry, quite unmoved. "It's the only, the essential time. We've got to stand together and show those—"

That was as far as Gerry got, for the door was flung open and a protesting and much disheveled Louis Lipsett was piloted into the room. He was piloted in without ceremony, and by the collar of his overcoat. The hand that grasped that collar was Gunboat Dorgan's, and the lines of his wide mouth were grim with determination.

"Call off this wildcat," gasped Louis as he dropped weakly into a chair. "Call him off or I'll get a shooting-iron and kill him!"

Gerry tried to remove the steel-corded hand from the up-twisted coat-collar, but Gunboat Dorgan betrayed no slightest intention of relaxing his hold.

"Not on your life," he irately announced. "Not until he eats every word of it!"

"Of what?" demanded Gerry, with a commiserative and mildly perplexed inspection of Louis Lipsett's person.

"Don't listen to him," cried the prisoner. "He's gone crazy. He came tearing into Uhlan's studio when I had the big bounder scared stiff, had 'im eating out of my hand and willing to sign any kind of quit-claim I was ready to hand out. He blew in there ready to eat Uhlan up, until he found out I was from The *Star* and heard that tricky brush-tickler swear his lips were sealed and then step from under by saying it was me and my paper that were going to open up on a full-page story. Then this East-Side rat-terrier let loose, and wouldn't even give me a chance to get to a phone and have you put things straight. He's dragged me down here across eleven city blocks to say what you very well know I don't even need to say. And I call this a fine line of reporting, this ghost-laying for a bunch of love-sick idiots who're so afraid of printers' ink they're playing tennis with bank-checks over it. For I'm not the only thing he's collared, I want y' to understand. He collared old Shotwell as well and shook that twenty-five-thousand-dollar draft out of him and has got it right here in his jeans while he's joy-riding on the back of my neck! But I'm tired of being bullyragged and manhandled, and if this rising star of the suburban ring doesn't get his fingers out of my back hair inside of ten seconds I'm going to let loose with something more than ink before the day is over!"

"Let him go!" commanded Gerry, in his most authoritative grand-jury voice. "This man is acting for Miss Hayden,—generously and unselfishly acting for Miss Hayden."

"Am I now?" gritted Louis Lipsett, breathing hard and writhing his disordered clothing back into place.

"Well, so am I," averred Gunboat Dorgan as he tossed Teddie's much crumpled check out on the cherrywood table. "And I want 'o know," he continued as he confronted Gerry West, "just what call you've got for buttin' in on this?"

"I am acting for Miss Hayden," Gerry announced with gravity.

"In what way're you actin' for her?" Dorgan demanded, with his shoulders squared and his chin out.

"As her future husband," said Gerry, as cool as a cucumber.

Gunboat swung slowly about and stared at the girl on the other side of the table.

"Is that right?" he demanded, as his hands went down to his side.

TEDDIE didn't answer him, in words. But a slow flush crept up into the shell-pink of her cheeks.

"All right," capitulated Gunboat, swallowing hard. "But that still leaves us with this newspaper gink to deal with. He's got the whole story. And I hear him talkin' big about puttin' it into print!"

"He won't put it into print," observed Gerry, crossing to the other side of the table where Teddie stood.

"What'll stop him?" demanded Dorgan.

"The knowledge of what we'd both do to him if he tried it," explained the man at Teddie's side. "And the further fact that he never even intended to put it into print."

"Then why—" began Gunboat, but he was interrupted by the shrill of the telephone bell. It was Teddie who finally crossed to the instrument and answered the call.

"It's for you, Mr. Dorgan," she said without emotion, as she waited with the receiver in her hand.

"Oh, is that you, Ruby," Gunboat was murmuring a moment later, into the transmitter. He spoke in a strangely altered tone, a tone with even a touch of meekness in it. "All right, Ruby," he docilely agreed after several minutes of a one-sided conversation. "Sure, Ruby, you're dead right." Then came the receiver's turn again, with an amending "Whatever you say, Ruby," gently intoned into the transmitter.

The harried look vanished from Teddie's face as her eye met Gerry's. And they were smiling together, fraternally, understandingly, when the rueful-orbed Louis Lipsett, awakening to the three-cornered preoccupation which surrounded him, took advantage of that momentary inattention and vanished.

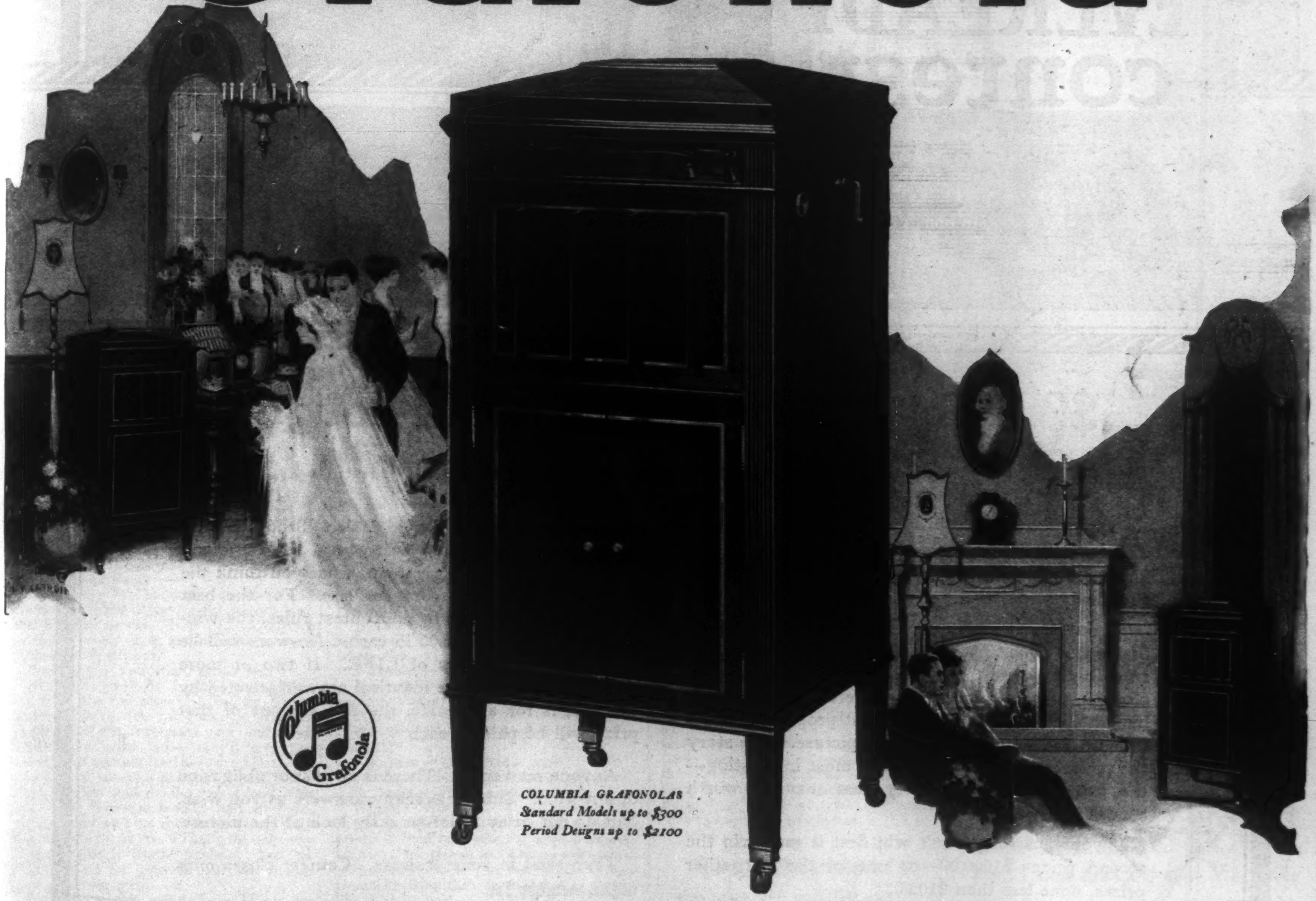
Dorgan, having meditatively hung up the receiver, swung about and blinked abstractedly across the twilit studio.

He thought, for a moment, that he alone remained there. But in the heavier shadow beside an asymmetrical window-frame he perceived two figures which coalesced and merged into one.

He stared at them for a moment or two, with the ghost of a sigh on his hard-lipped young mouth. Then he reached for his hat, put it on with a tilt, and shut the door behind him as he went out.

[*The End*]

# Columbia Grafonola



*COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS*
*Standard Models up to $300*
*Period Designs up to $2100*

## *For a Lifetime of Musical Happiness*

WHAT wedding gift could be more appropriate? With the many Columbia models it is so easy to find exactly the right instrument for the new home.

Cabinets of exquisite beauty. Pure, unmuffled richness of tone. And last, but by no means least, the new Grafonola models are equipped with the Columbia Non-Set Automatic Stop, the only automatic stop that requires absolutely no setting.

Invisible, built right into the motor, it operates on any record, long or short. There is nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and listen to the music.

*To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
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EVEREADY
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# $10,000.00 In Cash Prizes

## $3,000.00 First Prize for a Thought

### *103 other prizes from $1,000 to $10.00*

ANOTHER Eveready contest! Another chance to win a big cash prize! Another incentive for active-minded men, women, boys and girls—for everybody with imagination.

On June 1, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display in their windows the new Daylo Contest Picture. It has no title. The story it tells is a great big interesting, intensely human one. A thousand different people will see a thousand different stories in the picture. The story the picture tells *you* may be the most interesting—the prize winner—the story that may be worth $3000.00 to you.

If your answer doesn't win first it may win the second prize—$1000.00—or one of the 102 other prizes, none less than $10.00.

Go to the store of a Daylo dealer. Study the picture in the window and write, on a contest blank which the dealer will give you, what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive $3000.00 in cash. Answers will be judged by the editors of LIFE. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of that prize will be paid to each.

Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation of any kind. Submit as many answers as you wish. But do not delay. Get an early look at the picture.

Then send in your answers. Contest closes midnight, August 1st.

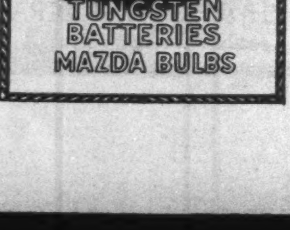
TO DEALERS: There is still an opportunity to secure display and contest material for this record-breaking event. Write to the nearest of the following addresses:

American Ever Ready Works of National Carbon Co., Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.; National Carbon Co., Inc., San Francisco, Calif.; Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.

## List of Prizes

### *1 First Prize $3000.00*

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Second Prize | $1000.00 |
| 3 Prizes of $500.00 each | 1500.00 |
| 4 Prizes of $250.00 each | 1000.00 |
| 5 Prizes of $200.00 each | 1000.00 |
| 10 Prizes of $100.00 each | 1000.00 |
| 10 Prizes of $50.00 each | 500.00 |
| 20 Prizes of $25.00 each | 500.00 |
| 50 Prizes of $10.00 each | 500.00 |
| 104 Prizes Total | $10,000.00 |



A-3113

## This Sign

on the window identifies Daylo dealers throughout the country who have contest blanks for you and the new Daylo Contest Picture on display.

If you need new batteries for your flashlight, dealers displaying this sign can furnish you with the best—the long-lived Tungsten Battery.

## Poldekin

— *Continued from page 23*

**Poldekin** — Are those your children?

**Blanche** — What say?

**Poldekin** — Are those your two little boys?

**Blanche** — I guess so.

(She turns to them again, cooing; and Poldekin approaches.)

**Poldekin** — Are they — American children?

**Blanche** — I guess they must be, if they're mine!

**Poldekin** — Are you an American?

**Blanche** — Why, course!

**Poldekin** — Born?

**Blanche** — Why, sure!

**Poldekin** — You are the first that I have met. It is a great moment for me.

**Blanche** — Oh, that's all right.

(She doesn't know what else to say.)

**Poldekin** — Permit that I salute you.

(He bows, gravely.)

**Blanche** — I don't getcha. Is that the way you do in the ole country where you come from? What's the big idee?

**Poldekin** — Now I have met you, will you tell me: What is the meaning of America?

**Blanche** — (honestly puzzled but friendly, she sits on one of the iron chairs, and, holding the empty pitcher on her lap, looks up at him.)

I don't get what you're up to.

**Poldekin** — Well, are you proud of your country?

**Blanche** — Why, sure.

**Poldekin** — Are you grateful to it?

**Blanche** — I don't guess I got much to be grateful fer!

**Poldekin** — Then your country has not used you well?

**Blanche** — Why ain't it?

**Poldekin** — You said ——

**Blanche** — Oh, you thought I meant I hadn't had a square deal! Well, sometimes I haven't — but that ain't my country: it's just human nature — an' I guess cops are about the same, whatever country you're in. Some of 'em's friendly and some of 'em's grafters just like other people. All that hasn't got nothin' to do with a person's country, though.

**Poldekin** — No?

**Blanche** — What happens to me ain't my country's fault.

**Poldekin** — Whose fault is it?

**Blanche** — Why, good gracious, whose could it be but mine?

**Poldekin** — Did your country give you everything that you needed? Schooling, a position, good wages ——

**Blanche** — My goodness, do you s'pose it's the President o' the United States's business to make me say, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" every night and coax me to wear rubbers when it rains?

**Poldekin** — You would rather not?

**Blanche** — Listen: I guess this is different from the ole country. In the United States if you're little you got to go to school and learn all they can teach you: and if you haven't got good sense, they'll give you board in an asylum; and if you're sick they'll take care of you in a hospital; and if you're blind, or deaf and dumb, they'll look after you — but if you're healthy and all right, why, you got an even chance with everybody else, and it's up to you! That's the only way to get people to hustle, anyhow. You get what you get for yourself, and nobody can keep you from gettin' it.

**Poldekin** — But wouldn't you like to see all that changed?

**Blanche** — What fer? You don't s'pose I didn't have as good a chance as anybody, do you? I got plenty chance, yet — if I wanted it. Oh, lots of 'em sits around beefin' about their troubles, an' this an' that, but they know better They couldn't keep me in school because I'd rather run with the boys that bought the beer — and that's all there is to it! Don't listen to the sob stuff from my girl friends, Mister!

**Poldekin** — But all these wage-slaves —

**Blanche** — Who? What's this "slave" talk?

**Poldekin** — Well, my friends and me, we have had workmen come to see us who say they are wage-slaves.

**Blanche** — Now what the hell kind of a man would admit he's a slave in a country where everybody starts from an even break!

**Poldekin** — But it is not even: look at all these people who cannot even speak the language.

**Blanche** — My God, that ain't the United States's fault, is it!

**Poldekin** — Excuse me, I enjoy your conversation. May I ask what is your opinion: Does not the government owe every man a good living?

**Blanche** — Why, the gover'ment's just the same as the people: the gover'ment hasn't got any money except the people's money, and it's got to do what the people say! You might just as well say a man owes himself a good living, an' that's true. But if he gets the gover'ment to give him a better livin' than the next man, he's gettin' it out o' the next man and that's workin' a graft.

**Poldekin** — Excuse me. Do you vote?

**Blanche** — Sure I do!

**Poldekin** — May I have the honor to salute you again?

**Blanche** — (uneasily) Watchu tryin' to put over on me?

**Poldekin** — Never have I more enjoyed a conversation.

**Blanche** — You cert'inly are a queer gink! Kind o' like you, though.

**Poldekin** — I honor — you!

**Blanche** — What?

**Poldekin** — For your faith in what seem to me mysterious things, and for your wise and unselfish mind.

**Blanche** — (He is going toward the house ) Oh, I'm a damn fool, but I got horse sense! See you 'gain.

(Welch opens the door, carrying a white "wash-pitcher." He comes out.)

**Welch** — I got the old "Brunswick" mixed. What's the matter our havin' it out here?

**Blanche** — Lead it to us!

**Welch** — Maybe your friend'll join us.

**Blanche** — I can't introduce him. I d'know his name.

**Poldekin** — My name?

(Taking a small note-book out of his pocket)

Wait a moment. I will tell you.

**Blanche** — My goodness; now he's lookin' fer his name!

**Welch** — Yeuh?

**Blanche** — No wonder them other Hunyaks call him a nut!

**Poldekin** — (triumphantly, turning, his finger holding a place in the note-book) William Brown!

**Blanche** — What?

**Poldekin** — William Brown! That is my name! William Brown!

**Welch** — Why, how'd you find that out?

**Poldekin** — It is the translation of my name into English. In New York I am Mister Brown!

**Welch** — (genially) Oh, that's it! Well, my name's Welch; same in New York as anywhere else.

**Poldekin** — You are to be congratulated.

**Blanche** — We was goin' to ask you: will you join us?

**Poldekin** — Join?

**Welch** — It's a kind of a punch I've made.

**Poldekin** — Oh, I thank you!

**Welch** — Just for good fellowship.

**Blanche** — I'll go get some cups.

**Welch** — Got 'em.

(He has set the pitcher on the table: he produces from his pockets a large glass goblet, two thick glasses and a cheap coffee-cup.)

**Blanche** — Who you been raidin'? People oughta keep their doors locked in a place like this!

**Welch** — There! Let's begin the orgy. You'll drink the lady's health, Mr. Brown.

**Poldekin** (accepting a glass) I could never refuse to do that. She has put a star into the night of my soul.

**Blanche** — (astounded and somewhat indignant) Here!

**Welch** — Why, that's a compliment.

**Blanche** — Oh? (to Poldekin) Well, I thank you.

**Poldekin** — No. You must not thank me.

**Blanche** — (looking at her goblet uncertainly) Well, boys, do we shoot this together?

**Poldekin** — Your health, madam, forever! You have thoughts like trumpets!

**Blanche** — Me?

**Poldekin** — They are a call to action. This shall be the act!

(Meaning to drink shall be the act)

(All three lift their glasses and drink but take only one or two swallows. Blanche

READ
Mr. Money-maker

**Just a few of the Hundreds of Letters We Receive**

"Our Butter-Kist sales for 9 months have totaled $1,624.75," writes confectionery owner in Alabama.

"On holidays I run as high as $75 to $100 in the afternoon and evening," writes storekeeper in Nebraska.

"We sell on an average of $25 a day. Some days as high as $55 worth. The machine greatly increases the sale of everything we sell," writes storekeeper in Kansas.

"For the nine months so far, my gross receipts have amounted to $1600," writes storekeeper from Iowa.

"Weekdays I average $10. Saturdays, $25," writes theatre owner in Kansas.

***Runs Itself Requires No Operator***

*The famous machine that manufactures Butter - Kist Pop Corn and sells Roasted and Salted Peanuts. Look for this machine in high-class stores and theatres. Eat its toasty treats—they're delicious.*

***Pays Four Ways***

1—Motion of the machine makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing Butter-Kist fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty pop corn flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

**$3,000 a Year Additional Profits!**

—yes, storekeepers and theatre owners are making even more than that with the Butter-Kist Machine. They are clearing all the way from $600 to $3,120 a year *net profit!* And we have the facts to prove it. Write us today for all particulars. Learn how this Butter-Kist Machine draws trade—how it helps all your other goods to sell and increases theatre attendance. Find out about the fat 150 per cent. profit you make on every Butter-Kist sale. Learn how our national advertising *wins* and *holds* the trade for your Butter-Kist Machine. We have facts that will actually startle you.

**Easy Payments**

Our terms are extremely liberal. A small payment down puts the machine in your store. Pay the balance out of the machine's earnings. The machine pays for itself in quick order. Then it continues to pour a never-ending stream of golden profits into your pocket. Think of it! $600 to $3,120 a year extra income for you!

**BUTTER-KIST**
**Pop Corn and Peanut Machine**

Everyone loves Butter-Kist Pop Corn. The flavor is an exclusive Butter-Kist delicacy. It cannot be duplicated. The process is patented. People come for blocks to get this toasty, tasty treat. The machine attracts new trade every day. And it sells three big profit-makers—Pop Corn, Roasted and Salted Peanuts. Write for full description.

**Mail the Coupon**

Get the full description of this wonderful machine. See how it combines motion with other striking attractions. Learn what other storekeepers are making with it. Mail coupon today for all information, including prices and terms.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
538 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book — "America's New Industry" — with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name ..............................
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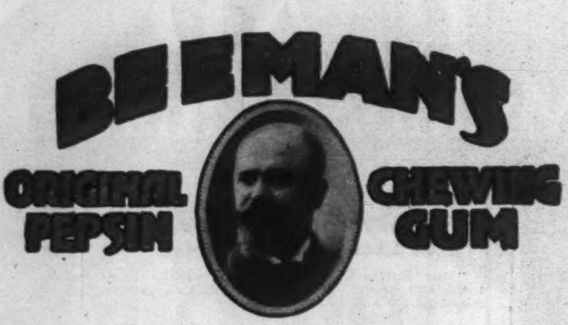

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CHICLE

brings her goblet down first, turns her head and looks fixedly at Welch.)

(Poldekin regards his glass with great gravity, brings forth a white handkerchief and slowly wipes his lips. His mouth moves with some emotion.)

Poldekin — This — this excellent punch. Is it a national observance? Is it to be found served at table throughout the country?

Welch — Well, no — I can't say it is, exactly, Mr. Brown.

Poldekin — If one were invited to dinner or a banquet, for instance, would he be apt to find it?

Welch — No. It's more kind of an outdoor drink. I learned to make it up in the woods where they've had temperance a good many years.

Blanche — They must 'a'!

Poldekin — I see. People are not expected to take a great deal of it?

Welch — Oh, all you want.

Poldekin — There is something very strange in the flavor — yet something is familiar, too — as if one had known, at some time in one's life, some such experience.

Blanche — There's some things I never have tasted, but I'll take a chance on them and bet this is the worst. Well — I'll say this fer it. It don't take much to tell you it's got results in it anyhow!

(She drinks again, and after an expression of pain, smiles.)
The way I could sing now, I wonder they hire all them cheap people over't the Metropolitan Opera House.

Poldekin — (politely hopeful) You will sing for us, madam?

(Endachieff and Mendel come in through the gate.)

Blanche — Not before strangers.

Poldekin — Oh, but these are friends of mine.

Welch — We'd be glad to have 'em join us.

Mendel — No; much 'bliged. I got business to 'tend to.

(Bends over Poldekin.)
Be dam' careful how you talk to strangers! (He goes into the house.)

Welch — Well, this other gentleman ——

Endachieff — Me? You bet. We had a long walk. I would drink anything!

Blanche — I guess this is it!

Welch — (handing him a large glass, filled) Glad to make your acquaintance.

Endachieff — You are very polite.

(Endachieff drinks the whole glass without pausing; then he mechanically extends the glass for more. Poldekin rises and looks at him. Welch fills the glass.)

Blanche — (to Poldekin) Say! what's he do? What's his business?

Poldekin — At present we are all looking for positions.

Blanche — I mean what did he do before he came here?

Poldekin — He was formerly a nightwatchman in the Arctic Circle, where the nights are six months long. He learned to do a great many things to pass the time. At drinking he became a genius.

(Endachieff drinks half the second glass and stares at what remains.)

Poldekin — You observe? He may live. Who knows?

Endachieff — It's red, isn't it?

Poldekin — It seems to be.

(He has contented himself with the one swallow, but retains the glass.)

Endachieff — That's my color — red!

Welch — Why, how's that?

Endachieff — Red's the color! Red, that's the best color!

Welch — Well, I dunno what you mean, but I kind o' favor red, myself. They got so many rules in this country now, a person can't hardly wear a red necktie without ——

Poldekin — Do you not like your country?

Welch — Me? Oh, I'm from Nova Scotia.

Poldekin — You see, madam, I believe you are the only one.

Endachieff — She's the only one what?

Poldekin — She is the only American we have found.

Blanche — You got it all wrong. You don't haf to be born in this country to feel the way I do, Mr. Brown.

Endachieff — Brown? Where's any Brown?

Poldekin — Don't you remember? It is the translation of my name.

Welch — Sure! His name's Brown. Don't you know that?

Endachieff — We were talking about red! Didn't you say red was your color?

Welch — (assenting genially) Guess so!

Endachieff — (striking him on the back) You're a fine fella!

(Holds his glass for more; there is only enough to half fill it.)

Welch — (laughing) You know what you're about!

Endachieff — Don't I?

(He puts his hand on Welch's shoulder, keeping it there.)

Welch — I said you did.

Endachieff — Do you know a little song?

Welch — I can't think of any.

Endachieff — (holding out his glass) More.

Welch — It's all there is.

Endachieff — Where is some more?

Welch — I got some up in my room I could mix.

Endachieff — Let us go there. You will mix this red punch and I will sing you some beautiful songs.

Poldekin — I think you had better not. The friends want to see you.

Endachieff — There is a time for friends and a time for beautiful songs.

Poldekin — No. No! You must ——

Endachieff — Don't intafere!

Welch — (laughing) He's all right. I'll see he doesn't get too much.

(Endachieff begins to sing formlessly; they go into the left half of the house, Endachieff's arm over Welch's shoulder.)

Poldekin — You know this Mr. Welch?

Blanche — (laughing) He acts like a good fella. You needn't worry. He's all right.

Poldekin — If he is a friend of yours, I am sure that he is.

Blanche — You seem to took quite a fancy to me!

Poldekin — I told you. I think you have put a star into my soul. There have been none there for a long time.

Blanche — Well, if you don't talk funny! What was there?

Poldekin — Just a groping, a hope that there were stars somewhere.

(Nikolai comes in from the street.)

Blanche — Here's another o' your crowd.

Poldekin — Ah, Nikolai!

(Nikolai stares at him gloomily.)

Blanche — Well, excuse me. Enjoyed your acquaintance. (She goes indoors.)

Nikolai — You are talking to strangers again.

Poldekin — (cheerfully) We are all talking to strangers every day.

Nikolai — You have no discretion, so I keep my eye on you, Poldekin. My eye is on you even when you turn your back.

Poldekin — What a great honor for my poor back!

Nikolai — Do you understand that we are all to find positions among workingmen? What are you going to do?

Poldekin—I will apply to be a printer. I was a printer *sub rosa* on a revolutionary paper when I was a student.

Nikolai — Then when you get your job you can print secretly some propaganda that Podoff and I have written. Is he in his room? Are they all there?

Poldekin — All but Endachieff.

Nikolai — Where is he?

Poldekin — He has gone to drink some punch with a man from Nova Scotia. It is a very peculiar punch, Nikolai.

(Pointing to the glass he has left on the table.)

From looking at it you could form no idea of how it tastes. Even from smelling it you could not guess how it tastes. It tastes like a revolution of market gardeners in a tropical country. Endachieff enjoyed it!

Nikolai — How did he meet this stranger?

Poldekin — I was talking to him when Endachieff came.

Nikolai — Then he met him through you. Something more I'll speak to you. Sometimes you make love to Maria.

Poldekin — Do I go as far as that?

Nikolai — (with subdued ferocity) Listen to me, Poldekin. If anybody is to make love to her it should be I — I who brought home her husband's dead body to her? But she is not for love, you know what her father means for her. Take care of what I tell you!

Poldekin — Have you met any Americans, Nikolai?

Nikolai — What are you talking about now?

Poldekin — Have you begun to try to find the meaning of America?

Nikolai — America is bourgeoisie autocracy, the wage-slaves must seize the industries and the land must be seized and given to the peasants.

Poldekin — That is a point I forgot. I must go out in the country and ask some of the peasants.

Nikolai — Ask them what?

Poldekin — If they [*Continued on page 54*]

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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

# Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out?* Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes, —you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. *Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer?* Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they **really learn to write** from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity!

Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you'd be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" **Who says you can't?**

**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN**

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## Poldekin

— *Continued from page 52*

are American peasants and what is the meaning. I will ask everybody if he is an American and what is the meaning, until I can get some more stars in my soul.

NIKOLAI — It is strange to me to see a man in your condition!

POLDEKIN — You mean a man searching for a little light?

NIKOLAI — No! A man who doesn't know his brain is wrong!

POLDEKIN — (apologetically) But a wrong brain can know scarcely more than a brain that thinks it is always right.

NIKOLAI — I'll not argue with you, Poldekin! Remember what I have said about Maria. My eye is on you.

POLDEKIN — (gaily) Oh, listen to the beautiful song! They are teaching Endachieff a ballad of New York!

(Endachieff, Blanche and Welch are heard singing, "I Don't Want to Get Well, I'm in Love with a Beautiful Nurse.")

(Maria comes from the house.)

MARIA — My father is asking for you and Endachieff, Nikolai.

NIKOLAI — (bitterly) I'll bring him!

(He calls fiercely up at the windows.) Endachieff! Endachieff! (He goes angrily into the left half of the tenement.)

POLDEKIN — Nikolai is a mad priest.

MARIA — (faintly amused) But he says you are mad, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — I am sane enough not to deny I may be mad! Nikolai lives in a little brain which he thinks is the temple of Truth. He is that mad — and he is madder still because he does not even know that he built his little temple himself.

MARIA — (gently) You have not built a temple for yourself, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — No; I would rather be mad in the open air.

(The singing grows louder. Nikolai comes out of the left side of the tenement, enters, pushing Endachieff before him; Endachieff, singing "I'm in Love with a Beautiful Nurse." He looks behind him and waves his hand, calling "Well, g'by!" The voices of Welch and Blanche reply, "G'by, ole man!" Endachieff immediately goes on, "I doe wanta get well," but Nikolai hustles him off into the right half of the tenement. Welch and Blanche are heard singing fragmentarily.)

POLDEKIN — Endachieff would let Nikolai do that to him. He would fight if I touched him.

MARIA — That is because you have such strange ideas, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — Do you like only people whose ideas are yours, Maria?

MARIA — I neither like nor dislike. I have no emotions and no affections.

POLDEKIN — Nikolai says you have hate.

MARIA — I think I have not even that any more.

POLDEKIN — But you told me I troubled you. That is an emotion.

MARIA — If it is, it is the only one I feel.

POLDEKIN — (suddenly triumphant) Ah! Then the only emotion you feel is about me! Why, if that is true, let them call me crazy! I will be twice as crazy!

MARIA — You are pleased that you trouble me?

POLDEKIN — Don't take it back!

MARIA — It is a strange thing to value!

POLDEKIN — Now I am strong! Now I will go search for that meaning!

(The door of the right side of the house is hurriedly thrown open and Endachieff comes out, chuckling and murmuring, "I doe wanta get well," but he has the air of amused evasion. He goes quickly across to the other side of the tenement, halts a moment, waving his hand at Poldekin and Maria.)

ENDACHIEFF — (chuckling) Don't tell 'em!

(He goes in; and a shout and a short cry of laughter from Blanche and Welch mark his arrival.)

MARIA — What meaning, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — Listen!

(Approaching along the sidewalk outside is heard a negro's voice, singing a ragtime thing. Poldekin jumps up on an overturned tub, from which elevation he can see over the fence. He is delighted.)

MARIA — What kind of a music is that?

POLDEKIN — It is a black!

MARIA — A negro?

POLDEKIN — Oh, very! He is coming by! I will ask him and we will see what he tells us!

(He rushes to the gate, which the singer has reached; Poldekin throws it open, calling out)

Oh, there! You that sing! Speak with me!

THE NEGRO — What you say, Boss?

POLDEKIN — I wish to ask: are you an American?

THE VOICE — Why, co'se I'm a Maykin.

POLDEKIN — Then tell me: what is the meaning of America?

THE NEGRO — What you ast me, Boss?

POLDEKIN — What is the meaning of America?

(The negro immediately breaks into loud African laughter. As Poldekin stares, the laughter grows still louder. The negro goes on his way.)

POLDEKIN — He laughs! He is laughing, Maria!

(A loud burst of drunken laughter comes from Welch, Blanche and Endachieff.)

They are laughing there! Why is all this laughter? What is laughing at us. We ask them what is the meaning of America and we get nothing but laughter!

(He jumps on the tub and sends an echoing burst of laughter after the negro, who continues, unabated. Poldekin turns toward the windows of the house, laughing gallantly, but is a little disconcerted by the mocking drunken peal that responds. He cries out)

We will find out, in spite of you!

(Maria is sitting with bent head by the table; he pats her shoulder.)

Don't trouble, Maria. We will find out, Maria, we will find out! We will find out!

(The mockery of the unseen drinkers and of the yahooing negro still resounds.)

[*To be continued*]

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## George W. Lederer's Reminiscences

[*Continued from page 14*]

trade that is theatrically worth a hundred thousand dollars. The 'tear' is the all-important element in personality, the one important element that contributes to its stage marketability, just as — everything else considered — it is the surest sure-fire quality in music."

"Who, in your estimate, is the prettiest girl on the present-day American stage?" I asked at length.

Lederer reached for my choice ten-cent cigarro.

I hesitated a moment. It was a fine cigarro and I did not relish parting with it. But, I considered, after all, why not? Life is short; I might be run over by a moving picture actor's mauve automobile on the way out; I might never have a chance to suck my delicious cigarro myself. After all, then, why not? And, after a farewell loving gaze, I handed it over with what carefree, lavish air I could command.

"Now then," I reiterated, "who, in your estimate, is the loveliest *poulet* on the present-day American stage?"

Lederer lighted my choice cigarro, took a long puff, tasted his tongue, took another puff — this time a shorter one — and tasted his tongue again.

He said he wouldn't tell me.

The fellow, whatever his virtuosity in women, is no judge of fine tobacco.

# The War Bubble

— *Continued from page 28*

monarchies and Soviets do alike in time of war.

It deliberately and enormously debased the currency. That is to say, it printed and circulated new money in a fabulous manner.

Ever since the invention of money the most drastic punishments, ranging from 20 years' imprisonment to death, have been reserved for individuals who debase the currency, by counterfeiting, or by abstracting metal from the standard coin and passing it light — a crime variously defined as *clipping* and *lightening*.

Everyone understands why the crime of debasing the currency, when committed by an individual, is of all crimes one of the meanest and most odious, and should be harshly discouraged. When spurious money is current those who labor are wretchedly swindled, because they are made to surrender the products of toil for tokens that represent nothing of value.

Yet, although they can understand this, people are still deeply mystified by the modern process of debasement, particularly in the form of credit money uttered by banks, or in the form of printed paper money uttered by governments in war. The effect of either method is the same as when King Henry VIII debased the coin of England by reducing its content of precious metal and very nearly ruined his country. He could not be dealt with criminally, as control of the coinage was legally a prerogative of the crown. He has been most scathingly dealt with by the historian.

Nevertheless, by means of credit currency and paper money, every government does, in effect, the same thing in time of war.

No individual may debase the currency; no individual in these days could on a very large scale. Governments may, and governments do. And when a government engages in this kind of swindle it does it magnificently, on an historical scale. The American Government did it stupendously

The total expenditures of the American Government during our participation in the War, from April 6th, 1917, to October 31st, 1919, according to the report of the United States Treasury, was 35½ billions of dollars. Of this amount, 11¼ billions were raised by taxes. The remainder, which was 24¼ billions, was raised by war loans, principally, as we remember, Liberty Bonds.

A government cannot spend its own bonds. They have to be turned into money. Liberty Bonds had to be all translated into currency — into the circulating medium wherewith to pay labor its wages and contractors their due. Where did the money come from? Did people find it in their pockets and surrender it to the government in exchange for Liberty Bonds? To some extent they did, of course, but where did the people get so much money?

There was created an enormous amount of new money. That is what happened. It took place indirectly.

When you bought a one-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond at a bank on the instalment plan, paying $10 down, what do you think happened next? Did the bank out of its own till find the other $90, which, added to your $10, would make $100 to be handed over to the United States Treasury in full payment for the bond? Not so.

Your bank took that Liberty Bond to the nearest Federal Reserve Bank, pawned it there as collateral for a loan, and brought back nice, new Federal Reserve notes, which is the money the government prints. This process is called *discounting*.

Gradually, as you paid in your instalments, your bank redeemed the Liberty Bond from the Federal Reserve Bank, but in every case, before this happened, there was another Liberty Loan and a repetition of the procedure described, as an endless chain.

Thus, in fact, the government first printed Liberty Bonds and sold them on subscription, and then printed the money with which Liberty Bonds could be bought, and put that money into circulation through the Federal Reserve Banks. So was the currency inflated. So was the dollar debased.

It was sound enough finance, as sound as war finance can be, and we are not minded to be critical of what was really a marvelously successful handling of the War's immediate cost. What we are trying to examine is not the ethics of the thing, but its mechanism, and its effect upon the dollar.

Every country did it. Every country had to do it. There wasn't time to invent a new financial technique, nor to educate people to the thought of paying for war as they went along. Psychology in these cases is very important. There must be confidence not only in a country's arms but in its solvency. Otherwise there is doubt and despair and havoc of spirit.

In the midst of it I talked with the head of a large western commercial house who was scandalized at the way people were spending money in war time. The higher prices went the more they spent, for all manner of things. Business was never so active, never so disgustingly profitable. And this was patriotism! And I asked him this question: "People being as you know them, better and worse, do you think we could run a war on falling prices?"

He reflected and answered: "Perhaps not. But what will the consequences be?"

The consequences have yet to be.

Money, as now we know, if it be sound money, is a token of things existing. When you present a ten-dollar bill in a shop, in payment for goods purchased, it is a token that in some other place, at some other time, ten dollars' worth of useful work has been performed. Any increase in the volume of money without a corresponding increase in the amount of useful labor performed is a debasement of the currency which lessens its value, and the effect is to cause prices to rise, because there is more money than goods. As the value of money falls people are anxious to spend it before it falls any further. If money is undergoing progressive debasement the faster you spend it the better; the longer you keep it the worse off you are. Thus, inflation, or debasement, which is the same thing, puts a premium on extravagance. It is a hardship on the poor, as normally they spend all they earn from week to week and cannot lay in stores ahead; they have not the resources wherewith to anticipate higher prices; they find it very hard to get their wages raised as fast as prices rise — very hard, that is, just barely to keep up. It is a hardship upon the thrifty, for the moth of debasement breaks through and eats up half of what they have laid by. A dollar saved in 1914 would buy in 1919 only half as much as when it was put away.

Keeping these facts in mind, consider what has taken place.

Having wasted and wrecked so much property in combat, having diverted millions of men and women from useful labor to the destructive activities of war, and having in so many places lost the old habit of creative work, the world must be much poorer than it was five years ago. Yet the paper and metal money in circulation in the world, outside of Russia, has increased in that time more than forty billions of dollars, and the amount of credit currency represented by bank loans has increased nearly fifty billions.

We are concerned primarily with what happened in this country — with what has happened to our own dollar.

As nearly as can be estimated from all the data, the amount of productive work performing day by day is less than 10 per cent. greater than in 1914.

But the amount of money and credit currency has increased at least ten billion dollars, or more than fifty per cent.

The three ways in which the volume of money has been increased are these, namely: —

(1) By the importation of vast quantities of gold from Europe, in exchange for war materials, which gave us the feeling of being richer but which left us only with more gold to spend and fewer things to spend it for.

(2) By the printing of paper money at Washington, as, for example, the Federal Reserve notes which were printed and loaned through the Federal Reserve Banks on Liberty Bonds.

(3) By the creation of credit currency through the banks, as when you pledge your bonds or your reputation with a banker for a loan; he writes you down in his book as a depositor and then you may draw your checks up to the amount stipulated and present them to the cashier, who will give you currency.

Since 1914 the amount of gold and paper money in circulation has increased more than 2 billions of dollars.

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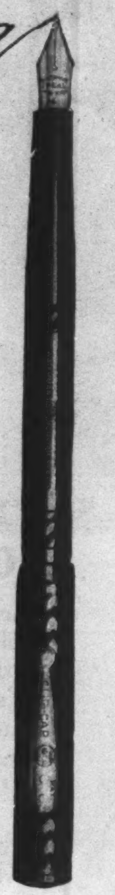

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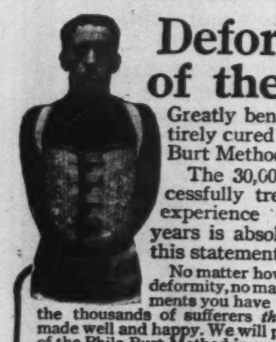

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Yet people say, "How prices have risen!" instead of saying "How the dollar has been debased!"

All of which has happened before, in every war, though never before on so vast a scale.

War inflation was, we suppose, inevitable. The greater the war the deeper the debasement of the currency.

As for the consequences — are they, too, inevitable? Hitherto they have been financially disastrous. They have been so because the evil was cured heroically, by blood letting, and the cause of the evil was left untouched.

The question now to face is this:

Shall we suffer the heart-breaking consequences of deflation, cure the dollar by violent puncturation, and then continue to base all the modern economic scheme upon a money token only a little less barbaric than the conch-shell, or shall we learn the lesson once for all and devise a dollar, or a money unit, that shall positively and invariably correspond to the amount of wealth existing and in process of production?

---

# Rainy Week

— *Continued from page 8*

Ann Woltor wouldn't care! That's the remarkable thing about her face," I hastened with some fervor to explain. "There's no dating on it! This calamity that has happened to her,— whatever it is, has wrung her face perfectly dry of all contributive biography except the mere structural fact of at least reasonably conservative birth and breeding."

A little bit abruptly my Husband dropped the fire-tongs.

"You like this Ann Woltor, don't you?" he said.

"I like her tremendously," I acknowledged.

"Tremendously as a person? Or tremendously for the part?"

"Tremendously *as* a person and tremendously *for* the part!" I insisted.

"— Yet there's something about it that worries you?" quizzed my Husband not unamiably.

"There is," I said, "just one thing. She's got a broken tooth."

With a gesture of real irritation my Husband sank down in his chair again and snatched up the paper.

It was ten minutes before he spoke again.

"Is it a front tooth?" he questioned without lifting his eyes from the page.

"It is," I said.

When my Husband jumped up from his chair this time he showed no sign at all of ever intending to return to it. As he reached for his hat and coat and started for the door, he tried very hard to grin. But the effort was poor. This was no mere marital disagreement, but a real professional shock.

"I simply can't stand it," he grinned. "One's prepared, of course, for a Tragedy Queen to sport a broken heart,— but when it comes to a broken tooth ——!"

"Wait till you see her!" I said. There was nothing else to say. "Wait till you see her!"

Even with the door closed behind him he came back once more to tell me how he felt.

"Oh!" he shivered. "O — H!"

Truly if we hadn't gone out together the very next day and found George Keets I don't know what would have happened. Depression still hung very heavily over my Husband's heart.

"Here it is almost February," he brooded, "and even with — what we've got, we're still short the Celibate and the Singing Voice and the May Girl."

It was just then that we turned the street corner and met George Keets.

"Why — why the Celibate — of all persons!" we both gasped as in a single breath, and rushed upon him.

Now it may seem a little strange instead of this that we have never thought to feature poor Rollins as the Celibate. To "double" him as it were as Celibate and Bore. Conserving thereby one by no means inexpensive outfit of water-proof clothes, twenty-one meals, a week's wash, and Heaven knows how many rounds of Scotch at a time of imminent Drought. But Rollins—though as far as anybody knows, a bachelor and eminently chaste — is by no means my idea of a Celibate. Oh, not Rollins! Not anybody with a mind like Rollins! For Rollins,— poor dear, would marry every day in the week if anybody would have him. It's the "other people" who have kept Rollins virgin. But George Keets on the other hand is a good deal of a "Fascinator" in spite of his austerity, — perhaps indeed because of his austerity,— tall, lean, good-looking, extravagantly severe, thirty-eight years old, and a classmate of my Husband at college. Whether Life would ever succeed or not in breaking down his unaccountable intention Never-to-Mate, that intention,—physical, mental, moral, psychic, call it whatever you choose,— was stamped indelibly and for all time on the curiously incongruous granite-like finish of his originally delicate features. Life had at least done interesting historical things to George Keets's face.

"Oh, *George!*" cried my Husband, "I thought you were in Egypt digging mummies."

"I was," admitted George without any further palaver of greeting.

"When did you get back?" cried my Husband, "And what are you doing now?"

"And where are you going to be in May?" I interposed with perfectly uncontrollable interest.

"Why, I'm just off the boat, you know," brightened George. "A drink would be good, of course. But first I'd just like to run into the Library for a minute to see if they've put in any new thrillers while I've been gone. There's a corking new book on Archaelurus that ought to be due about now."

"On w-what?" I stammered.

"Oh, fossil cats, you know, and all that sort of thing, "explained George chivalrously. "But, of course—you, Mrs. Delville," he hastened now to appease me, "would heaps rather hear about Paris Fashions, I know. So if you-people really should want me in May I'll try my best, I promise you, to remember every latest wrinkle of lace or feather. Only, of course," he explained with typical conscientiousness, "in the museums and the libraries one doesn't see just — of course — the ——"

"On the contrary, Mr. Keets," I interrupted hectically, "there is no subject in the world that interests me more — at the moment — than *Mummies*. And by the second week in May that interest will have assumed proportions that ——"

"S-sh!" admonished my Husband. "But really, George," he himself hastened to cut in, "if you *could* come to us the second week in May ——"

"May?" considered George. "Second week? Why, certainly I will." And bolted for the Library, while my Husband and I in a perfectly irresistible impulse drew aside on the curbing to watch him disappear.

Equally unexplainably three totally nonconcerned women turned also to watch him.

"It's his shoulders," I ventured. "The amazing virility of his shoulders contrasted with the stinginess of his smile."

"Stinginess *nothing!*" snapped my Husband. "Devil take him!"

"He may — yet," I mused as we swung into step again.

So now we had nothing to worry about — or rather no uncertainty to worry about except the May Girl and the Singing Voice.

"The Singing Voice," my Husband argued, "might be picked up by good fortune at most any Cabaret Show or Choral Practise. Not *any* singing voice would do, of course. It must be distinctly poignant. But even Poignancy may be found sometimes where you least expect it,— some reasonably mature, faintly disappointed sort of voice, usually, lilting with unquestionable loveliness, just this side of real professional success.

(*Continued on page 59*)

# ROCKINCHAIR

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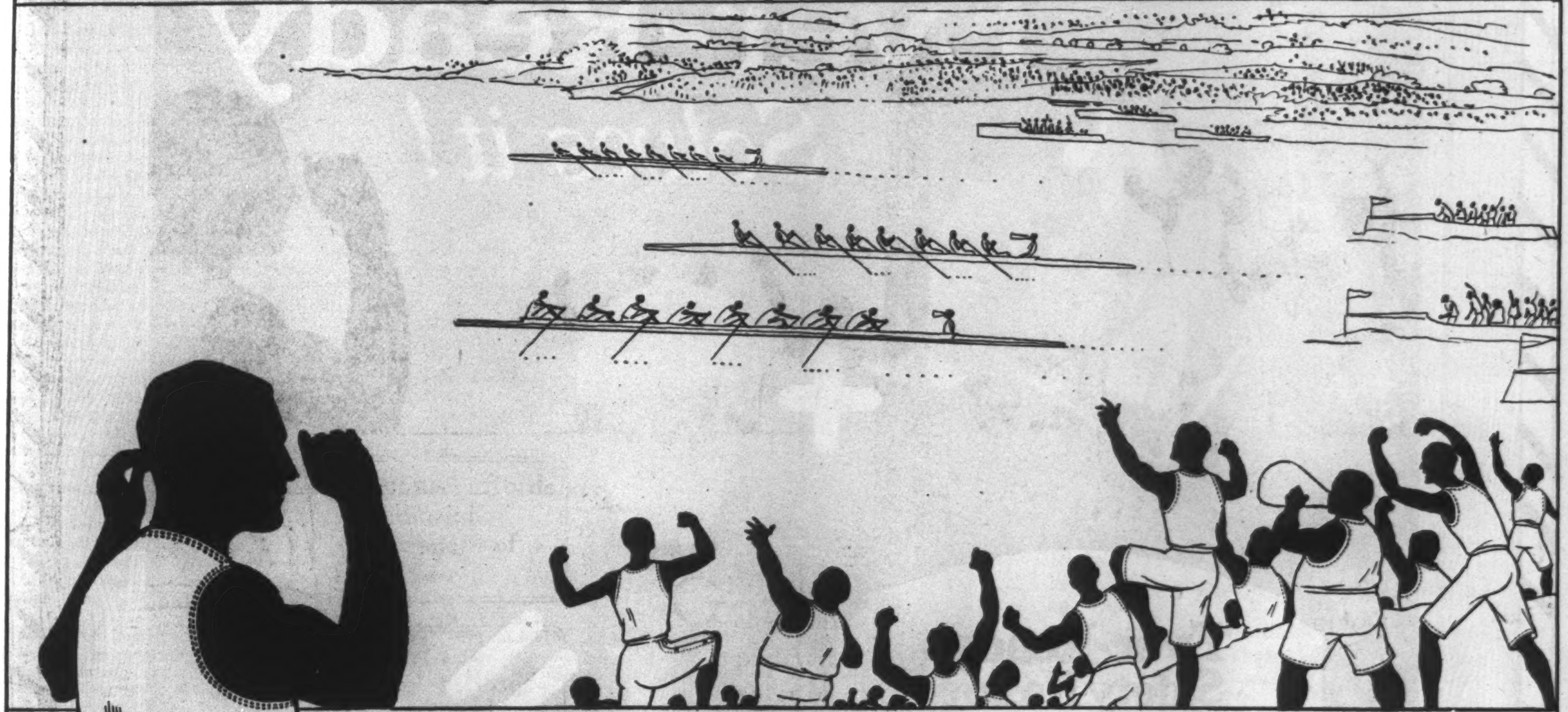

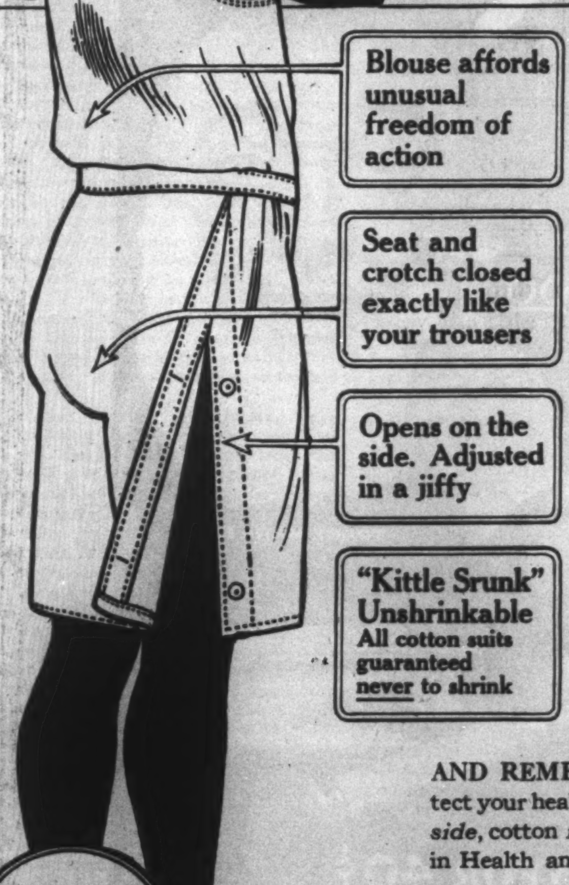
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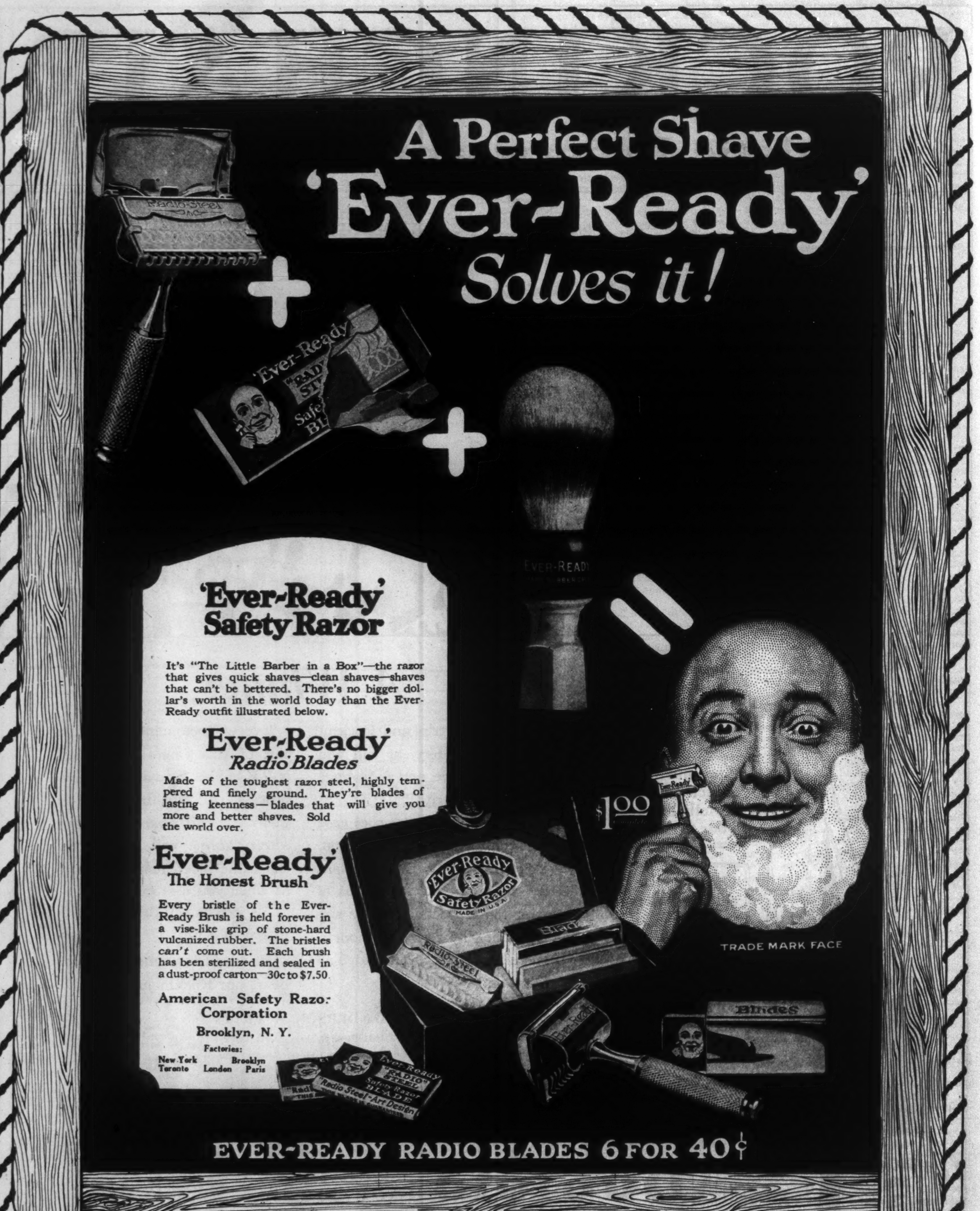
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# Rainy Week

—*Continued from page 56*

"But where in the world should we find a really ingenuous Ingénue?"

"They don't exist any more!" I asserted. "Gone out of style like the Teddy Bear!—Old Ingénues you see, of course, sometimes,—sweet and precious—and limp—as old Teddy Bears. But a brand new Ingénue—? Don't you remember the awful search we had last year and even then——?"

"Maybe you're right," worried my Husband.

And then the horrid attack of neuralgia descended on poor Mr. Husband so suddenly, so acutely, that we didn't worry at all about anything else for days! And even when that worry was over, instead of starting off gaily together for the Carolinas as we had intended,—to search through steam-heated corridors, and green velvet golfways, and jessamine scented lanes, for the May Girl—my poor Husband had to dally at home instead, in a very cold, slushy and disagreeable city, to be X-rayed, tooth-pulled, ear-stabbed, and everything but Bertilloned, while I, for certain business reasons, went on ahead to meet the Spring.

But even at parting it was the dramatic anxiety that worried my Husband most.

"Now, don't you dare do a thing—this time," he warned me, "until I come! Look around all you want to! Get acquainted! Size things up! But if ever two people needed to work together in a matter it's in this question of choosing a May Girl!"

Whereupon in an impulse quite as amazing to himself as to me—he went ahead and chose the May Girl all by himself!

Before I had been in the Carolinas three days the telegram came.

"Have found May Girl Success beyond wildest dreams Doubles with Singing Voice Absolute miracle Explanations."

HIMSELF and the explanations arrived a week later. Himself, poor dear, was rather depleted. But the explanations were full enough to have pleased anybody.

He had been waiting, it seems, on the day of the discovery, an interminably long time in the doctor's office. All around him, in the dinginess and general irritability of such an occasion, loomed the bulky shapes of other patients who like himself had also been waiting interminable eons of time. Everybody was very cross. And it was snowing outside,—one of those dirty gray late-winter snows that don't seem really necessary.

And then *She* came! Just a girl's laugh at first from the street door! An impish prance of feet down the dark, unaccustomed hallway! A little trip on the threshold! And then *Personified*—laughing—blushing, stumbling fairly headlong at last into the room,—the most radiantly lovely young girl that you have ever had the grace to imagine, dangling exultantly from each frost-pinked hand a very large, wriggly, and exceedingly astonished rabbit.

"Oh, Uncle *Charles!*" she began, "s-ee what I've found! And in an ash-barrel, too! In—a—" She blinked the snow from her lashes, took a sudden startled glance round the room, another at the clock, and collapsed with confusion into the first chair that she could reach.

A very tall "little girl" she was, and very young, not a day more than eighteen surely. And even in the encompassing bulk of her big coon-skin coat with its broad arms hugging the brown rabbits to her breast she gave an impression of extraordinary slimness and delicacy,—an impression accentuated perhaps by a slender silk-stockinged ankle, the frilly cuff of a white sleeve, and the aura of pale gold hair that radiated in every direction from the brim of her coon-skin hat. For fully fifteen minutes my Husband said she sat huddled-up in all the sweet furry confusion of a young animal, till driven apparently by that very confusion to essay some distinctly normal-appearing, every-day gesture, she reached out impulsively to the reading table and picked up a book which some young man had just relinquished rather suddenly at a summons to the doctor's inner office. Relaxing ever so slightly into the depths of her chair with the bunnies' noses twinkling contentedly to the rhythm of her own breathing, she made a wonderful picture,—line, color, spirit,—everything of *Youth*. Reading,—with that strange, extra, inexplainable touch of the sudden little pucker in the eyebrows,—sheer intellectual perplexity was in that pucker!

But when the young man returned from the inner office he did not leave at once as every cross, irritable person in the room hoped that he would, but fidgeted around instead with hat and coat, stamped up and down crowding other people's feet, and elbowing other people's elbows. At the end of half an hour his face was quite as red as the faces of the people he had been annoying. With a gaspy glance at his watch he turned suddenly on the Girl with the Rabbits. "Excuse me," he floundered, "but I have to catch a train,—*please* may I have my book?"

"Your book?" deprecated the Girl. Confusion anew overwhelmed her! "Your—book? Why, I beg your pardon! Why—why—" Pink as a rose she slammed the covers and glanced for the first time at the title. The title of the book was "What Every Young Husband Should Know." . . . With a sigh like the sigh of a breeze in the ferns the tension of the room relaxed! A very fat, cross-looking woman in black satin ripped audibly at a side seam. . . . A frail old gentleman who really had very few laughs left, wasted one of them in the smothering depths of his big black-bordered handkerchief. . . . The lame newsboy on the stool by the door emitted a single snort of joy. Then the doctor himself loomed suddenly from the inner office, and started right through everybody to the Girl with the Rabbits. "Why, May," he laughed, "I told you not to get here till four o'clock!"

"Oh, not 'May'?" I protested to my Husband. "It simply couldn't be! Not *really?*"

"Yes, really," affirmed my Husband. "Isn't it the limit? But wait till you hear the rest! She's Dr. Brawne's ward, it seems, and has been visiting him for the Winter. . . . Comes from some little place way off somewheres. . . . And she's got one of those sweet, clear, absolutely harrowing 'Boy Soprano' types of voices that sound like incense and altar lights even in rag-time. But weirder than anything—" triumphed my Husband.

"Oh, not than 'anything'?" I gasped.

"But weirder than anything," persisted my Husband, "is the curious way she's marked."

"M-marked?" I stammered.

"Yes. After I saw her with her hat off," said my Husband, "I saw the 'mark.' I've seen it in boys before but never in a girl—an abolutely isolated streak of gray hair! In all that riot of blondness and sparkle and youth,—just as riotous,—just as lovely,—a streak of gray hair! It's bewitching! Bewildering! Like May itself!—Now sunshine! Now cloud!—You'll write to her immediately, won't you?" he begged. "And to Dr. Brawne, too?—I told Dr. Brawne quite frankly that it was going to be rather an experimental party, but that, of course, we'd take the best possible care of her. And he said he'd never seen an occasion yet when she wasn't perfectly capable of taking care of herself. And that he'd be delighted to have her come—" laughed my Husband quite suddenly, "if we were sure that we didn't mind animals."

"Animals?" I questioned.

"Yes,—dogs, cats, birds!" explained my Husband. "It isn't apt to be a large animal such as a horse or a cow, Dr. Brawne was kind enough to assure me. But he never knew her yet, he said, to arrive anywhere without a guinea pig, squirrel, broken-winged bat, lame dove, or half-choked mouse that she had acquired on the way! She's very tender-hearted. And *younger* than——"

Blankly for a moment my Husband and I sat staring into each other's eyes. Then, quite impulsively, I reached over and kissed him.

"Oh, Jack," I admitted, "it's *too* perfect! Truly it makes me feel nervous!—Suppose she should roll her hoop off the cliff or——"

"Or—blow out the gas?" chuckled my Husband.

So you see now our Caste was all assembled.

Radiant, "runctious," impatient Paul Brenswick and Victoria Meredith for the Bride and Groom.

George Keets for the Very Celibate Person.

Ann Woltor for the Someone With a Past.

Claude Kennilworth for the Someone With a Future.

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And Rollins for the Bore. About Rollins I must now confess that I have not been perfectly frank. We *hire* Rollins! How else could we control him? Even with a mushroom mind like his,— fruiting only in bad weather, one can't force him on one's guests morning, noon, *and* night! Very fortunately here,— for such strategy as is necessary, my Husband concedes one further weakness than what I have previously designated as his passion for Amateur Theatricals and his tolerance of me. That weakness is Sea Shells, — Mollusca, you know, and that sort of thing. . . . From all over the world,— smelling saltily of Coral and Palms,— Iceberg or Arctic,— and only too often alas of their Dead Selves,— these smooth-spikey-pink-blue-yellow-or-mottled shells arrive with maddening frequency. And Rollins is a born Cataloguer! What easier thing in the world to say than, "Oh, by the way, Rollins, old man, here's an invoice that might interest you — from a Florida Key that I've just located. . . . How about the second week in May? Could you come then, do you think? I'm all tied up to be sure with a houseful of guests that week, but they won't bother you any. And, at least, you'll have your evenings for fun. Clothes? Haven't got 'em? Oh, Pshaw! Let me see. It rained last year, didn't it? . . . Well, I guess we can raise the same umbrella that we raised for you then! S'long!"

Everything settled then! Everything ready but the Springtime and the Scenery! . . . And God Himself at work on that! — Hist! What is it? The flash of a Blue-bird?

A bell tinkles! A pulley-rope creaks! *And the Curtain Rises!*

MAY always comes so amazingly soon after February! So infiintely much sooner than any one dares hope that it would! Peering into snow-smeared shop windows some rather particularly bleak morning you notice with a half-contemptuous sort of amusement a precocious display of ginghams and straw hats. And before you can turn round to tell anybody about it, tulips have happened! — *And It's May!*

More than seeming extravagantly early this year, May dawned also with extravagant lavishness. Through every prismatic color of the world, sunshine sang to the senses!

"What shall we do," fretted my Husband, "if this perfection lasts?" The question indeed was a leading one!

The scenery for Rainy Week did not arrive until the afternoon of the eighth.

From his frowning survey of bright lawns, gleaming surf, radiant sky, I saw my Husband turn suddenly with a little gasping sigh that might have meant anything.

"What is it?" I cried.

"Look!" he said, "it's come."

Silently, shoulder to shoulder, we stood and watched the gigantic storm-bales roll into the sky,— packed in fleece, corded with ropes of mist, gorgeous, portentous, — *To-Morrow's Rain!* It is not many hosts and hostesses under like circumstances who turn to each other as we did with a single whoop of joy!

An hour later, hatless and coatless in the lovely warm May twilight, we stood by the larch tree waiting for our Guests. We like to have them sup in town at their own discretion or indiscretion, that first night, and all arrive together reasonably sleek and sleepy, and totally unacquainted, on the eight o'clock train. But the larch tree has always been our established point for meeting the Rainy Week people. Conceding cordially the truth of the American aphorism that while Charity may perfectly legitimately begin at Home, Hospitality should begin at the Railroad Station! We personally have proved beyond all doubt that for our immediate interests at stake Dramatic Effect begins at the entrance to our Driveway.

Yet it is always with mingled feelings of trepidation and anticipation that we first sense the blurry rumble of motor wheels on the highway. If the station bus were only blue or green! But palest oak! And shuttered like a roll-top desk! Spilling out strange personalities at you like other people's ideas brimming from pigeon-holes!

For some unfathomable reason of constraint this night, no one was talking when the bus arrived. Shy, stiff-spined, non-communicative, still questioning, perhaps, Who was Who and What was What, these seven Guests who by the return ride a week hence might even be mated,— such things have happened,— or once more not speaking to each other,— this also has happened,— loomed now like so many dummies in the gloom.

"Why, Hello!" we cried, jumping to the rear step of the bus as it slowed slightly at the curb, and thrusting our faces as genially as possible into the dark, unresponsive doorway.

"Hello!" rallied someone — I think it was Rollins. Whoever it was he seemed to be having a terrible time trying to jerk his suitcase across other people's feet.

"Oh, is — this where you live?" questioned George Keets's careful voice from the shadows. The faintest possible tinge of relief seemed to be in the question.

"Here?" brightened somebody else.

A window-fastener clicked, a shutter crashed, an aperture opened, and everybody all at once, scenting the Sea, crowded to stare out where the gray dusk merging into gray rocks merged in turn *with* the gray rocks into a low rambling gray fieldstone house silhouetted with indescribable weirdness at the moment against that delicate, pale gold, French-drawing-room sort of sky cluttered so incongruously with the clump of dark clouds.

"The road — doesn't go any farther?" puzzled someone. "There's no other stopping place you mean — just a little bit farther along? This is the end,— the last house,— the ——?"

High from a cliff-top somewhere a sea bird lifted a single eerie cry.

"Oh, how — how dramatic!" gasped somebody.

Reaching out to nudge my Husband's hand I collided instead with a dog's cold nose.

Following apparently the same impulse my Husband's hand met the dog's startling nose at almost the same instant.

Except for a second's loss of balance on the bus-step neither of us resented the incident. But it was my Husband who recovered his conversation as well as his balance first.

"Oh, you Miss Davies!" he called blithely into the bus. "What's your Pom's name? Nose-Gay? Skip-a-bout? Cross-Patch? What? — Lucky for you we knew your propensity for arriving with pets! The kennel's all ready and the cat sent away!"

In the nearest shadow of all it was almost as though one heard an *ego* bristle.

"I beg your — pardon, but the Pomeranian is — mine," affirmed Claude Kennilworth's unmistakable voice with what seemed like quite unnecessary hauteur.

"What the deuce is the matter with everybody?" whispered my Husband.

With a jerk and a bump the bus grazed a big boulder and landed us wheezily at our own front door.

As expeditiously as possible my Husband snatched up the lantern that gleamed from the doorstep and brandishing it on high, challenged the shadowy occupants of the bus to disembark and proclaim themselves.

Ann Woltor stepped down first. As vague as the shadows she merged from, her black-garbed figure faded un-outlined into the shadow of the porch. For an instant only the uplifted lantern flashed across her strange stark face — and then went crashing down into a shiver of glass on the gravelly path at my Husband's feet. "Ann — Stoltor!" I heard him gasp. My Husband is not usually a fumbler either with hand or tongue. In the brightening flare of the flash-light that someone thrust into his hands his face showed frankly rattled. "Ann *Woltor!*" I prompted him hastily. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second our eyes met. I hope my smile was as quick. "What *is* the matter with everybody?" I said.

WITH extravagant exuberance my Husband jumped to help the rest of our guests alight. "Hi, there, *Everybody!*" he greeted each new face in turn as it emerged somewhat hump-shouldered and vague through the door of the bus into the flare of his lantern light.

Poor Rollins, of course, tumbled out.

Fastidiously, George Keets illustrated how a perfect exit from a bus should be made,— suitcase, hat-box, English ulster,— everything a model of its kind. Even the constraint of his face,— absolutely perfect.

With the Pomeranian clutched rather drastically under one arm, Claude Kennilworth followed Keets. All the time, of course, you knew that it was the Pomeranian who was growling, but from the frowning irritability of young Kennilworth's eyes one might almost have concluded that the boy was a ventriloquist and the Pom a puppet instead of a puppy. "Her name is 'Pet'," he announced somewhat succinctly to my Husband. "And she sleeps in no—kennel!"

A trifle paler than I had expected, but inexpressively young, lovely, palpitant, and altogether adorable, the May Girl sprang into my vision — and my arms. Her heart was beating like a wild bird's. [*Continued on Page 64*]

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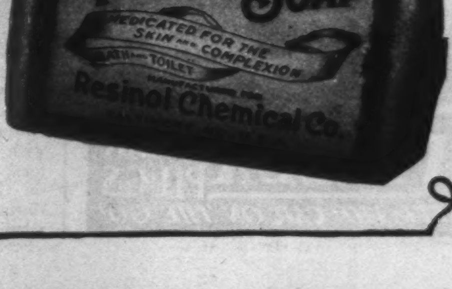

# How To Make the Motor Truck Pay

## *by* Waldemar Kaempffert

YOUR great-grandfather was not bothered much by the cost of transportation. He lived on a farm and produced nearly everything that he needed — food, clothing, building material and fuel. It is different now. We, in New York, San Francisco, Chicago or New Orleans are as dependent on vehicles of transportation as a baby on its bottle. That is why delivery is becoming a problem of national concern. What do you suppose is the relation of the delivery-cost to the price of bread to a family in Washington? In one ignominious case 21.6% of the gross sales! It costs that baker more than two cents to deliver a ten-cent loaf — two cents paid ultimately by the purchaser. These figures are taken from the report of Eugene F. Hartley of the Bureau of the Census who selected Washington in which to make a study of cartage costs, because it is not an industrial community, and because its wholesale business is small and its retail business large. For the one hundred and twenty-eight establishments that Hartley investigated the cost of delivery represented an average of 6.2% of the gross sales. On a food bill of twelve and three quarter million dollars in 1916 the city paid a cartage bill of more than nine hundred thousand.

The great manufacturers of motor-trucks have long known these facts and they have done their best to teach us how to economize. They have tried to show that needless hauling is one of our greatest wastes.

The motor-truck is expensive — expensive to buy and expensive to keep in operation. If it is to save money it must be kept in motion fully loaded. Let it stop and it begins to lose money.

Few wharves and railway terminals have been adapted to meet the requirements of the swift motor-truck. No wonder that many a merchant complained that his motor-trucks cost him more than horses. He didn't realize that he had to acquire something of the railway managers' knowledge; that he had purchased not merely a mechanically driven vehicle but a transportation system; that he had to keep his truck moving; that it was expensive to deliver only a hundred pounds in a vehicle designed to carry a ton.

Motor-truck manufacturers soon found that they had to reckon with that grumbling misuser of their vehicles — that it was their business not only to sell motors but to teach the art of mechanical transportation. Load the truck to its full capacity and keep it moving — that was the railroad rule they had to din into business men.

But what is the small tradesman to do? He can't keep a motor-truck rolling over the asphalt all day long. He doesn't sell goods enough. It was his problem that led to the invention of coöperative delivery. Somebody with a cerebellum and cerebrum decided that it was cheaper to deliver goods in a few vehicles owned in common than in the conveyances owned by each. An experiment was made which succeeded. And yet there was but a scarcely perceptible trend toward coöperative delivery before the War.

The growth of the chain stores has helped the cause of coöperative delivery. To be sure the chain stores sell cheaply because they buy in stupendous quantities. Quantity buying is only one reason for their success. Another is the elimination of waste in buying and waste in handling. Chain stores extend no credit. You pay cash, and generally *you carry home what you buy yourself*. The independent retail store cannot eliminate the delivery system. But if it is to compete with the chain store it must pare its delivery expenses to the bone. Coöperative delivery offers the best method of attaining that end. It prevents a dozen delivery wagons or motor-trucks, each with only a partial load, from delivering on the same street during the same day when one fully loaded vehicle would answer the requirements.

We can no longer afford the luxury of having our purchases delivered in the old hang-the-expense method. The cost of delivering a package from a department store to your door varies from eight to twenty-five cents. Sometimes the cost of delivering exceeds the cost of the thing bought.

There are two kinds of coöperative delivery. A group of merchants or farmers agree to form a corporation. The vehicles of the founders are either turned over to the corporation or sold to obtain money for the purchase of adequate equipment. Each stockholder of the corporation pays a scheduled price for the transportation of packages weighing not more than a certain number of pounds each and deliverable within certain specified zones. The accrued profits are distributed in the form of dividends. That is one system. Here is the second:

YOU and a few friends may go into the business of delivering packages — start a company, in other words, which will have no connection whatever with the stores that you serve. You charge a certain rate for each package delivered or for its value, and you contract to cover specified zones. A profit must be made. For all that, a tradesman who entrusts his goods to the company saves money because the vehicles are so routed and dispatched as to carry full loads on every trip. He would, in all probability, send out only partly loaded vehicles, with the result that his package cost for delivery would be far greater.

Let a group of men decide to pool their delivery expenses and it would seem as if they cannot help effecting marked economies. And yet coöperative delivery is not always an unalloyed success. Of the coöperative delivery system established in forty-seven cities it was found that thirty were reducing the investment and operating expense of vehicles by forty and even fifty per cent. In twelve communities the results were doubtful because coöperative delivery was still an experiment. Downright failures were discovered in five communities. The successes predominate so markedly over the failures that we must believe in the soundness of the idea.

But why should there be any failures? If a coöperative delivery system is to succeed, it must run with the regularity of a clock. The man who makes a clock-like machine of it is the "router." If packages are sent out haphazard, coöperative delivery will be a disastrous failure. The "router" steps in and brings order out of chaos. He has specialized in the interior handling of goods. He sees to it that the packages collected are properly sorted, like letters in a post office, at a cost not out of proportion to the final charge which is to be made. He studies the map of the zones that he covers. He plots the course of each vehicle so that there shall be the least possible waste in running time and the least overlapping of zones or routes.

As a rule, a central station is necessary — a place where all the parcels can be redistributed according to route, a place where C. O. D. collections can be turned in, a place where all the business of the delivery can be transacted.

And yet even with a competent "router," even with a well-managed central sorting station, success is not necessarily assured.

Some years ago a coöperative delivery company was established in Boston by a few bold, imaginative and resourceful men. It failed. No one could understand why at first. The heads of the company were department store shipping-room executives. Experienced, you say? Yes, but only to a degree. In what were they lacking? They knew nothing about the operation of motor-trucks in fleets. As I have said, the job of successfully running a coöperative delivery company is somewhat like operating a railway.

These men would have made a failure of managing the New York Central or the Pennsylvania as surely as they did of their coöperative delivery company. They realized at the outset that they must have a central package-sorting station. They duplicated the most modern shipping room. But the profits were eaten up by the abnormal expenses entailed in repairing and maintaining the trucks. The company's fleet of trucks was varied in character, consisting as it did of light and heavy vehicles. The heavy trucks were slow; the light trucks fast. The big trucks (two-tonners) carried much. An able motor-truck Superintendent who was called in did the obvious thing. He used the heavy trucks to carry the packages from one hundred and fifty stores to the central station. There everything was sorted and routed. The final delivery was entrusted to the lighter vehicles. They covered a territory of twelve miles in radius and with an astonishing speed. At one stroke the simple expedient of making each truck do the particular work for which it was best fitted turned the tide.

All the coöperative delivery companies have found it difficult to solve the C. O. D. problem — difficult because responsible drivers must be found, because an especial counting system must be invented, and because a definite agreement must be made with merchants for the return of packages which cannot be delivered and for the payment of collected money. When a man of real intelligence attacks the problem, it is astonishing to see how easily it can be solved.

Let us return, for an example, to the Boston company that almost failed for lack of the right man to manage its motor-trucks. It handles between 7,500 and 10,000 packages every day. Imagine yourself a customer of that company. If you have more than 500 packages a day to deliver, the company charges you a flat rate of eight cents a package anywhere in a ten-mile zone. If you have less than 500 packages a day to deliver, you pay at the rate of ten cents a package. If your shipment consists of something perishable, you pay fifteen cents for each package within the ten-mile zone.

If you are not a member of the delivery company, you may nevertheless employ it as an outsider. You buy a two-dollar book of five- and ten-cent stamps. You affix the proper number of stamps to your package, just as you would to a parcel to be sent through the United States mails. The parcels are collected, the stamps canceled, quite in the approved government way, and the packages dropped into their proper route bin for delivery.

The saving that can be effected in cash by coöperative delivery is astounding. In Ottawa, Kansas, a town with a population of 7,000, nine delivery wagons were made to do the work of thirty-four. The cost of delivery was cut down from twenty-five to seventy per cent. In another city of 12,000 population, fourteen wagons took the place of twenty. In a third of 15,000 population the system proved so successful that the stock purchased at $250 by each coöperating merchant when the system was organized is now worth $1,000. One grocer in a town of 4,000 population has cut his delivery expense from $1,638 in a year to $806 — almost fifty per cent.

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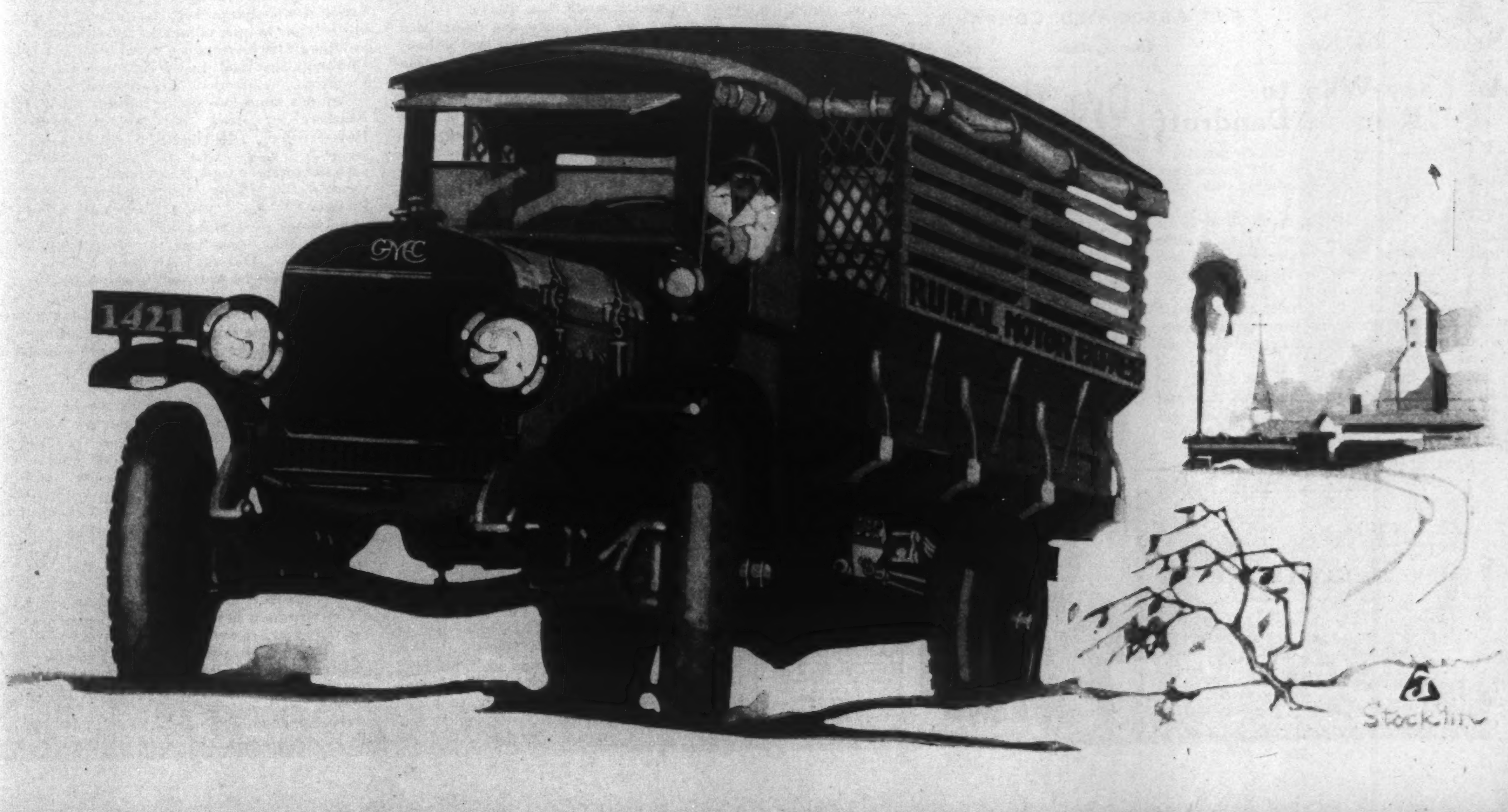

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# Rainy Week

— *Continued from page 60*

With the incredibility of their miracle still stamped almost embarrassingly on their faces, our Bride-and-Groom-of-a-Week completed the list. It wasn't just the material physical fact that Love was consummated, that gave them that look. But the spiritual amazement that Love was consummatable! No other "look" in life ever compasses it,—ever duplicates it!

It made my Husband quite perceptibly quicken the tempo of his jocosity.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven," he enumerated. "All good guests come straight from Heaven! One — two — three — four — five — six — *Seven* —" he repeated as though to be perfectly sure, "*Seven?* — Why — Why, what the —?" he interrupted himself suddenly.

With frank bewilderment I saw him jump back to the rear step of the bus and flash his light into the farthest corner where the huddled form of an *Eighth* person loomed weirdly from the shadows.

It was a man — a young man. And at first glimpse he was quite dead. But on second glimpse, merely drunk. Hopelessly,— helplessly,— sodden drunk, with his hat gone, his collar torn away, his haggard face sagging like some broken thing against his breast.

With a tension suddenly relaxed, a faint sigh seemed to slip from the group outside. In the crowding faces that surrounded us instantly, it must have been something in young Kennilworth's expression,— or in the Pomeranian's, that made my Husband speak just exactly as he did. With his arms held under the disheveled, uncouth figure, he turned quite abruptly and scanned the faces of his guests, "And whose little pet — may this be?" he asked trenchantly.

From the shadow of the *porte-cochère* somebody laughed. It was rather a vacuous little laugh. Sheer nerves! Rollins, I think.

Framed in the half-shuttered window of the bus the May Girl's face pinked suddenly like a flare of apple blossoms.

"He — came with — me," said the May Girl.

No matter how informally one chooses to run his household there is almost always some one rule I've noticed on which the smoothness of that informality depends.

In our household that rule seems to be that no explanations shall ever be asked either in the darkness or by artificial light. . . . It being the supposition I infer that most things explain themselves by *daylight*. . . . Perfectly cordially I concede that they usually do. . . . But some nights are a great deal longer to wait through than others.

It wasn't, on this particular night, that any one refused to explain. But that nobody even had time to think of explaining. The young Stranger was in a bad way. Not delirium tremens nor anything like that, but a fearful alcoholic disorganization of some sort. The men were running up and down stairs half the night. Their voices rang through the halls in short, sharp orders to each other. No one else spoke above a whisper. With silly comforts like talcum powder, and hot water bottles, and sweet chocolate, and new novels, I put the women to bed. Their comments if not explanatory were at least reasonably characteristic.

FROM a swirl of pink chiffon and my best blankets, with her ear cocked quite frankly toward a step on the stairs,— her eyes like stars,— her mouth all a kiss, the Bride reported her own emotions in the matter.

"No,— no one, of course had ever believed for a moment," the Bride assured me, "that the Drunken Man was one of the guests. . . . And yet — when he didn't get off at any of the stops — and this house was so definitely announced as the 'end of the road' — why it did, of course, make one feel just a little bit nervous," flushed the Bride, perfectly irrelevantly, as the creak on the stairs drew nearer.

Ann Woltor registered only a very typical indifference.

"A great many different kinds of things," she affirmed, "were bound to happen in any time as long as a day. . . . One simply had to get used to them, that was all." She was unpacking her sombre black traveling bag as she spoke, and the first thing she took out from it was a man's gay, green-plaided golf cap. It looked strange with the rest of her things. All the rest of her things were black.

I thought I would never succeed in putting the May Girl to bed. With a sweet sort of stubbornness she resisted every effort. The first time I went back she was kneeling at her bedside to say her 'forgotten prayers.' The second time I went back she had just jumped up to 'write a letter to her Grandfather.' 'Something about the Sea,' she affirmed, 'had made her think of her Grandfather. It was a long time,' she acknowledged, since she 'had thought of her Grandfather.' 'He was very old,' she argued, 'and she didn't want to delay any longer about writing.' Slim and frank as a boy in her half-adjusted blanket-wrapper dishabille she smiled up at me through the amazing mop of gold hair with the gray streak floating like a cloud across the sunshine of her face. She was very nervous. She *must* have been nervous. It darkened her eyes to two blue sapphires. It quickened her breath like the breath of a young fawn running. 'And would I *please* tell her how to spell *'oceanic'?*' she implored me. As though answering intuitively the unspoken question on my lips, she shrugged blame from her as some exotic songbird might have shrugged its first snow. 'No — she didn't know who the young man was! *Truly* — as far as she knew — she had *never* — *never* seen the young man before! —O-c-e-a-n-i-c — was it?'

THE Rain was not actually delivered until one o'clock in the morning. Just before dawn I heard the storm-bales rip. In sheets of silver and points of steel, with rage and roar' and a surf like a picture in a Sunday Supplement, the Weather broke loose!

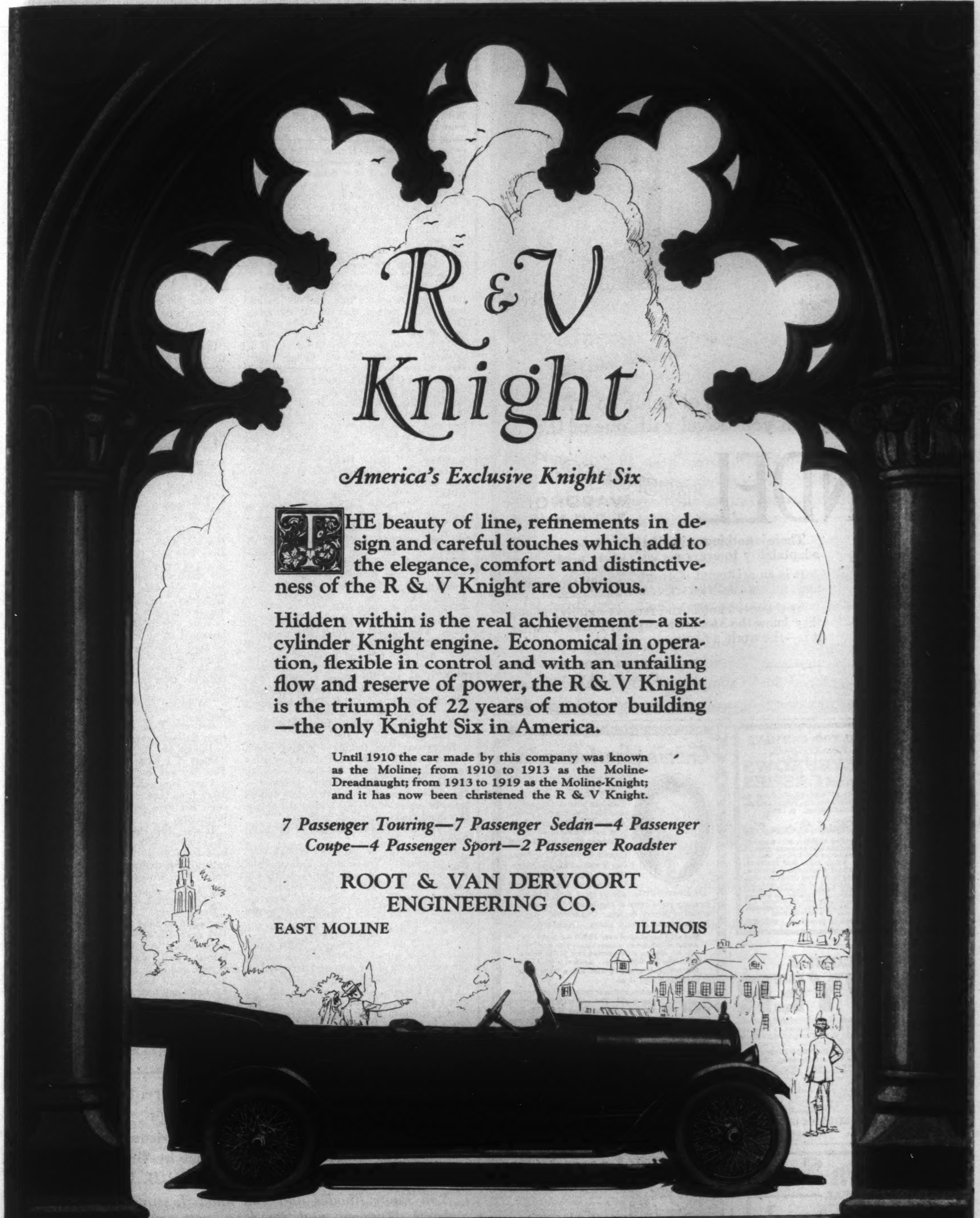
Thank heaven the morning was so dark that no one appeared in the breakfast room an instant before the appointed hour of nine.

George Keets, of course, appeared exactly at nine, very trim, very *distinguè*, in a marvelously tailored gray flannel suit, and absolutely possessed to make his own coffee.

Claude Kennilworth's morning manner was very frankly peevish. 'His room had a tin roof and he hardly thought he should be able to stand it. . . . Rain? Did you call this rain? It was a *Flood!* . . . Were there any Movie Places near? . . . And were they open mornings? . . . And he'd like an underdone chop, please, for the Pomeranian. . . . And it wasn't his dog anyway,— damn the little fool,— but belonged to the girl who had the studio next to his — and she was possessed with the idea that a week at the shore would put the pup on its feet again. . . . Women were so damned temperamental. . . If there was one thing in the world that he hated it was temperamental people.' And all the time he was talking he *wasn't* making anything with his hands,— because he wasn't thinking anything instead,—'And how in Creation,' he scolded, 'did we ever happen to build a house out on the granite edge of Nowhere? . . . How did we stand it? How ——? . . . Hi there! . . . Wait a moment! . . . *God* — what *Form!*— That wave with the tortured top! . . . Hush! . . Don't speak! . . . *Please* leave him alone! Breakfast? Not yet! When a fellow could watch a—a thing like that! . . . For heaven's sake, pass him that frothy-edged napkin! . . . Did anybody mind if he *tore* it? . . . While he watched that other froth tear!'

Dear, honest, ardent, red-blooded Paul Brenswick came down so frankly interested in the special device by which our house gutters took care of such amazing torrents of water that everybody felt perfectly confident all at once that no bride of his would ever suffer from leaky roofs or any other mechanical defect. Paul Brenswick liked the rain just as much as he liked the gutters! And he liked the Sea! And he liked the house! And he liked the sky! And he liked everything! Even when a clumsy waitress joggled coffee into his grapefruit he seemed to like that just as much as he liked everything else. Paul Brenswick was a *real* Bridegroom. I am not I believe a particularly envious person, and have never as far as I know begrudged another woman her youth or her beauty or her talent or her wealth. But if it ever came to a chance of swapping facial expressions — just once in my life — some very rainy morning, I *wish* I could look like a Bridegroom!

But the expression on the Bride's face was distinctly worried. Joy worried! Any wo-



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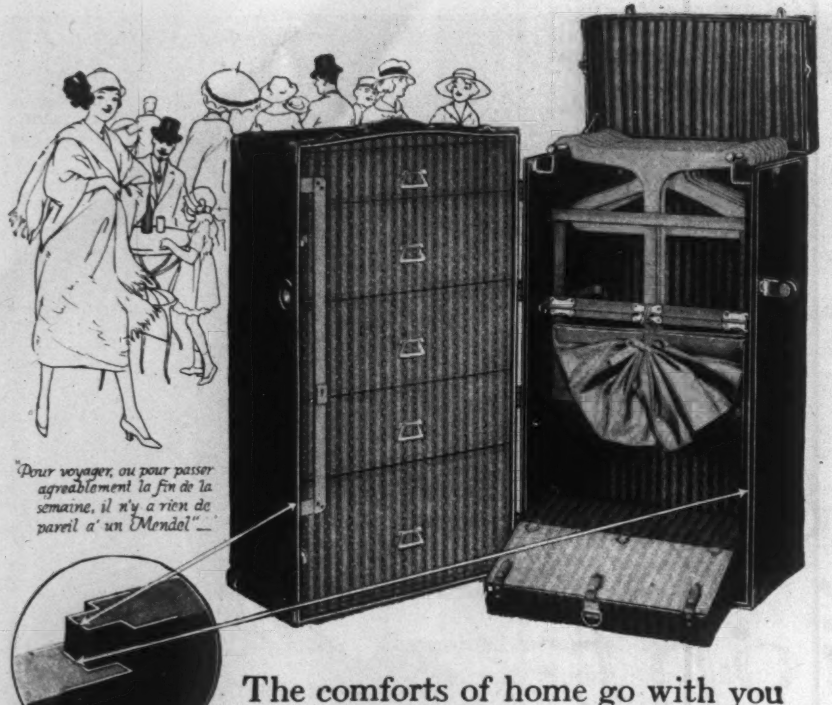

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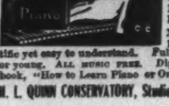

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man who had ever been a bride could have read the expression like an open book. Victoria Brenswick had not counted on *rain*. Moonlight, of course, was what she had counted on! Moonlight — day and night in all probability! And long, sweet, soft stretches of beach! And cavernous rocks! And incessantly mirthful escapades of escape from the crowd! But to be shut up all day long in a houseful of strange people! . . . With a Bridegroom who after all was still more or less of a strange Bridegroom? The panic in her face was almost ghastly! The panic of the *Perfectly-Happy!* The panic of the person hanging over-ecstatically on the absolute perfection of a Singer's prolonged High Note, driven all at once to wonder if *this* is the moment when the note must break! . . To be all alone and bored on a Rainy Day is no more than any one would expect. . . . But to be with one's Lover and have the day prove dull? . . . If God in the terrible uncertainty of Him should force even one dull day into the miracle of their life together ——?'

Ann Woltor, dragging down to breakfast just a few moments late, had not noticed especially, it seemed, that the day *was* rainy. She met my Husband's eyes as she met the eyes of her fellow-guests, calmly, indifferently, and with perfect sophistication. If his presence or personality was in any way a shock to her she certainly gave no sign of it.

The May Girl didn't appear till very late, so late indeed that everybody started to tease her for being such a Sleepy Head. Her face was very flushed. Her hair in a riot of gold — and gray. Her appetite like the appetite of a young cannibal. Across the rim of her cocoa cup she hurled a lovely defiance at her traducers. " leepy Head?" she exulted. "Not much! Hadn't she been up since six? And out on the beach? And all over the rocks? . . . Way, way out to the farthest point? . . . There was such a heavenly suit of yellow oil-skins in her closet! . . . She hoped it wasn't cheeky of her but she just couldn't resist 'em! . . . And the fishes? . . . The poor, poor little bruised fishes dashed up by that terrible surf on the rocks! . . . She thought she never, never would get them all put back! . . . They kept coming and coming so! Every new wave! Flopping! — Flopping ——"

Rollins's breakfast had been sent to his room. You yourself wouldn't have wanted to spring Rollins on any one quite so early in the day. And with my best breakfast tray, my second best china, and sherry in the grapefruit, there was no reason certainly why Rollins in any way should feel discriminated against. Surely, as far as Rollins knew, every guest was breakfasting in bed.

Even without Rollins there was quite enough uncertainty in the air.

Everybody was talking — talking about the morning, I mean — not about yesterday morning; most certainly not about yesterday night! Babble, chatter, drawl, laughter,— the voices rose and fell. Breakfast indeed was just about over when a faint stir on the threshold made everybody look up.

It was the Drunken Stranger of the night before.

Heaven knows he was sober enough now. But very shaky! Yet collarless as he was and still unshaven,— our men had evidently not expected quite so early a resuscitation,— he loomed up now in the doorway with a certain tragic poise and dignity that was by no means unattractive.

"Why, hello!" said everybody.

"Hello!" said the Stranger. With a palpable flex of muscle he leaned back against the wainscoting of the door and narrowed his haggard eyes to the cheerful scene before him. "I don't know — where I am," he said, "or how I got here. . . . Or who you are." The faintly sheepish smile that quickened suddenly in his eyes, if not distinctly humorous, was at least plucky. "I think I must have had a drink," he said.

"I wouldn't wonder!" grinned Paul Brenswick.

"You are perfectly right," conceded George Keets.

"Have another!" suggested my Husband. "A straight and narrow this time! You look wobbly. There's nothing like coffee."

And still the Stranger stood undecided in the doorway. "I'm not very fit," he acknowledged. "Not with ladies. . . . But I *had* to know where I was." Blinking with perplexity he stared and stared at the faces before him. "I'm three thousand miles from home," he worried. "I don't know a soul this side of the Sierras. . . . I — I don't know how it happened ——"

"Oh, Shucks!" shrugged young Kennilworth. "Easiest thing in the world to happen to a stranger in a new town! 'Welcome to our City' — 'Welcome to our City' from night till morning and morning till night again! Any crowd once it gets started ——"

"Crowd?" brightened the Stranger. "I — I was in some sort of a — a crowd?" he rummaged hopefully through his poor bruised brain.

From her concentrated interest in a fried chicken bone, the May Girl glanced up with her first evidence of divided attention.

"Yes! You were!" she confided genially. "It was at the Railroad Junction. And when the Officer arrived, he said, 'I hate like the dickens to run this gentleman in, but if there's nobody to look after him —?' So I said you belonged to *me!*" said the May Girl. "I saw the crape on your sleeve!" said the May Girl.

"CRAPE — on — my — sleeve?" stammered the Stranger. With a dreadful gesture of incredulity he lifted his black-banded arm into vision. It was like watching a live heart torn apart to see his memory waken. "My — God!" he gasped. "My *God!*" Still wavering but with a really heroic effort to square his stricken shoulders, he swung back toward the company. His face was livid,— his voice, barely articulate. Over face and voice lay still that dreadful blight of astonishment. But when he spoke his statement was starkly simple. "I — I buried my wife — and unborn child — yesterday," he said. "In a strange land — among strangers I — I ——"

More quickly than I could possibly have imagined it, George Keets was on his feet beckoning the Stranger to the place which he himself had just vacated. And with his hands on the Stranger's shoulders he bent down suddenly over him with a curiously twisted little smile.

"Welcome to our — Pity!" said George Keets.

Between Paul Brenswick and his Bride there flashed a sharp glance of terror. It was as though the Bride's heart had gasped out, "What if I have to die some day?— And *This* day was wasted in rain?"

I saw young Kennilworth flush and turn away from that glance. I saw the May Girl open her eyes with a new baffled sort of perplexity.

It was then that Rollins came puttering in, grinning like a Chessy Cat, with his half-demolished breakfast sliding round rather threateningly on his ill-balanced tray. The strange exultancy of rain was in his eye.

"I thought I heard voices," he beamed. "Merry voices!" With mounting excitement he began to beat tunes with his knife and fork upon the delicate porcelain dome of his toast dish. "Am I a — King," he began to intone, "that I should call my own, this —?" Struck suddenly by the somewhat strained expression of Ann Woltor's face, he dropped his knife and fork and fixed his eye upon her for the first time with an unmistakable intentness.

"HOW DID YOU BREAK YOUR TOOTH?" beamed Rollins.

[*To be continued*]

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# The Old Woman of the Movies

[*Continued from page 11*]

glossiness of her beautiful soft white hair.

She admired the small and elegant house behind the iron railing, surrounded by a few trees. Just think all a woman can make with her feet! . . . But the approach of a young girl with white apron and cap cut short her inspection of the premises. This modish person had come in response to the bell. The old woman took an immediate dislike to her on account of her boyish ways, the haughty look with which she eyed her from top to toe, and her brusk tones.

"Good woman, if you have come to beg alms from the mistress, come some other day; she is not in."

The old woman shook with indignation. She had begun to shoot terrible shafts of irony at the flat chest of the maid, and her boyish angularity, raising rapidly the diapason of her insults, when she felt that some one was holding her by the shoulders. She turned around and saw standing at the gate an automobile that had just pulled up. A fashionable lady had stepped out of the car and was smiling at her, trying to embrace her.

"Grandma! Grandma!"

THE first thing that the old woman noted was that the famous dancer wore mourning, an expensive and exceedingly flashy mourning, but, after all, a mourning which could only be for her brother Albert. She found herself gently pushed inside the gate.

The old woman experienced one surprise after another as she saw the rooms of the dancer's house. There was a profusion of low couches, the floor was littered with cushions. The few pieces of furniture were so fragile that she did not dare touch them; the color of the walls and curtains so complicated that it made her dizzy.

When she mentioned Albert's name, the dancer was deeply moved.

"How I have felt his loss!" she said, her eyes wet with tears. "We didn't get along; he could not understand my way of living. But I loved him dearly."

She took a photograph prominently displayed on a small table and kissed it. It was Albert's picture. This faithfulness in conserving the memory of the dead brother touched the grandmother. And they had the audacity to say that Juliet was this and the other thing on account of her profession and the way she lived! . . . Lies! She was the best little girl in the world!

The old woman's enthusiasm cooled somewhat when she noted the serenity with which the dancer listened to the account of the discovery in the movies.

"It is curious, really curious," was all Juliet had to say about it. And she guessed what her grandmother wanted.

"You want to take me to see him, don't you? . . . All right; I'll go with you to-night, but on one condition only; that you stay to supper with me."

The thought of her brother had awakened other memories in her mind.

"Ay, grandma! Poor Albert was not the only one who went off to war. There are others who are still alive, and those who are alive inspire greater fear than the ones who are dead."

She was thinking of her friend, a rich young man whom the market woman had never seen; according to public rumors he would eventually marry Juliet.

They could not chat any more. It was time for tea and Juliet's lady friends began to arrive all decked in ultra-fashionable gowns, rare and flashy dresses which made the old woman dizzy and shook her faith in the status of her granddaughter. Some of the ladies envied Juliet her mourning despite their multi-colored attire. One of them went further in the expression of her opinions:

"How lucky to have some one dead in the family. Black is so becoming!"

All smoked. They had thrown themselves on the floor over white bear skins or on round, fluffy sofa pillows. Some stretched their limbs like lazy animals without regard to what they exposed to view; others crossed their arms over their propped-up knees and rested their chins on them.

The tea service lay on the floor in a great silver tray, the alcohol lamp sending up an almost invisible column of curling bluish smoke.

Juliet had presented her grandmother to her friends courageously.

"This is my grandmother who sells garden truck every morning in the Rue Trepic. I am as proud of my ancestors as any descendant of the Crusaders might be of hers."

General laughter. But the ladies gradually forgot the old woman. The latter wanted to get away. She did not approve of these customs, but at the same time she was afraid of offending her granddaughter. She moved cautiously from one chair to another, as a little girl who is plotting to slip out of a crowded parlor, until she reached the dining-room. There she regained courage, and straightening up fearlessly she ventured into the next corridor. She almost ran into the maid who was returning to the parlor with hot water for the tea, and she greeted her with an implacable snort.

"Prig! . . . Cat! . . ." she hissed.

After delivering herself of this supreme insult she felt more nimble and began to descend the steps which led to the kitchen. Here she admired more than up-stairs the wealth of her granddaughter. What a lot of pots as bright as suns!

The cook did the honors of her dominions, placing upon the table a bottle and two glasses. They drank all of it, discussing their sorrows. Then the cook drew out a picture, kissed it and showed it to her visitor.

"My son is a *Chasseur Alpine*, what they call a blue devil; he is in the Vosges."

The old market-woman, not to be outdone, drew out also another portrait.

"My grandson was killed, but he is now appearing every night in the movies."

The cook moved nervously in her chair, opening her eyes wide. Positively the old woman must be crazy. But, of course, she was the grandmother of the mistress.

The market-woman stayed in this paradise till supper-time, admiring its magnificence. Later when she found herself in the dining-room seated at an enormous table with her granddaughter, and her young women friends, she felt homesick and utterly out of her atmosphere. She disliked the dishes but admitted that she had never eaten so well before, but she was dying to have it over as soon as possible.

She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was almost eight.

"Don't be in a hurry, grandma," Juliet told her. "We have plenty of time."

Suddenly there was a commotion in the house — ringing of bells, shrieks of surprise, banging of doors, men's voices.

The servant burst in crying:

"Madam . . . It's the master!"

She did not say any more, but the old woman guessed the rest. The "master" could only be a certain person. The old woman rose with frowning gravity. There was one person too many in the room; and she knew who that person was. And then a fine-looking young man in the uniform of an aviator blew in like a water-spout. He did not have to advance much for the dancer flew into his arms.

A FEW moments before Juliet had been speaking of him with undisguised sadness. She had not seen him for six months. He had found it impossible to obtain leave until now.

"An unexpected leave . . . A brief mission in Paris . . . twenty-four hours only . . ." the aviator explained, his emotion almost choking him. But he could not go on. The lovers had clasped each other in a passionate embrace and their tremulous bodies oscillated under the impulse of their feelings. A volley of sonorous kisses, nearly as loud as the explosions of uncorked champagne, rent the silence of the room.

When she saw her go out, Juliet broke loose from the arms of her lover, and ran to intercept her grandmother.

"You see, grandma, he has come for twenty-four hours only. It's impossible to-day . . . Some other time. We must look after the living first."

The old woman found herself alone in the dark and frozen street. The public lights, hooded as a precaution against aerial attacks, shone with a very faint glow which only served to emphasize the deeper shadow which surrounded them. As she walked, she kept on repeating the same words, as in a litany.

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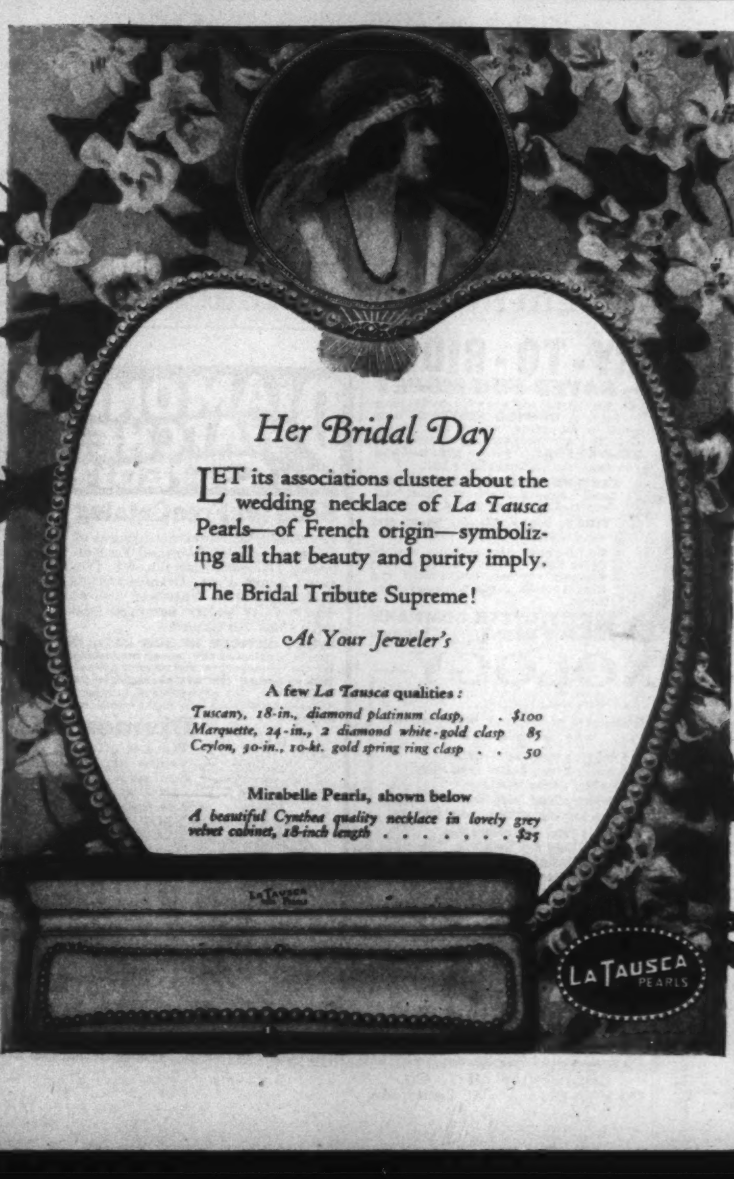

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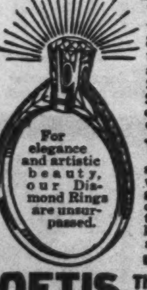
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All forgot the dead! Even in the theatre she noted this ingratitude. That night only a score of spectators had come. The public of this district cinema was tired of the adventures of the Alsatian girl and her pursuer. They knew them by heart already.

The old woman sat down with the dignity of a monarch who has ordered a performance for his own exclusive delectation. When her grandson appeared, she spoke to him with sad gentleness.

"Good evening, *mon petit*. All are abandoning you, all are forgetting you. Life is like that. But never mind; your grandmother will never leave you. Here you will find me every night . . . every night!"

The report began to circulate in the early hours of the afternoon, at first vague and indefinite. "Peace . . . Peace has been declared!" But, alas! the news had been so frequently announced before, without confirmation, that the old woman did not believe it. About mid-afternoon, however, everybody was convinced that it was true. The government had made public the existence of an armistice.

WITHOUT any clear idea of when or how it happened, the produce vendor found herself in the midst of an avalanche of people who surged irresistibly around her and swept her on toward the center of the city. She had caught the spirit of the crowds; frantic with joy, she shouted with the delirious throngs that filled the streets, and until dusk she lived as in a dream. She had a faint notion that the whole thing was a nightmare, replete with extravagant incidents. An agreeable nightmare whose ravings were born of enthusiasm, not of terror.

She had reached the Place de la Concorde. The multitude was singing patriotic airs and dragging the guns captured from the Germans which had been placed on exhibition in the great square. A group of young fellows made her climb on top of one of the field pieces, and carried her in triumph through the nearby streets. Her white hair flowing in the breeze, she raised her arms aloft and sang "*La Marseillaise*." She was greeted everywhere with thunderous applause. No one knew who she was but her presence aroused that instinctive veneration which old age always inspires. Some saw in her the glory of the Revolution triumphantly reawakened from a lethargy of more than a century.

Suddenly she found herself afoot and alone. The gun and the youths who were dragging it had disappeared. She was now in the Rue Royale, opposite the most fashionable row of restaurants. The patrons of Maxim's — rich people who could afford the luxury — were donating bottles of champagne to the crowd in honor of the great event.

Later, before she knew it, she was talking to a group of American soldiers. She adored the Americans. She knew they were Americans because they wore broad-brimmed felt hats with pointed tops. Fine-looking boys, healthy, strong, good-natured. Many of them reminded her of Albert.

"Hurrah for the United States!" she shouted.

They understood her gestures and winks far better than her words, but it made no difference to her. All one needs to get along with a foreigner is a little sympathy and good will. Infected by the contagious happiness of the old woman, the American soldiers laughed like big children, with boisterous guffaws which showed their strong jaws and splendid ivory-like teeth.

She kept her entire resources, the capital with which she carried on her ambulant business, in a linen bag fastened to her waist under the skirt. After sounding this and satisfying herself that she had enough money to treat her new friends, she made it clear by an adequate number of gestures and winks that she would pay for the drinks. But the Americans protested good-naturedly. The idea of permitting a woman to treat! The one who spoke French best explained:

"We are richer than you; we are paid in dollars."

She looked at the copper coins she had in her hand. *Centimes* only! But what difference did it make? . . .

"No, no," she objected vigorously. "You are now in my house. I insist on treating you, and if you refuse me. . . . Say, you wouldn't make an old woman cry, would you?"

They entered a café, and for a whole half hour the robust soldiers with pointed hats drank, celebrating with uproarious laughter the words and gestures of the merry old woman. Later, she found herself drinking with men of other countries who wore different uniforms and with French poilus whose gloomy aspect, in sharp contrast with the universal mad joy of the day, seemed to show that they had not entirely awakened from the horrible nightmare that had lasted four years.

At dusk the market-woman was exhausted. Her bones ached as if the multitude had tramped on her, as if she had received a million blows. Her own instinct carried her homeward, step by step, her sore feet dragging on the pavement. But despite her fatigue she joined every shouting group that she met. The need of rest and force of habit made her seek the tavern, where she found Crainqueville sitting alone, peering gloomily into a small empty glass which he had in front of him.

"I invite you also," the old woman told him. "This is a great day, Crainqueville. Peace! What do you think of peace?"

Crainqueville shrugged his shoulders. Aroused by the sight of the new glass which the *garçon* was serving him, he condescended to speak.

"Perhaps humanity will try to be better after this terrible trial. It is possible that it will regenerate and live for the first time with a little logic."

Then he smiled ironically, like his master. Once more possessed by eternal doubt, he added:

"Although, as a matter of fact, no one can say whether this poor humanity is worth regenerating. Perhaps it is useless even to ponder about its future. . . . "

Later on, the old woman felt the urge of another pleasure. She remembered with delight the dark moving-picture theatre and its entrancing visions — visions which she considered heavenly. What a joy to sit there for two whole hours in a comfortable chair chatting mentally with her grandson! Poor Albert probably had not heard yet the great news which had made such a sensation in Paris and in the whole world. She would tell him about it.

"Good night, Crainqueville," she said. "My grandson is waiting for me. No holiday for my poor little one. He works to-night like any other night."

The errant philosopher who had cheerfully accepted the make-believe life of his old friend, felt bound to offer a word of advice.

"You are killing yourself; you are eating too little and drinking too much; you are throwing away your money; before long you will have no capital left. Yesterday you had to buy half of your stock on credit. . . . In a week you seem to have lived several years."

But after this sensible reprimand, he smiled again his eternal smile of doubt and subtle irony.

"Well! If this amuses you . . . if you find your happiness in it . . . " And he shrugged his shoulders.

The old woman hastened away toward the cinematograph despite her benumbed legs which almost refused to move. She would rest comfortably in that agreeable hall. The city was still darkened, as during the War with its nights full of aerial perils; animated groups of people thronged the streets, bands played and the joyous crowds improvised dances at every crossing.

When she entered the foyer of the theatre, the doorkeeper greeted her merrily. He, too, was as happy as the rest of them.

"HURRAH for peace, grandma!' he exclaimed. Then, as if he remembered something of scant importance, he added with indifference: "Your grandson quit work last night . . . Gone! Brand-new program. Something worth while, grandma."

"What? . . . "

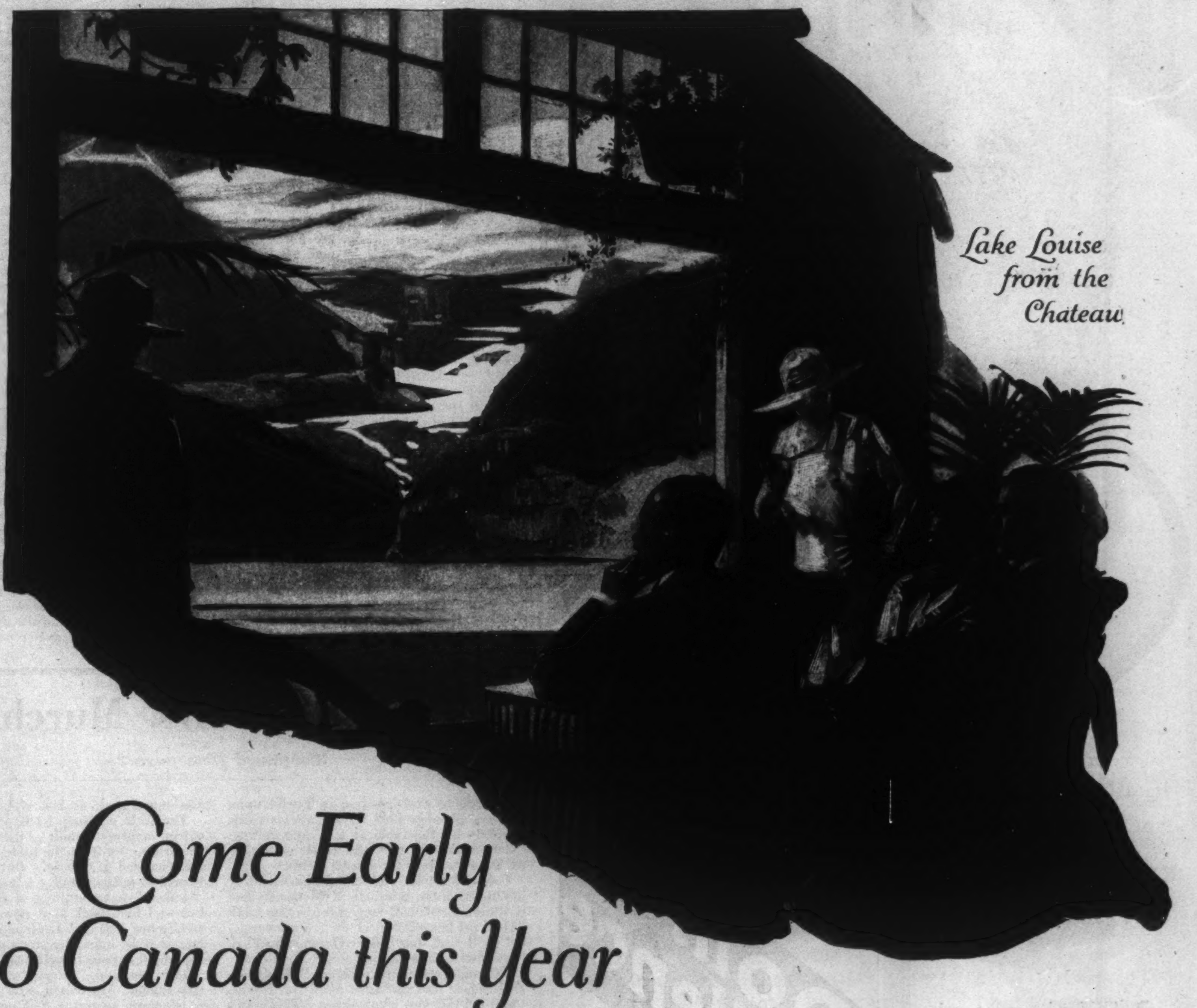
The old woman had leaned against the wall to support herself; she was intensely pale and her eyes seemed about to leap out of their orbits. The employee volunteered a few more remarks in answer to her exclamation of distress.

"The week is over, grandma. We change the program every seven days. The public was tired to death of the Alsatian girl and the *boche*. Now that we have peace we must give something else. No more war stuff. People want to forget the War and be happy. . . . Come in. There is an American film to-night, very funny . . . you will surely laugh."

The old woman staggered, although the slight disturbance of her faculties caused by a mild intoxication had instantly subsided.

"I sha'n't see him again," she moaned. "I sha'n't see him again." Then she summed up her despair in a phrase. "They have killed him a second time."

The spectators who were coming in crowded around the fainting woman. And the doorkeeper, out of regard for her, and to



*Lake Louise from the Chateau*

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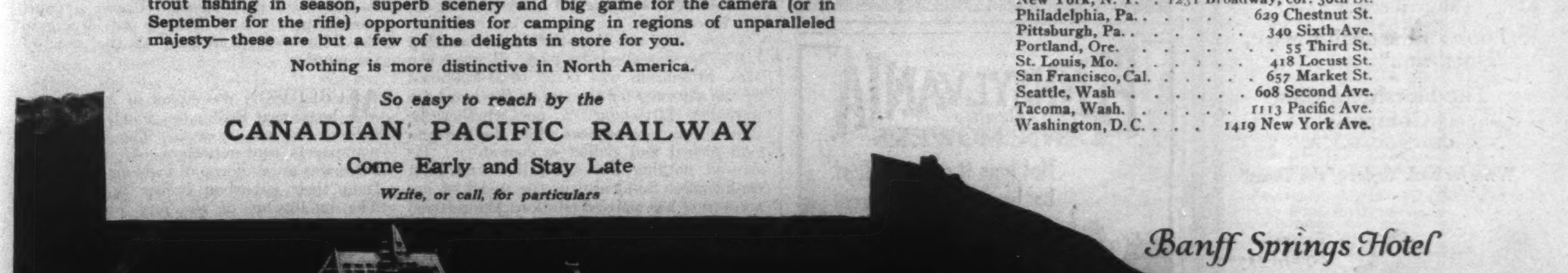


*Banff Springs Hotel*

avoid a jam at the entrance, did his best to cheer her up.

"Cheer up, grandma," he said. "You certainly are not going to die on such a day as this simply because we changed the program! . . . Anyway . . . anyway . . . Let me see." He asked the box-office lady for a paper, which he began to read anxiously, rising on tiptoe to receive the light of a ceiling lamp. "Let's see . . ." he continued, talking to himself, "this stupid picture of the Alsatian girl ought to be exhibited somewhere. A rotten film, pieced together out of odds and ends. They are probably showing it in some third-rate theatre. . . . That's it: here it is."

And he gave the old woman the name of a street and a moving-picture hall.

"A little far, grandma, in Grenelle, on the opposite side of Paris. Take the subway. You can see your grandson there for a whole week." And after this he paid no further attention to her, for he was too busy handling the large crowd that had come attracted by the new program.

The old woman found herself once more in the street. She had an obsession, a fixed idea. "They killed him again," she kept on repeating. "On this day when everyone is happy, they killed him a second time." But the will-power of the humble market-woman who had struggled against adversity all her life, reacted against the situation. They had killed him there, but he would resurrect in another place. She must go to meet him.

She examined again the contents of the linen bag in which she kept her capital; but alas! a careful exploration produced only a few copper coins — fifty *centimes* in all! — enough to buy an admission ticket in that unknown theatre of Grenelle, but there was no money left to pay the subway fare. Unwittingly she had squandered all her resources in the uproarious adventures of that great afternoon. She would have to walk to Grenelle. But it was so far . . . so terribly far!

A strange thought crossed her mind. "Suppose I beg. This is a day of universal rejoicing. People will take pity on me when they see how old and worn out I am." But despite her fatigue, she immediately straightened up with a gesture of offended dignity. No! She had never begged, and it was too late to begin now.

"I must see him . . . I must see him!"

She advanced a few more steps and dropped utterly exhausted upon one of the boulevard benches. The doors of the cafés and cabarets blazed in the twilight like the openings of heated ovens. The music of the various orchestras blended in merry discord. Couples passed and disappeared in the darkness.

"So far! . . . So far!" the old woman sighed.

Suddenly a soldier stood smiling in front of her, a soldier in white from the top of his trench helmet to his heavy shoes; curiously enough, she could see through his body; she could see the surrounding trees, the next bench and the people who passed by. He seemed to be made of glass, or thin vapor, or impalpable foam. And now he was beckoning to her to follow him! She got up to obey and the soldier stalked away.

"My limbs ache," she moaned. "I cannot follow you. It's too far to Grenelle . . . several kilometers. I'll never get there."

She dropped on another bench and the transparent soldier stopped, turning toward her his gloomy visage.

"Don't look so sad," she begged. "If you knew how tired I am! . . . But your grandmother will never abandon you. . . . Albert, wait for me. I am coming, *mon petit!*"

And the woman, making a supreme effort, rose again and went on in pursuit of the phantom through the cold, dreary, interminable streets. Guided by our fond memories, we poor human beings go through the asperities of life in search of Illusion.

*Ibañez will have another story — "The Four Sons of Eve" — in the June McClure's; such a story as only this author can write.*

# The Story of Mrs. Murchison

[*Continued from page 25*]

were arguing a proposition in Euclid upon which a life depended, laying all his cards solemnly on the table at last, and ending: "Gentlemen, there is the truth as far as we know it. It is for you to decide."

I should not have observed him with any intelligent interest at all, if McQuade had not announced, half-way through the trial: "He'll get her off!"

"He'll get her off," Orpen chuckled, "because she's innocent."

"Change attorneys with me," McQuade challenged, like the Irish after the Boyne, "and I'll lick you hands down. This man's a great criminal lawyer."

Orpen laughed. "Hear Mac hunting an alibi!"

None of us liked McQuade; he was too cocksure and egotistic; but we all respected his intelligence. Accordingly, we began to study Littlejohn like a clinic of dramatic critics dissecting a new Hamlet. And I decided — as dramatic critics will — that if Littlejohn was not merely "playing himself," he was a genius. That is to say, I realized that if he was not whole-souledly convinced of his client's innocence, he was simulating the exterior of such a conviction with incredible art. But then, I believed that she was innocent.

I saw only one doubtful indication that Littlejohn was playing a part. It was when Mrs. Murchison was being cross-examined by the attorney for the state. We had been watching Littlejohn to see whether he showed any nervousness while the prosecution picked and pulled at her story. He showed nothing but a massive and inert confidence. Suddenly, in the midst of her account of her married relations, she referred to her husband as her "father," and Littlejohn dropped his eyes to the papers on the table before him. The state attorney corrected her. "You mean your husband," he said. She replied "Yes" — but obviously without being aware that she was being corrected. A moment later, she said "my father" again. The lawyer asked sarcastically: "Why do you refer to Mr. Murchison as your father?" She looked at him bewildered, with a queer confused expression, as if she realized that she had been thinking of Murchison as her father. She murmured, at last: "I don't know."

The state attorney let it pass with a sort of contemptuous sniff. Littlejohn had not raised his eyes from the table. His face had not changed a muscle. But his ears had turned as red as a guilty schoolboy's.

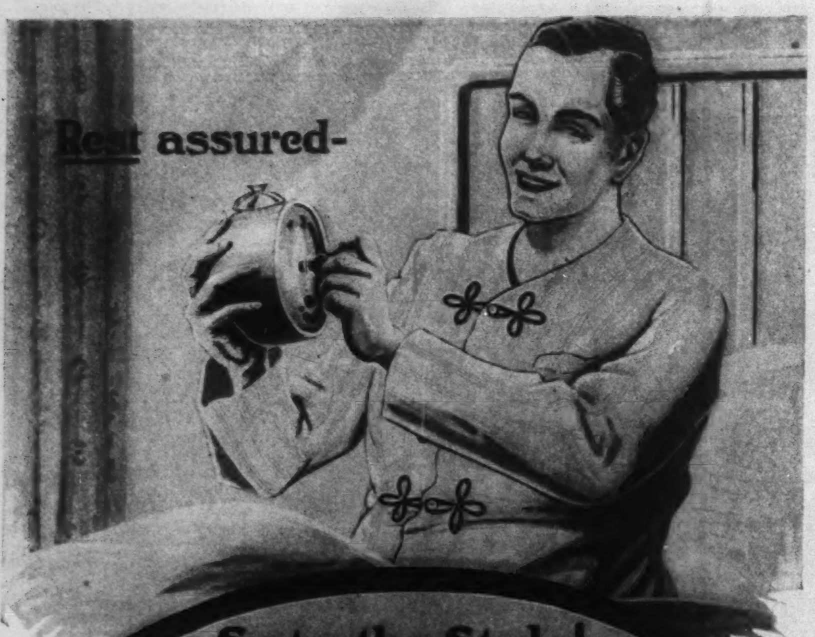
I could make nothing of it at the time, but as I look back at it now I recognize it as the one betrayal Littlejohn made of the fact that he knew her story and was afraid she might expose herself, inadvertently.

Her husband, as you may recall, was old Lucius Murchison who began life as a telegraph operator and ended it as the controlling owner of great accumulations of telegraph and telephone stock. He was almost as eccentric a figure in Wall Street as Russell Sage. He had few friends and apparently no confidants. He guarded his privacy from newspaper intrusion so jealously that it was a public surprise when the murder trial disclosed that Mrs. Murchison had once been his private secretary. She was his second wife, and he was her second husband. He had had a family of daughters by his first marriage, but he was estranged from them. She had had a son, romantically named Wallace Bruce — her first husband having been one "Aleck" Bruce, a court stenographer — and Wallace was living in the Murchison household at the time of the murder.

MURCHISON was killed in his country house near Bedlington, and the trial was held at the county-seat. The New York newspapers sent reporters, of course; and there was an audience of fashionable women from their suburban homes in the hills. The intelligence of the jury was as difficult to appraise as a country jury's always is. The state attorney kept presenting them with the dilemma: "If she did not kill him, who did? No one else could have done it." Littlejohn persisted in the simple reiteration: "She is innocent. We do not know who killed him, but she is innocent. It is for you to decide who killed him, but she is innocent."

It was an easy line of defense to take, but not so easy to maintain in the face of the evidence.

Murchison had been found dead on the



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floor of his bedroom with his throat cut. All the doors of his room had been locked on the inside, and he was lying near the door of the bathroom that communicated with his wife's room. His razor, from the bathroom shelf, was found in his bed, and the blood on the pillows made it probable that his throat had been cut while he slept. Blood and finger-prints on the knob and key of the bathroom door indicated that he had staggered from his bed to close and lock that door, and had fainted while he was trying to get back to another door to summon help from the hall. And there was a written note on his dresser-top — a note in an unformed girlish backhand — saying: "God is not mocked. Pray for me."

MRS. Murchison, suffering from insomnia, had obtained some sleeping tablets from her physician on the previous day; she had taken several of these before going to bed that night; and she had evidently taken an overdose; because her maid had been unable to waken her in the morning, had knocked frantically on Murchison's door and, failing to arouse him either, had telephoned for the doctor. It was some time before the physician succeeded in bringing Mrs. Murchison back to consciousness. In the meantime, the servants had forced Murchison's door and found him murdered.

At first, rumor had it that Mrs. Murchison had killed her husband and tried to kill herself. But the amazing message on the dresser was not in her handwriting. She wrote a very professional, flowing and secretarial, Spencerian script. And if she had intended to make a confession and kill herself, why should she disguise her writing?

It was the theory of the prosecution that she had risen in the night, had entered her husband's room through the bathroom — taking his razor from the bathroom shelf — and had cut his jugular vein while he slept. The pain of the wound had wakened him. He had struggled with her, and she had fled. He had locked his door against her and died while he was trying to call some one to his aid. The note on the dresser had been written by her, in a disguised hand, to cast suspicion elsewhere. And, to account for the overdose of the sleeping-draught, it was charged that she had taken a first dose, risen in the night, written the message in a disguised hand, killed her husband, taken a second draught, and slept till the doctor brought her to.

This was an arguable theory up to a certain point, but there were several difficulties with it. A maid had attended Mrs. Murchison in her rooms that night and had seen her prepare for bed. She had taken her medicine eagerly and fallen asleep within an hour — for the maid had returned to ask her some question about household matters, had found her asleep and had turned out an electric light that was still burning on her bedside table. This maid testified that Mrs. Murchison, in the morning, was sleeping in the same nightgown in which she had retired, and that it bore no evidences whatever of any such bloody struggle as had apparently taken place in Murchison's room. The doctor testified that her hands and arms showed no scratches, no bruises. She had been working in flower-beds that afternoon. She was "very choice" about her hands, as the maid said. She had put lotion on them at night and had gone to bed in gloves. She still wore the gloves when she was wakened. They were put in evidence at the trial so that the jury might see there were no blood stains on them.

The prosecution tried to insinuate that she had worn gloves in order to overcome the danger of leaving finger-prints on the razor, or the door handle, or the paper on which she wrote "God is not mocked." Littlejohn destroyed that insinuation with one earnest sentence in his summing-up: "If a woman intended to murder her husband in gloves, so as to leave no finger-prints, she would hardly let her maid see her making her guilty preparations to that end; she would put on the gloves secretly and hide them when she took them off; and she would hardly choose gloves of white kid."

Mrs. Murchison herself destroyed the probability that she had written the message on the dresser-top. At the state attorney's direction, on the witness stand, she wrote and rewrote "God is not mocked. Pray for me," over and over, with her gloves on and with them off, in an attempted backhand and even in a labored imitation of the guilty script. Nothing could overcome the difference between the faltering and unformed writing of the message and her own strong and professional chirography.

The message was scrawled, in lead pencil, on the back of an envelop addressed to Murchison. There had been a number of letters to him lying on the dresser, and the murderer had evidently taken the one nearest at hand. And there had been handy, too, a gold pocket-pencil attached to a watch-chain, which Murchison had placed there, with his watch, before he went to bed. No finger-prints were recognizable on the metal. There was no blood on the envelop, but, of course, it was obvious that the message had been written before the murderer attacked Murchison.

Altogether, there was no definite circumstantial evidence to connect Mrs. Murchison with the incriminating note. It used the terms of religious fanaticism, and she was not even a church member. Had she ever heard the phrase "God is not mocked"? Yes. She had had the usual religious instruction in her youth. Her father had been a very devout man, and she thought she remembered him saying "God is not mocked." She could not be sure.

Her father, for religious reasons, had objected to her marriage with her first husband, an agnostic. She ran away from home, and she never saw her father again. He died. After her marriage, she ceased attending church. She did not think of religion very often, now. Did she believe in Hell? She did not know. She thought not. In her girlhood she had worried very much about things of that sort, but now she just tried "to be kind and just to people and not to do any one any harm."

"Do you believe," the prosecutor thundered, "that murder will be punished in the other world?"

"Yes," she said, wearily, "I should think *that* would be, if anything was."

He threatened her with an accusing forefinger. "Don't you *know* it? Doesn't your *conscience* tell you?"

"I try not to judge people," she replied. "I don't feel capable of judging wisely. I'm not very intelligent."

And it was impossible to decide whether or not she knew she had evaded him.

When he first asked her to write the words "God is not mocked. Pray for me," she hesitated and held back. He demanded: "You have some aversion to writing those words, have you?" And she answered hoarsely: "Yes. I was fond of Mr. Murchison. He was very kind to me."

This pitifully choked reply was received by the court-room with a sibilant whisper of sympathy that was almost a hiss against the prosecutor. The judge said gravely: "It would be well if the counsel conducted his cross-examination so as to give less the impression of a 'third degree.'"

Consequently, he approached, with some emotional handicap, the problem of proving Mrs. Murchison's motive for the murder. He asked her whether she had married Murchison for money. After a transparent pause for thought, she replied: "I wanted a home for myself and Wallace. Mr. Murchison offered me one. I respected him. He was always considerate, gentle——"

"Did you love him?" the attorney broke in.

"I — I liked him," she said. "He was——"

"Did you *love* him?"

"There are so many different sorts of love——"

"You know the sort I mean."

"He was a good man——"

"Did you love him?"

She thought a moment, as if examining herself, looking up at the dingy court-room window with unseeing eyes. Her face changed. "Why, yes," she said, deeply, as if realizing the truth for the first time. "I think I *did*."

The attorney tried to cover his discomfiture by asking: "Did you get the money you married him for?"

Littlejohn interposed: "If the court will permit——"

"Objection sustained," the judge snapped. "There is no evidence that she married him for money."

"Well, then," the prosecutor sneered, "was your allowance as large as you expected it to be?"

"I hadn't expected anything definite," she explained. "He paid all the household bills and left me a check for myself on the first of every month."

"And your son? Did he have all the money he needed?"

"I never took money from Mr. Murchison for my son," she said. "I supported him out of my allowance."

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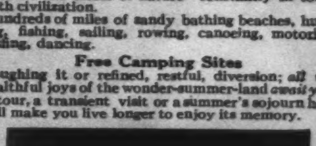

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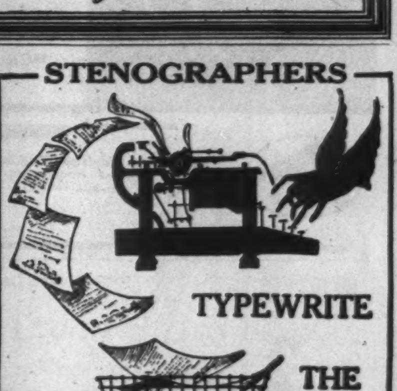

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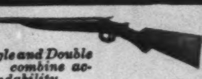

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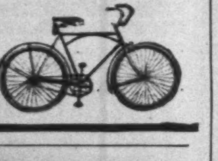

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"Did you have some feeling about taking money from Mr. Murchison for your son?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Well, it appeared — to summarize a tedious examination — that she and Murchison had had a tacit disagreement about the boy's education, about the way in which she mollycoddled him, and so forth. Murchison had evidently felt some jealousy of her devotion to the boy. And he was not very sympathetic with young people. He was just, but he was stern. They had never quarreled about Wallace. No. But she had often felt depressed because Murchison did not take the boy into his affection. It was the one thing in the world that had worried her.

"As a result of this worry," the prosecutor asked her, "did you ever feel an impulse to kill your husband?"

"If I had," she said, "I should have thought I was going insane."

"Did you ever think that you would be happier if your husband were dead?"

"No. I was happier than I had ever been before."

"Did you know that in case of his death you were entitled to a third of his estate under the law?"

"He was not unwell. We had never spoken of his death. I did not know anything about his financial affairs."

"Did you know that you were entitled to a third of his estate?"

"I didn't know how large the estate was."

"I appeal to the court," he cried, exasperated, "to direct the witness to answer my question."

The judge said sourly: "She seems to be answering the intent and purpose of it."

"Did you know how large your — I mean did you know you were entitled to a third of your husband's estate?"

"No," she said. "I thought it depended on his will."

"Then you *did* think about his will, *didn't* you?"

"Not till after he was dead. Then I wondered what was going to become of me."

LOOKING back on that cross-examination, now—with what I have since learned—I recognize as guileful the way in which she avoided giving a direct answer to the prosecutor's question about whether she had ever felt an impulse to kill her husband. But I can recall no reserve of expression, no change of tone, to indicate where guile was hidden. Her manner, throughout, was the manner of an innocent, defenseless woman, grief-stricken, resigned and dignified. It was impossible for any merely human jury to find her guilty.

But if *she* had not killed her husband, who had?

Murchison had been accustomed to lock all the doors of his bedroom except the door to the bathroom that communicated with his wife's chamber. And Mrs. Murchison usually locked the outer door of her room, too, so that their sleeping apartments were cut off from the rest of the house. She had gone to bed on this night before the maid had finished in the room. She had intended to rise and lock the door later, after she had read a while, but the drug had evidently overcome her unexpectedly. The murderer, therefore, had had access to Murchison's room, from the hall, through her bedchamber. But if Murchison had not been attacked by her, why did he not go to her for aid? Why, with his last effort, did he lock his door against her and try to summon assistance elsewhere?

Why, indeed?

The prosecution began its case by showing that the down-stairs doors and windows had been locked all night. And the servants who opened them in the morning testified that none of them had been tampered with. Murchison's bedroom windows, on the second floor, had been open, but they were covered with wire fly-screens that hooked on the inside. Mrs. Murchison's windows were similarly protected. There were no footprints in the flower-beds beneath those windows. No one had entered the house from the outside till the doctor arrived. It seemed beyond doubt, therefore, that Murchison had been killed by some one in the family.

But the servants, and their relations with Murchison, and the conditions in the family generally, were all as old-fashioned as the doors. Murchison had lived a simple, patriarchal sort of life in the country, surrounded by retainers who had been with him for years. The housekeeper, who was sixty years old, was the wife of the gardener who was seventy. The dining-room maid and the housemaid were her nieces. Mrs. Murchison's maid was a simple-looking Irish girl, a relative and protégée of the coachman. And so, with the others, they were all put on the witness stand, and they added some comedy to the case, but their testimony made it impossible to believe that any of them could have killed Murchison. They spoke of him with reverential and affectionate awe. He overpaid them. And he had never corrected or complained of one of them in his life apparently.

The housekeeper ruled them for him—and for Mrs. Murchison—with a motherly tyranny. She spoke of them as if she felt nothing for them but tolerant contempt. Did she suspect any of them of having killed Murchison? "Kill!" she cried. "I can't get one o' them to kill a *hen* when I need it. I have to get Johnny Bowes, the butcher's boy, to come an' do it for me."

Young Wallace Bruce was out of the reckoning, because he had gone, that day, to visit some school chums at the seaside. There was no one on whom the faintest sort of plausible suspicion could be fastened — except Mrs. Murchison. She *must* be guilty, unless you were to believe that Murchison himself had written the "Pray for me" note in a disguised hand, had gone back to bed with his razor to cut his own throat, and had then crawled out again, for no reason whatever, and staggered across the room to lock the bathroom door.

For a time there was a suspicious discrepancy between Mrs. Murchison's testimony as to the number of sleeping tablets she had taken and the evidence of the box containing what remained of the drug. At first she swore that she had taken but one tablet. The druggist testified that he had given her two dozen tablets on the doctor's prescription. There were only twenty-one tablets left in the box. It was to account for this latter number that the prosecution charged her with rising in the night and taking the second dose that left her stupefied till the doctor revived her.

Littlejohn solved the puzzle ingeniously. The doctor's prescription had not specified the size of the dose. He had at first told her, he said, to take two tablets. Then he had changed his mind and advised her that one would be sufficient. When Mrs. Murchison was on the stand, Littlejohn brought out that she had been in doubt about how many tablets to take. She thought the doctor had ordered one, and then she remembered that he had prescribed two. As she recalled her hesitation, she could not be sure whether she had taken one or two.

"Is it possible," Littlejohn asked, "that you dissolved one in the water, and then, on second thoughts, decided that you should take two — and added *two more*, absent-mindedly?"

"Yes," she admitted, "that is possible."

And the doctor testified that if she had taken three tablets upon going to bed, she must have slept from the time the maid left until he himself revived her in the morning.

This became the strongest point in Littlejohn's summing-up. The next strongest was the obvious one that she had no motive for killing her husband. And, finally, there was no circumstantial evidence to connect her with the crime except the single fact that Murchison had locked his door against her after he had been attacked.

"The dying man," Littlejohn said, "staggering around his room in the dark, may have mistaken his direction and locked the wrong door. Or he may have supposed that he had been attacked by his wife because he saw his assailant flee into her bedchamber. Or, in the extremity of his panic, he may have been thoughtless enough to try to save himself by locking the murderer in his wife's room while he summoned aid.

"Who was that murderer? Because all the doors and windows of the house were locked, the prosecution contends that he — or she — must have been a member of the Murchison household. But he may have entered the house earlier in the evening, before it was locked up for the night, and concealed himself till the servants were asleep. Escaping through Mrs. Murchison's bedroom, he may have returned to his hiding-place and made off in the morning under cover of the excitement in the house, when the doors were opened again.

"It is plain, from the terms of his written confession, that he — or she — was a religious maniac. Neither Mrs. Murchison, nor any other member of the household, can be suspected of religious mania. And if she wrote the message in a disguised hand, in order to throw suspicion else-

(*Continued on page 75*)

*In one of these four men, perhaps, you will find a man whose position and income were much the same as yours*

# What happens to the income of men?

FOUR average business men, typical of thousands of others who enrol for the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute—what happens to the incomes and the business positions of such men when they add an all-round business training to their practical business experience?

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AN assistant cashier was earning $3,000 a year at the time of his enrolment with the Institute; today he is Vice-President and his salary is $7,200.

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The combined earning power of these men has increased more than 300%; and every one of them states in his own handwriting that the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been one of the most important, if not the most important factor, in his success.

## *"Would you advise other ambitious men to enroll?"*

WE asked each one of them to answer that question in complete frankness.

"By all means," the Vice-President answered, "because the knowledge one obtains is practical and not theoretical. Especially does this apply to men who have not had long years of schooling in youth."

"Would advise to enrol at once," the General Manager answered. "It is a real help in understanding and solving everyday problems."

"Yes," said the Department Head, "because, other things being equal, advancement depends upon a broad knowledge of business facts and a firm grasp of business principles."

"Yes," said the Sales Manager, "because I feel that the time I invested in the Course was the best investment I ever made."

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TO such men increased earning power comes as a matter of course; neither they nor the Institute think in terms of money. They think in terms of achievement; the money takes care of itself.

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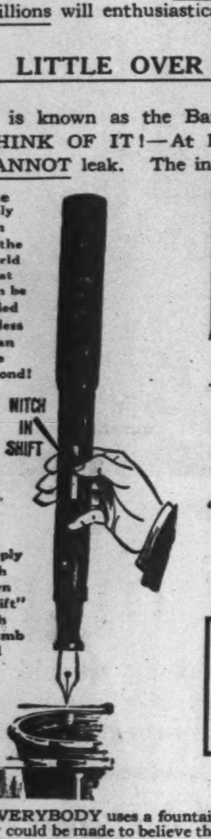
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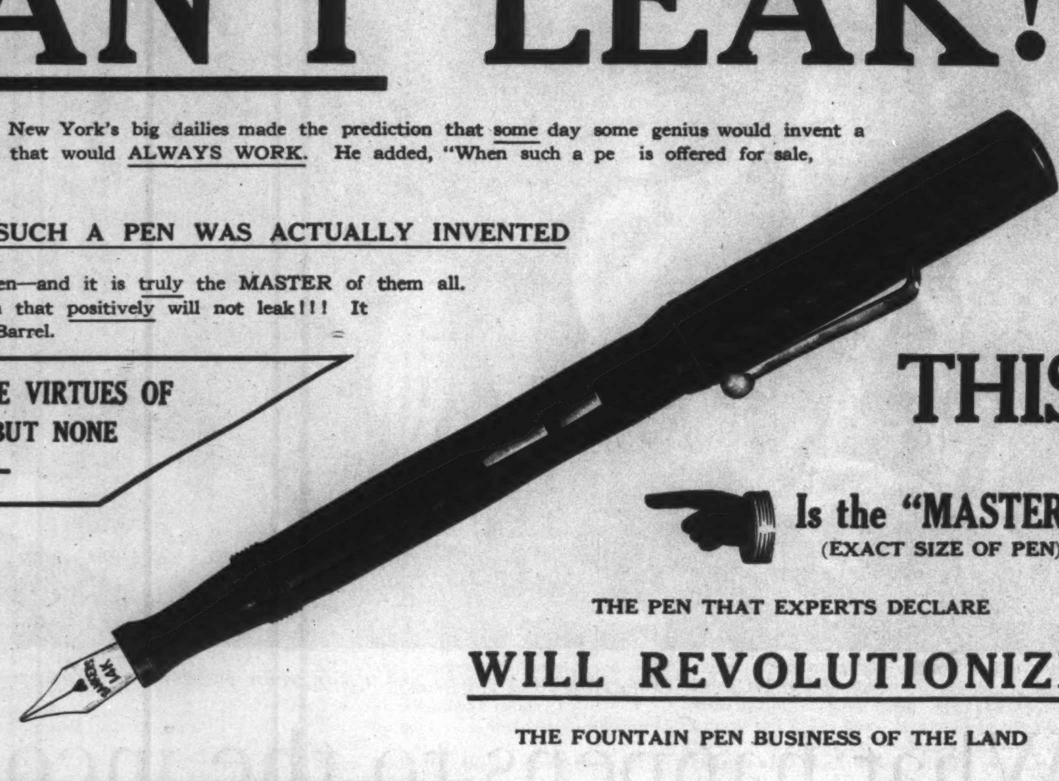

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90 per cent who are in doubt as to the selection of pen point, order a medium

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Thank you for the opportunity to purchase such a pen. I cannot see how a pen could be better than your "Master."

**From W. L. Thorndyke.
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The pen I bought of you is the BEST PEN I'VE EVER OWNED and I've had any God's quantity of them.

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I feel I owe you an unsolicited acknowledgment of the great satisfaction your pen gives me. It is perfect in workmanship, does not leak, and it is better than any other I have ever used.

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**McClure Book Co.**
76 Fifth Ave., New York

# The Story of Mrs. Murchison

[*Continued from page 72*]

where, why did she not write it in terms that would accomplish her end? Why did she not sign some name to it? Why did she write a message which has thrown suspicion nowhere?

"The learned counsel for the prosecution argues that Mrs. Murchison was the person who would chiefly profit by her husband's death. But he has failed to show that she had any wish to profit by it. He argues that—under the peculiar circumstances of her husband's death—she was the person who was most easily able to do away with him. But he has failed to show that she took advantage of her opportunity. The wife of any wealthy man is most likely to profit under his will; and she is likely to be, by circumstances, most able to kill him in his sleep. On such evidence as the prosecution has presented against Mrs Murchison, the wife of any murdered man could be suspected of his murder. It is not enough. Suspicion, however well-founded, is not enough.

"It was for this reason that I allowed my client to go on the witness stand in her own defense. It seemed to me that her innocence would be so evident that no suspicion of her could endure. For this reason, too, I made no objection to the many objectionable questions which the prosecution asked her. Throughout the trial, I have made no attempt to take advantage of those technicalities by means of which a lawyer may so often protect a guilty client. I allowed Mrs. Murchison to be put through an examination so unreasonably merciless that the court has rightly characterized it as a 'third degree.' I had no fear of the result. I knew that Mrs. Murchison wished not only to prove her own innocence but to give to the state every aid in finding the murderer, by answering any question that could throw the faintest light whatever on the circumstances of the crime."

Long before he had finished his argument, it was evident that the jury was on his side He spoke as if he were one of them, their foreman, in the jury room itself, going over the case with them impartially, and trying only to arrive at a just conclusion. And they listened to him, absorbedly, with reflective faces, unconscious of everything but the points that he made. Whereas, they were restless while the prosecutor spoke, listened self-consciously, and looked at his hands or down at his feet when he tried to hold their eyes while he emotionalized them with his eloquence.

[*The conclusion of the strange story of Mrs. Murchison will appear in* McCLURE'S *for June*]

# The Asset Called Ann

[*Continued from page 27*]

beyond that, masses of foliage that September, the futurist, was trying out color schemes upon. As they lingered there, a short length of shining wire, coming from an upper window, plopped into the river. Sturgis glanced questioningly at Ann.

"Another pleasing little device to escape fines," she explained. "That's piano wire. They are fined if there are any short lengths — so they throw them out into the river."

Before Sturgis could frame a comment a train whistled. He pulled out his watch. "By George," he exclaimed. "I've got to be thinking of getting back."

"Must you return to-night?" she asked.

"I must," he said. And then, as the afterthought came to him: "Unless there's a train out of here at six G. M."

"There is," she assured him — and blushed unaccountably.

"Then I'll stay," he said. "What's the name of your leading hotel?"

She smiled. "The Croft House — Henry Croft and Daughter, Proprietors."

The conventional amount of polite protestation overruled, Sturgis found himself walking home with her. The Crofts lived in a pleasant rambling white house, where they were greeted by a motherly housekeeper —Sturgis had already grasped that there would be no Mrs. Croft.

Later, with dinner finished, they all went into the comfortable living room,

Sturgis, feeling their expectancy, began to talk about the factory. He declared he was deeply interested in it. He had an idea that, perhaps, might be worth something It wasn't quite ready to be discussed yet, but he was going to run down again soon, if he might. Soon! He wished he might stay longer now, but business was pressing. And if, from the manner in which he said that, his audience might have gathered that the weight of far heftier concerns than Ephraim Wingate and Company were upon his wide young shoulders, this should be forgiven him. He was thirty and he was human — and Ann's eyes were upon him.

Later still he was in his room, lying awake in the fragrant dark. "I wonder," he thought, as sleep closed in on him, "if she'll get up at six G. M."

In the morning it was apparent that this had been her intention. Croft was on hand too; they all breakfasted together.

"You've given me fresh courage," said Croft, simply, but with great sincerity, as he bade Sturgis good-bye.

"Thank you — so much," said Ann.

It was evident to Sturgis that God was in his heaven and all was right with the world. He had an inevitable suspicion that Old Eph might not agree with him but he felt equal to at least a dozen Old Eph's that morning.

"It all boils down to this," he informed Old Eph, "that Croft needs only time and additional credit to pull him through."

Old Eph started to rumble but Sturgis ignored this.

"We can force him to the wall — which means that we lose a good customer." I — he met Old Eph's eye head on,—"have assured him that we will not do that."

"You have!" began Old Eph ferociously. "What about his assets?"

"Adequate," said Sturgis cheerfully. "I've looked them all over."

He did not mention, as will be noted, that among them was one named Ann.

Sturgis returned to his desk. "The next thing," he thought, "is to corral Fish Williams and get the dope I need."

Fisher Williams was a friend and contemporary whose profession, as he explained it, was to take factories apart to see what made them tick and then put them together again.

"With half a dozen pieces left over?" Sturgis had scoffed.

"Exactly," agreed Williams, complacently, "cut out the useless junk."

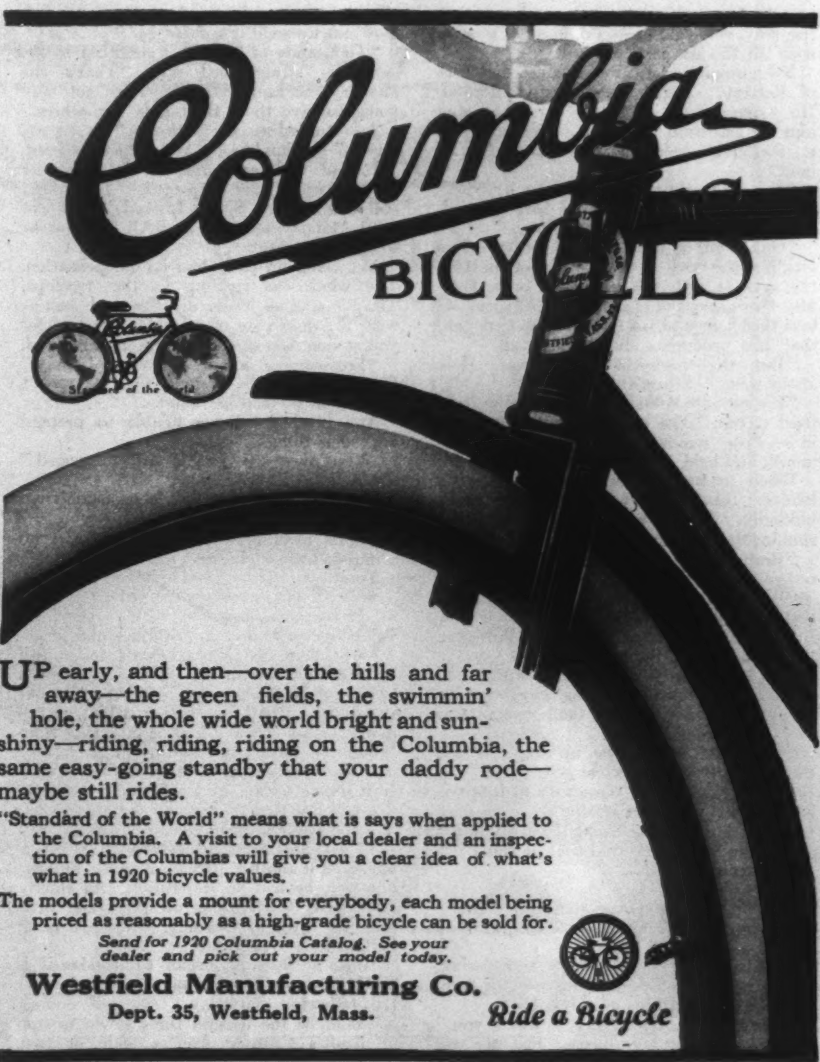
They had gone to college together, they had fished and hunted together They had even rushed the same girl at the same time. But where Sturgis had been merely mildly interested in these various pursuits, Williams was a born zealot. His frequent and fervent devotion to some member of the opposite sex was notorious.

Fish greeted Sturgis without pausing in his task which was the preoccupied examination of the business end of a shotgun. He was tall, too, with sandy hair and blue eyes. His hair was rumpled and he was smoking an ancient brier.

"Contemplating suicide again?" Sturgis demanded, as his host closed one eye and squinted the other down the barrel. "What's her name this time?"

"You wrong me," said Fish, amiably. "I'm off the so-called fair sex for life. I've decided to become a hermit. To fish and shoot and live the simple life. By the way, what do you say to a week-end shoot?"

"Too busy," Sturgis replied. Then with elaborate casualness, "By the way, you were speaking about a piano factory in Fort-Something-or-Other a few nights ago. Just what was the scheme they tried out



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Town ....................................................
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there? It was mighty darn interesting the way you told it — I'd like to hear it with all the details."

No normal man is proof against that sort of flattery. Fish was eminently normal. He expanded visibly, and Sturgis giving him an attention that was as respectful as it was unprecedented, he talked for an hour.

"It sounds almost too good to be true," Sturgis observed, when Fish had finished. "What do the knockers say?"

"Oh, a lot of hard-shelled conservatives kick like the devil at the thought of splitting the savings with the employees on a fifty-fifty basis, and a lot of suffering-eyed socialists tear their hair and say fifty-fifty isn't enough, that the producers should have all."

"But the workmen themselves. How about them?" Sturgis broke in.

"It's sure-fire hokum. Other factories have tried it out. The one this pipe was made in"— Fish removed the brier from his mouth and held it up — "for instance ——"

When he finished the clock was striking twelve. Sturgis yawned and rising, said unkindly, "Well, when all factories get running that way I see the end of you chaps."

"Brains will never fail of a market," returned Fish cheerfully.

"Better lay in a supply," Sturgis suggested, moving toward the door.

"About that shoot," called Williams. "I'll call you up Saturday anyway."

This he did, only to learn that Sturgis had gone out of town. Seeking more specific information he was told that Sturgis was at Croft's Crossing.

"Now just *what* is he up to," thought Fish, replacing the receiver.

Sturgis would have vigorously maintained he was in Croft's Crossing on business. In support of this he could have submitted a telegram he had received that morning. This read:

"Can you come over week-end? Important. ANN CROFT."

Sturgis, arrived at Croft's Crossing, found the outer office deserted save for Ann. She came toward him quickly.

"Please don't tell father I wired you," she said, lowering her voice. "Just say you dropped in. The men have given him an ultimatum ——"

Sturgis nodded reassurance. "I'm glad you sent for me," he added.

Henry Croft was in his office.

"I'm glad to see you," he said. "I've written all my creditors, as you suggested. The response has been all that you prophesied. That isn't the trouble. It's internal. The men are talking strike."

Ann had stayed, making no pretense of business at the filing case this time. Her eyes, frankly imploring, were upon Sturgis.

"That," said Sturgis, "is the very thing I came to talk to you about. It's perfectly apparent that your problem is right here and that the only solution is increased production without increased costs. The men want an answer. Call a mass meeting Monday morning and give it to them. The men don't know what you are up against. Give them the cold facts, backed up by figures ——"

"They don't give a hoot," Croft began.

"You can't prove that. Tell them frankly you've reached the point where, unless they pitch in and help, there will be no factory, no jobs. Then tell them that if they will do their share there will be a better factory, better jobs, more money.

"Tell them that you've drawn up resolutions that you want every man to sign. I've got a copy of these for you. Tell them that this is the factory's constitution — that you're building a democracy. Tell them that from now on there will be a weekly mass meeting at which any man can bring up any question of interest to himself, whether it's a grievance, a suggestion to save money, or a question ——"

Ann interrupted. "But what they want is more money!"

"That," explained Sturgis, "is the other half of the plan. Promise that every cent saved over present operating cost will be split fifty-fifty every two weeks. Tell them this plan in other factories — I've got a list for you — has increased wages, shortened hours, made the work easier ——"

Croft looked interested, but still doubtful. Sturgis leaned forward. "I spent not more than an hour in the factory the other day. I saw rows of pianos waiting to be refinished — and I saw a length of piano wire go into the river. There's two leaks that can be stopped right off the bat. Supposing all the leaks *you* know about were stopped. How much would it amount to?"

"Thousands of dollars," admitted Croft.

Sturgis straightened up. "That's the answer," he said. "And you're not only going to save those thousands but others."

Ann turned to her father. "Oh try it, father," she implored. And he surrendered.

It had been accomplished, much sooner than Sturgis had expected. He might still have joined Fish. Instead it was not until Monday morning at 6 G. M. that he took his departure.

Yet being up early had its compensation. The wind was rustling in the treetops. The air was as heady as wine and Ann — well, if intoxicants of *all* kinds are bad for young men Ann should have been prohibited.

"I'm coming again soon — if I may," he said, trying to pretend that he wasn't aware that he held her hand.

Ann blushed — being unable to pretend any such thing.

"You may — if you're still interested," she said.

Later on Monday a day letter came from her:

"Mass meeting went off better than we dared hope. Father much encouraged. Your plan to be tried out for a month. Both thank you beyond words."

NOW actually it wasn't Sturgis's plan at all. He had deftly removed it from Fish Williams. Assuredly he should have felt a twinge of conscience, deplorably he had not the slightest. All that bothered him, at the moment, was the well-known fact that from Monday to Saturday five days must elapse.

Of course he hadn't been invited to return on Saturday, at least, not in so many words. But Ann had acquiesced in "soon." The following Saturday certainly wasn't very soon, if you looked at it one way. Yet if you looked at it another, perhaps it was. Finally, however, he had an inspiration. An elderly aunt lived further out on the same division as Croft's Crossing. She had often invited him to visit her.

Now, at last, he began to wonder if it wouldn't be a good thing to surprise her the following Saturday. And, of course, it would be the natural thing to do to stop at Croft's Crossing over a train or two.

On Saturday, therefore, Sturgis started forth. He had neglected to inform his aunt of his intention to visit her. On his way to the station he stopped in to purchase a five-pound box of chocolates, doubtless to please and touch the old lady. As he moved up the aisle he encountered Fish Williams who, if five-pound boxes of chocolates may be accepted as a criterion, was also on his way to visit an elderly relative.

Sturgis was not pleased to meet him, but he endeavored to dissemble that fact. "Where are you bound for?" he asked.

Fish eyed the five-pound box Sturgis carried. "The same place you are," he said coolly. And then as Sturgis gave a start of surprise that wasn't the least bit simulated, Fish went on:

"I thought you were getting darn interested in my work, but I didn't catch on, even when your office told me that you were week-ending at Croft's Crossing. Being out that way Wednesday I just thought I'd look the town over. Then I saw the factory and I got a hunch. I dropped in and saw Croft. I told him you sent me."

"What?" exploded Sturgis.

Fish grinned cheerfully. "Oh, I knew you wouldn't mind. And I saw his daughter Ann, also. Awfully nice girl — plays and sings charmingly.

"I told them that you really didn't know much about factory management and had just been giving them some of my ideas. And, do you know, I have an idea that I can combine business and pleasure in Croft's Crossing?"

Sturgis retorted that he knew he might combine business and pleasure in another place that railroads hadn't penetrated to yet.

"They need a man like me to steer them right," Fish went on amiably. "I told them I was awfully busy but that I might manage to spend Saturday and Sunday with them, going over the proposition. What I want to know is, where you fit in? Nobody told me you were coming ——"

Sturgis swallowed hard — twice.

"I'm going to visit my aunt," he began.

"My eye," said Fish, surveying the five-pound box and glancing at Sturgis's ticket — "how does it happen she lives at Croft's Crossing?"

"I'm going to drop off on the way to see Croft," he said, with dignity. "He is a customer of ours."

"Naughty, naughty," warned Fish. "If Mallie tells lies he'll never go to heaven."

Sturgis gave Fish a stare of dignified disdain and then proceeded to draw out an afternoon paper and ostentatiously interest himself in it. Between them was a silence that lasted until the brakeman announced that Croft's Crossing was at hand.

Ann greeted them with a warm and impartial cordiality. Sturgis, however, returned her greeting with a singular stiffness, rendered the more marked by Fish's effusiveness. Sturgis turned abruptly away to greet Croft.

"One of the men has just shown me drawings of a machine he thinks will make more and better sounding boards than by hand," Croft announced. "They make seven boards a day now and he says his machine will make at least twelve."

"Fine!" declared Sturgis, but in spite of himself his voice was flat.

Ann gave him a quick glance. She met his eyes for a brief instant. In that instant she felt a sudden, delicious exaltation. Then, being an inheritor of the wisdom the serpent imparted to Eve, she turned back to Fish and proceeded to enjoy that young man's society in a most unmistakable fashion.

"Come on up-stairs," began Croft.

"Sorry," said Sturgis, "but I only dropped in over a train. I'm going along north on the next one."

Ann turned. "Oh," she said, involuntarily. "You aren't going to stay?"

"He can't," Fish cut in. "Going to see his old aunt. Most touching, his devotion to her. Carries her candy and all that."

"Well," interposed Croft, "you've got an hour. I want you to meet Benton, the power house foreman."

Sturgis managed to express a passable enthusiasm for the drawings and for a plan Benton outlined to rearrange pipes throughout so as to eliminate two of the four boilers the factory had always operated.

"Besides," Benton went on, "with only two boilers one fireman would have a nice position. And we'd save on coal and the hauling of ashes ——"

"Splendid," said Sturgis. "I'm sorry, but I'll have to run."

Ann and Fish had disappeared, but Croft went with him to the station, describing a new celluloid mixture for keys that one of the men had suggested.

"To me," he confessed, "it is simply a miracle. I can't wholly believe yet that it is true or that it will last. Even at the best I didn't expect immediate results. Somehow I can't convince myself that it's just more money that has changed them."

Sturgis roused himself. "Don't try to," he advised. "It's the chance to show what they can do. Any man would rather work with you than just for you. And besides, you proved to them that you were in a bad way. The average workman is a pretty decent chap when he understands."

The train came along and picked Sturgis up and carried him north to a welcome that should have warmed his heart. But before he left — on Sunday night — his aunt voiced a fear that had steadily been strengthening in her mind.

"You're working too hard, laddie" — she was Scotch. "You need a good tonic. Or perhaps a little sulphur and molasses."

Nevertheless, it wasn't sulphur or molasses Sturgis needed. What he was suffering from was a very elemental emotion that, once it has gripped its victim, does strange things to him. In short, he was suffering a severe attack of jealousy. He would have pronounced any such assertion absolutely absurd. Indeed, he assured himself, at great length, that he didn't give a hoot how often Fish visited Croft's Crossing or what he said or did there.

It is possible that had Ann dropped him a line that week he might have recovered. But no word came from her. As Saturday approached, Sturgis gritted his teeth and dismissed as preposterous the suggestion that he either write or make an attempt to see her. He didn't do either. The week-end was not a success. And on Monday morning at nine-ten he found a picture post-card on his desk. It was post-marked Croft's Crossing and it read:

"DEAR OLD THING:

"Am having a lovely time. Do wish you were here. FISHER."

At nine-ten and a half the post-card, ripped into eight pieces, was in his waste basket, where prim, precise little Miss Melton saw it and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Sturgis — why didn't you save it for me? I'm making an album for shut-ins."

To which he made no rejoinder. It was deplorable, but true, that shut-ins at that moment were nothing in his young life.

"That," thought he, grimly, "settles it as far as I'm concerned."

He did not, however, go into details as to what was settled.

From that moment he put all thought of Croft's Crossing from his mind; put it firmly — and repeatedly — until, on Tuesday morning, he received a letter. This was addressed in a handwriting that was not familiar but which, nevertheless, was suggestive enough of somebody he — didn't approve of, to cause his pulse to behave abnormally.

This read:

"DEAR MR. STURGIS:

"Aren't you ever coming to see us again? You ought to, to see how well everything is going. We think the cost of production will be cut at least five per cent. this month. Isn't that wonderful? I'm enclosing a report from Mr. Benton, the foreman of our power plant, that we think shows the spirit of the whole force these days. Perhaps you will find it interesting.

"I just wanted you to know, even if you will persist in ignoring us, that you have helped and that we aren't ungrateful.

"Sincerely your friend,
"ANN CROFT.

"P. S. Mr. Williams has been more than kind and helpful and we thank you for telling him about us."

Now *that* was assuredly a perfectly nice note. Ann had permitted it to be rather extra nice because she had a guilty suspicion that she had perhaps — *seemed* a little too engrossed in Fish the last time Sturgis had seen her. The postscript was an afterthought because she didn't want to appear *too* nice — to be open to the suspicion of pursuing him, in short. All women know the necessity of fine gradations in such matters.

It was the postscript, however, that stood out, so far as Sturgis was concerned. Thanked him for Mr. Williams did she! Well, she was welcome. He took a sheet of paper and began to write rapidly and with decision.

"DEAR MISS CROFT:

"I am indeed happy to hear that things are going so splendidly at Croft's Crossing. I wish I might have been able to run out and see for myself but I have been fearfully busy these last weeks. And, as it happens, I leave to-night for the West, to be gone for a month or two.

"I most cordially hope that by the time I return, reports from Croft's Crossing will be even more encouraging.

"Sincerely your friend,
"MALCOLM STURGIS."

THIS he placed in an envelope, which he sealed with great grimness. Having addressed it, he arose and placed it with the letters to be mailed. Then he returned to his desk and picked up the nearest paper at hand, which proved to be Mr. Benton's report.

"By present indications," this read, "we think we can get a thirty-one per cent. coal saving all right. So far we have saved two men's labor, which men have been placed in other departments."

Sturgis thrust this aside, hardly conscious of what he had read. He was resisting a great desire to retrieve the letter he had written; to write another in its place that — he assured himself savagely — would prove that he was absolutely an idiot. He rose abruptly, walked determinedly by the tray holding the outgoing mail and entered Old Eph's office.

"See there's been a payment on the Croft account," grunted Old Eph.

Sturgis brushed this aside. "I've decided I ought to go West," he announced.

"West?" repeated Old Eph, as if he had never heard of such a place.

"Somebody's got to go — and right now," Sturgis replied. "By spring you're going to be riding the biggest volume you ever saw. Everybody will be hollering for lumber. If we don't get busy we'll be caught short and hollering, too,"

[*Continued on page 80*]

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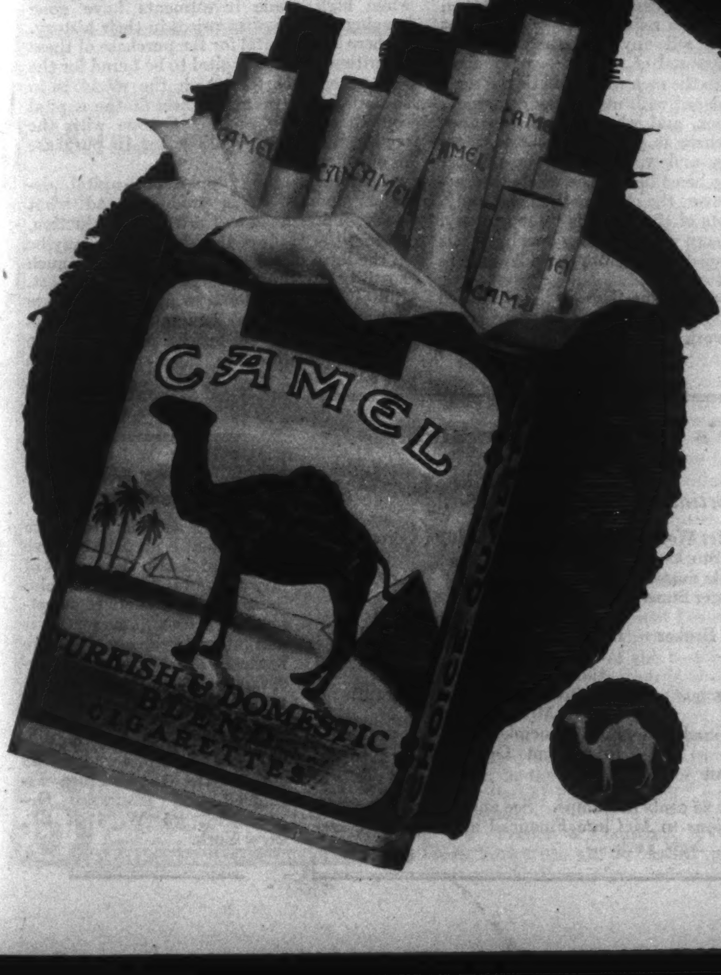

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# Capital Wanted

## *by* Paul Tomlinson

ONE of the large New York banks issued a booklet recently on the general subject of men and bonds. Under the heading, "The Man With a Bond," it says:

"A Bond is something more than an obligation to pay back to the owner an invested sum of money with interest. It unites the energies of large numbers of men and women for the performance of great public works or useful undertakings. It fuses the strength and hopes of the present with the needs of the future. Buying a bond keeps men at work, money at work, progress at work. The man with a bond is as useful as the man with a hoe."

Exactly so. The money that a man puts into bonds is a contribution to the world; it is used to furnish employment for those who work, and the fruit of their work is an addition to the resources of civilization. These additions are a benefit to mankind, they raise the standard of living, and add to the sum of its pleasures and comforts. Money that you invest in the securities of a government, industrial concern, railroad, city, or public utility, permits that government, industrial concern, railroad, city, or public utility, to prosecute some work which will benefit the community. You are making possible an addition to the world's store of wealth. You become a capitalist. Every bondholder, every stockholder, every man with a savings bank account is a capitalist, and his money is busily at work. The money he has invested permits somebody to increase his business, increased business means greater production, and greater production means that the wants of the world are being better satisfied.

THE wants of the world now are almost limitless. In other words, there is an enormous amount of work to be done, and in order to do it capital must be found. This is elemental, and yet we hear on all sides that accumulations of capital must be discouraged, that no one should be allowed to make big profits. Why not? Large profits are usually the result of good management and economies in production and do not mean that they are gained at the expense of you or me. On the contrary, it is altogether likely that you and I may be directly benefited because of these profits. For remember that a large portion of these profits usually become capital and are invested in some enterprise which pays the owner interest for the use of his money in adding to its productive power. This increased productive power means more money for many other people, and permits them too to loan money, to become capitalists on their own account, and furnish the means of greater production to some one else. So it goes on. Money makes money, not for its possessor alone, but for the multitudes of others as well. The soap box orator who denounces the capitalists may owe the hat he wears on his head to these very men.

All of this sounds like a defense of the capitalists, men usually pictured in the movies as possessing country estates, limousines, yachts, a big cigar, and a determination to rob the widows and orphans. This is the customary movie picture of a banker and most people think the terms capitalist and banker are interchangeable. A man told me recently that he had never seen an honest banker in the movies. What a shame it is, for there is probably no class of business men in the country so uniformly honest. One should keep in mind in this connection, however, that there is a wide difference between a promoter and a banker, and that because a man handles stocks he is not necessarily a banker. To get back, all of this sounds like a defense of capitalists. It is. The more capitalists there are in a country the better for that country.

The real capitalists, however, are the public. The raising of funds is less and less dependent upon the rich individual; it is the great public which loans billions of dollars every year for the financing of industry. That is why Bolshevism, with its doctrine of the abolition of capital, can never get very far in a country where the people are intelligent and thrifty, for this kind of people are all capitalists themselves. The greater the supply of capital the greater the supply of comforts, because capital makes possible their production. People are beginning to understand that if they want things they must work for them, and work is impossible without capital.

Take the case of a manufacturing concern. It receives orders beyond the capacity of its plant to fill, and additional factory space becomes necessary. It must borrow money to build, and accordingly opens negotiations with its bankers. The bankers investigate the company's plant, financial situation earnings, etc., and if everything is satisfactory the kind of security to be offered for the raising of the money needed is decided upon. It may be stock, short term notes, or bonds, but presently the decision is made and the public is invited to invest its capital in this new security. Unless the capital is forthcoming the company does not get the money it needs. In this case the extensions cannot be made, and many people are deprived of work which would otherwise be offered to them. On the other hand, if the sale of securities is a success—and it can be taken for granted that a reliable banker would not undertake to sell anything that was not reasonably assured of success—employment is furnished to the men who build the factory, orders are placed with machinery companies for equipment, and when the plant stands completed there is work for an additional force of men and women. A large number of people are benefited by the whole transaction. Moreover, the chief method of supplying the wants of the world is by machinery, so this concern with its new machinery is better equipped than before to do its part in supplying them.

At the present time there is a crying need for capital because there is an unprecedented amount of work to do. Public improvements were held up by the War, new enterprises were not undertaken, and betterments and additions of all kinds were put off so that there should be no conflict with the requirements of the government. It is now possible to carry out these plans, provided the necessary capital can be obtained, and it must be remembered that measured in actual dollars, more capital is required for the carrying through of these enterprises now than would have been needed a few years ago, before the War. The problem is, where to get the capital. Obviously from the capitalists, the possessors of capital, large and small. Nor is the part played by the small capitalist of less importance than that of his big brother. Individually the little fellow may not amount to a great deal, but collectively he is extremely important, almost essential. As stated before, enterprise cannot rely upon a few men, but is more and more dependent upon the great mass of the public.

A SUCCESSFUL business concern, with a proper regard for the future, does not distribute all of its earnings in dividends. It sets aside a portion of its profits for betterments, additional equipment, new facilities, and to guard against the rainy day. Almost everyone is familiar with and sees the reasonableness of the directors of a concern putting a part of the earnings "back into the business." A company that does not do this is not operating on sound business principles, and is not properly safeguarding its stockholders. Many a company has been wrecked because it paid dividends when they were not justified by conditions. To state the case differently, they spent all their income and were overtaken by the inevitable misfortune that such a practise brings. And what applies to business applies equally to individuals. Just as a corporation progresses and grows by saving and investing so in the case of an individual.

Since the War ended indications do not point to the fact that the people of this country have been saving their money. There has been an orgy of spending, the larger incomes that most people have been getting have gone for amusements, luxuries, and non-essentials. This same tendency has manifested itself in the markets for securities. Speculative issues have been snapped up while high grade investments have gone begging at the lowest prices in their history. If there is no capital for the purchase of these securities, where is capital to be found for the new enterprises for which the world is in such desperate need? Where is the capital coming from to provide Europe with the credits necessary to allow her to purchase in our markets?

Obviously, the supply of capital depends upon what is produced and what is saved. Earnings are the fruit of production, savings the result of thrift. Earnings may be in the form of profits, and yet there is much hostility to profits, large profits at least. But if a man starts a business and makes unusual profits from it, immediately others are attracted by his success and are drawn into the same business; the supply of the goods which

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2—A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., 62 Cedar St., New York, have selected five representative securities which involve a total investment of $4,820. They yield $300 a year or over 6.20%. Ask Leach & Co. for their circular.

3.—Kauffman-Smith-Emert Company, Security Building, St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send upon request a new booklet dealing with some high grade issues of municipal bonds, yielding as high as 5½%. Send for Booklet MC, "Bonds That Always Pay."

4.—S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Building, Chicago, have published a new booklet, "Safety and 6%," explaining the reasons why no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest in thirty-eight years on any investment purchased of S. W. Straus & Co., and describing sound, first mortgage serial real estate bonds. In writing, specify circular X.

5.—Hollister, White & Co., 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass., will send upon request a booklet dealing with a new list of preferred industrial securities. Send for booklet CL-350.

6.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

7.—The 1920 edition of their "Blue Book of Independent Oil Stocks" is being distributed by Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York. This 176 page book gives pertinent facts about earnings, capitalization and developments of the leading independent companies. Ask for 84-CC.

8.—A unique copyrighted chart presents a series of forty-five questions relating to seven different phases of an investment or speculation as an aid in determining the value of an offering. The Investment Chart is of value also in analyzing a security long held which may have changed in character. Investors may obtain copies gratis from the publishers, I. D. Noll & Company, 170 Broadway, New York.

9.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co., and the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

10.—G. L. Miller & Co., 113 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with some high grade real estate bonds. Circular MC.

11.—"What You Do Not See in a Bond Circular," is often an important factor in the selection of bonds by the investment banker for his clients. This pamphlet, with "Bond Topics," will be sent on request directed to A. H. Bickmore & Company, 111 Broadway, New York.

12.—Investors may obtain from R. J. McClelland & Co., 100 Broadway, New York, a copy of "The Investment Digest," reviewing all classes of securities and containing specific suggestions of the best issues. The foreign exchange situation is also explained.

13.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

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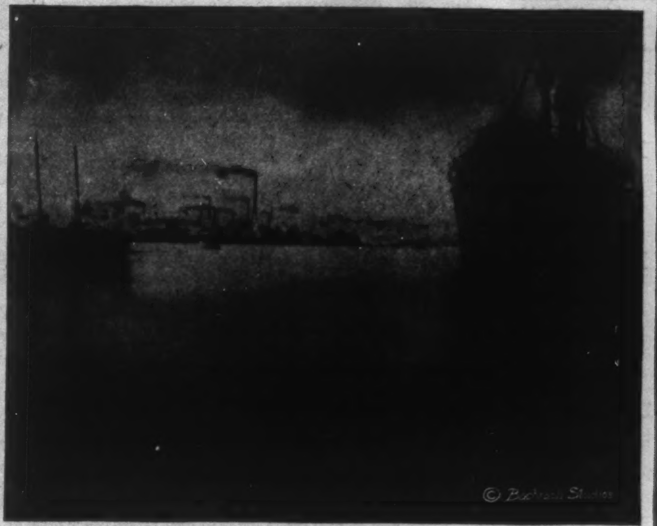

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17.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

18.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

19—Colgate, Parker & Co., 49 Wall St., New York, have issued a booklet for investors explaining Internal and External Foreign Government issues and the possible profits they offer purchasers in America at the present time.

**Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.**

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# The Asset Called Ann

[*Continued from page 76*]

Old Eph blinked several times in rapid succession. "But—" he began.

It was, however, no time for butting buts. His young assistant was apparently filled with an implacable determination to safeguard his interests, with his approval if possible, but without it if necessary.

So when Ann received his letter, Sturgis was on his way West. Ann read the letter through twice because she felt that the first time she must have been mistaken. The second time she shut her lips very firmly and then tore the letter into very little bits.

Sturgis was gone almost two months. It was December before he returned to Boston, to be welcomed by Old Eph with a warmth that was almost unbelievable. He had been much out-of-doors, his face was burned almost black, but he was thinner and looked tired. There was quite a little personal mail for him. He ran through this quickly — a tailor's bill he had forgotten, club dues, numerous invitations to dine or dance and — nothing else. He thrust the mass into a convenient drawer and turned to the mass of detail Kent was waiting to explain. After that he was almost — but not quite — too busy to think of somebody he was still determined to forget.

In spite of Old Eph's satisfaction, he felt that his trip had been a failure after all.

Sturgis had been at home almost a week before Fish dropped in. "Why in thunder didn't you let a chap know you were back?" he demanded.

Sturgis replied evasively, dragging business into it.

"You give me a pain — several of them," Fish assured him. He drew out a pipe and proceeded to cram it with Sturgis's tobacco. Sturgis saw that he had something on his mind and braced himself for what he guessed it would be.

"I suppose," Fish broke out, "that you've heard from Croft's Crossing?"

Sturgis shook his head, he could not speak.

"Well, they've cut down to an eight-hour day," said Fish, and puffed deliberately for a moment.

"Are they maintaining production?" Sturgis asked abruptly.

"Well," said Fish, "they've invented all kinds of short cuts. Remember that machine one of the men designed to make sounding boards? It turns out sixteen in less time than it used to take them to make seven. In another department where men were paid by the piece they invented a jig, cut the piece price from forty-two to thirty-one cents and are making more money than ever."

"Then everything is all right?"

Fish blew a slow spiral, and surveyed Sturgis coldly.

"When you start anything," he said,

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"you ought to stick by it to the finish. All these schemes are all right as long as the men don't overreach themselves. When they begin to interfere in purely administrative details it's time to look out."

Sturgis looked alarmed. "Have they done that?"

Fish removed the pipe from his mouth. "Up to the last meeting they kept to the main track, teaching truckers to load trucks better and shovelers to shovel better and all that. But at the last meeting they passed a motion to investigate Croft himself."

"What?" demanded Sturgis. And added hurriedly, "Not seriously?"

"You started an industrial democracy," Fish reminded him. "And in an industrial democracy nobody is immune. If Croft needs investigating why not investigate him?"

"But — " protested Sturgis

"There's no 'buts' about it," said Fish. "I'm telling you they voted to investigate him."

Sturgis was thoroughly aroused and perturbed now.

"You're on the job, aren't you? Isn't there something that can be done?"

"Me?" echoed Fish. "Nothing doing. The question of hiring me came up at a mass meeting a month ago. They talked it over for an hour and then one old chap with whiskers like a walrus's stampeded the discussion with, 'Hell, we've got a plant full of efficiency experts now.' That's where I got off."

Whereupon Fish rose, and retrieved his hat. "You can't pin any responsibility on me," he announced. "You re the chap that started it."

"Something must be done," declared Sturgis.

"Well, go up and do it," advised Fish. He started for the door but paused on the threshold and looked Sturgis squarely in the eye. "Look here, you've been behaving like mama's spoilt baby but — well, all that I can see for you to do is to go up to Croft's and straighten things out if you can. Pleasant dreams."

Thus abruptly did he take his departure, leaving Sturgis in a state of mind that could hardly result in pleasant dreams. He sat very still, nursing a cold pipe, for a long time. He must, of course, run up to Croft's and see what had happened. At that, something leaped wildly within him and he sought to still it, with the assurance that though he would see Ann again this was strictly a business proposition. And the sobering thought came to him that if things were going wrong she would undoubtedly blame him.

The next morning, when he started for Croft's Crossing, a cold insistent December rain was falling. The factory looked even more weatherbeaten and depressing than it had when he first saw it, yet, as he went up the stairs to the office he was conscious that his heart was hammering. As he entered and looked about it skipped a beat.

Ann wasn't there after all!

Croft was. He greeted Sturgis with a cordiality that amazed the latter.

"I've been hoping you'd come out and see the wonders we are working here," he said. "I've suggested to Ann several times that we ought to drop you a line."

For a moment Sturgis was struck dumb. Then, realizing that Croft was beaming at him expectantly, he pulled himself together.

"Everything — is all right?" he asked.

"All right!" Croft exclaimed. "I'm not going to bore you with details but I want to give you just one sidelight. If the boiler room keeps up the present rate of saving they'll cut the cost of coal per piano from four dollars to one dollar ten. What do you think of that?"

"Remarkable!" said Sturgis, who was thinking of something else. Somebody — Ann probably — was protecting Croft from full knowledge of what the men were planning.

"Ann says I bore everybody with the boiler room," Croft went on "But really it's remarkable. And every other department is falling into line."

"Fine!" said Sturgis and turned swiftly. Ann had entered.

"Oh — Mr. Sturgis!" she exclaimed, her eyes as chill as the skies outside. She turned to her father. "I'm going now."

Her father looked from her to Sturgis, vaguely puzzled, and Ann colored in spite of herself. But Sturgis was conscious only of an irresistible desire to go with her, to explain and set himself right with her.

"May I come?" he asked eagerly. "There — there is something I want to say to you."

Ann hesitated, evidently phrasing a refusal, but her father intervened. "Take him along," he said, cordially, and added, to Sturgis, "we expect you to stay to dinner of course."

Ann had no choice but to comply, but she seemed to have made up her mind to make Sturgis carry the burden of conversation. They did not speak until they reached the door, where Sturgis reached for Ann's umbrella and opened it.

"I'm — I'm sorry," he said desperately.

"Sorry?" Ann gave him an unguarded glance, full of surprise.

"About the factory," Sturgis plunged on. "Fish told me about the men —— "

"And you're sorry?" Her pretty brows were knit, perplexedly.

"Why — don't you know either?" he demanded.

"Know what?" she demanded, her voice sharpened by sudden anxiety.

Sturgis hesitated. "Fish told me that the men were investigating your father. He seemed to think there was trouble ahead —— "

"Investigating father?" she repeated, and then the color came back into her face. "Oh, they did at the last meeting. They told him he hadn't had a vacation for years and that he needed one. He tried to tell them that he couldn't be spared just now. But they made him take two weeks — he just got back to-day — and *they broke all previous production and sales records while he was gone.*"

Sturgis struggled to comprehend this: "But what did Fish mean? He told me I ought to come down at once —— "

"He told you that?" exclaimed Ann, surprised in her turn. Then she blushed unaccountably. "It must have been one of his jokes," she went on hastily and to that she added very, very coldly, "I'm sorry you bothered."

"Ann!" In her name was crammed a world of anguished protest. "Aren't — aren't you the least bit glad to see me?"

Ann's eyes refused to meet his. "Should I be glad?" she demanded.

"I hoped you would be," he said, so wistfully that she could not but be touched.

"You — you have been quite a stranger," she said. "I — I don't like people that blow hot, then cold."

"I haven't," he denied. "But — but Fish kept coming every week and — and I could see you liked him a lot and — well, I suppose I did act like mama's spoilt baby. But I couldn't help it. I think all men are apt to when they're in l — love!"

The last word stuck slightly but it came out, to startle them both. She glanced at him quickly and exclaimed, "Oh," as if it had been squeezed out of her.

"Now don't," he said darkly, "suggest that I don't know I'm in love. If you knew how rotten I've felt these last two months you wouldn't."

And the memory of those two miserable months descended upon him, so shadowing his face that no one acquainted with the vagaries of love could doubt him.

"I suppose," she said bitterly, "that how *I* felt —— "

She stopped short, both vocally and physically, absolutely aghast at this unpremeditated bit of self-betrayal.

"You — you minded, too? You missed me?" he cried. But she averted her face so that nothing but the chiseled line of her delicate chin was visible under her hat. As he regarded this, his eyes madly appealing, it quivered a little. And thereupon, he went into a frenzy of self-abnegation.

"Ann — will you ever forgive me? If I had only known. Ann —" wildly. "Say you forgive me. If you don't, I'll — I'll grovel in the dust this minute." A large order this, considering that there was no dust and wouldn't be before Monday anyway — "I'll kiss your shoes —— "

Ann turned to him quickly. "I don't want you to kiss my shoes," she said, also wildly. "I — I just want you to be sensible and —— "

It was her intention to say "be friends," but there was that in his eyes which caused her to catch her breath quickly and substitute: "Oh, please. You mustn't. Not — not here."

But he must, and right there, with the umbrella aslant and the rain falling alike on the just, which was she, and the unjust, which was he. And it was very fortunate indeed that it was falling in torrents, because otherwise somebody would have been abroad and there would have been scandal abroad, too, in Croft's Crossing that evening.

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## The Golden Age— *Continued from page 20*

as cheering at a political meeting, singing in his bath — any of the delightful minor frailties to which the flesh of most men is heir.

Miss Desmond felt vaguely desperate. She dismissed the openings she had considered upon her way downtown and began abruptly:

"You know, I dare say, Mr. Millard, that your nephew wishes to marry my sister?" (*Little* sister smacked of an appeal for sympathy.)

Mr. Millard inclined his head in a way which lumped nephews and sisters and marriage together, as things of an almost amusing vulgarity.

Miss Desmond forced into the offensive continued with growing resentment.

"I sent you word I should like to see you —— "

"I asked Ted to tell you," Mr. Millard interpolated with entire pleasantness, "that I never called."

"As I never receive callers," Miss Desmond replied instantly, head high, "your message contained no personal interest for me — however, I feel that I must come to an understanding with you in this matter — you will please consider this interview as one of business only. . . . "

"Surely," said Mr. Millard and inclined his head again.

Miss Desmond perforce proceeded.

"My sister is only seventeen —— "

"Unfortunate age," Mr. Millard murmured thoughtfully. "One is never quite so old again —— "

"She is not old at all," Miss Desmond interrupted caustically. "She is, on the contrary, a mere baby — and I cannot see her sacrificed —— "

"My dear lady, " protested Mr. Millard with the glimmer of a smile behind the glasses, "you speak as if one were Moloch!"

"I am quite serious," she assured him stiffly.

"It is obvious."

"Rosita —— "

"Charming name, isn't it?"

"I am not here," said Miss Desmond, "to discuss my sister's name —— "

Speaking in the vernacular, she rather felt that that was one to *her*.

"QUITE right," said Mr. Millard resignedly. "It is the young person with the delightful name whom Ted has—approached—however, is it not?"

"Just what did he say to you?" inquired Miss Desmond abruptly.

"I really can't tell you," returned Mr. Millard, courteously regretful. "I happened to be thinking of something else at the time and didn't bestow any very deep attention upon him. Nice youngster, isn't he? Trifle overwhelming, of course . . . all life and love and all that . . . "

"He is not the person I should wish my sister to marry," Miss Desmond stated clearly.

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Millard. "I shouldn't care to marry him, myself. He's always abominably noisy before breakfast — and cherishes a passion for cheap cigarettes. By all means if you wish my advice in the matter, I should say, don't let your sister marry him. Why let her marry any one at all — at seventeen?"

Miss Desmond restrained an ungentlewomanly outburst of rage.

"I have no idea of letting her marry him — of letting her marry any one at all," she said. "But is it too much to hope for that I might have your assistance in breaking it off?"

"Oh, no — of course, not!" said Mr. Millard. He moved a paper-weight on the table before him. "Just what," he suggested disinterestedly, "would you like me to do?"

Then he smiled.

It was amazing how it altered him. The uncommonly cold mouth took on a whimsical charm that might well have slain its thousands. The eyes behind the glasses softened irresistibly. The suggestion of Caesar was gone entirely. Even the man's voice was new . . . with an odd disquieting cadence. . . .

Miss Desmond smiled herself — and she was very nearly a beautiful woman when she smiled. But she did it with a sweet sort of *gaucherie* because she did it so seldom. Life with Rosita had made a very serious woman out of Miss Desmond. She clasped her hands before her on the edge of Mr. Millard's table and her eyes grew large and pleading.

"I don't know," she said frankly. "Something's got to be done — but I don't know what. You know what youth is —— "

Mr. Millard who had ceased to smile but was still looking rather more human than at first, nodded his handsome gray head. It appeared, indeed, that he knew what youth was and could not view it with approval.

"It isn't as if love were the only thing in life," continued Miss Desmond, recklessly appealing for understanding and support — "it isn't even as if the thing they feel for each other now were going to last — as if it ever lasted beyond the calfish stage. . . . I can't see Rosita throwing away all her opportunities like this . . . she wasn't made for domesticity —— "

"I don't believe she'd get a great deal of it with Ted," said Ted's uncle drawing squares, with an M inside, all over an envelope which happened to be lying before him.

Miss Desmond bit her lip and snapped the fastening of her beaded bag several times before she spoke again.

"I can't forbid her to see him," she said at last; "she'd only fancy herself the heroine of a very thrilling romance and run away with him at once. If you can't stop *him*, I feel rather helpless — and I do not," said Miss Desmond coldly, "enjoy that feeling."

"No," said Mr. Millard, regarding her with thoughtful admiration, "I should have said that you would not."

A stenographer knocked at the door and entered tentatively, with a pad and pencil in one hand.

"I am keeping you," said Miss Desmond instantly and rose.

Mr. Millard, appreciating her quickness, rose as well.

"I should like to talk this matter over with you, more fully," he suggested, greatly to his own surprise. "It is possible that to-night —— "

"You never call," interrupted Miss Desmond firmly, and who shall blame her?

"Quite true, but I happen to be dining at the Moana this evening with some friends — I believe there is a dinner-dance or something of the sort — and I might leave them after dinner, about half-after-nine, say, if you would allow me to see you —— "

"I shall be very glad," said Miss Desmond formally.

She made a distinctly pleasing exit and went back to the Moana.

Having declined to discuss the matter from any angle at all with the now enjoyably perturbed Rosita, Miss Desmond dressed for dinner that night with a vague feeling of relief. Her responsibilities, if not shifted, were at least to be halved; a state of affairs which is always interesting. She hesitated between black jetted tulle and sapphire velvet and finally came forth, aloof as Artemis, in the latter, with her soft brown hair waved back from her delicate face and coiled low on the back of her slender neck.

"Gee!" said Teddy to Rosita, midway of the first fox-trot, to enjoy which heavenly exercise, with him, she had left her soup to cool and her sister to fume — "Gee! Miss Desmond looks a peach to-night, doesn't she? A little like Elsie Ferguson — doesn't she ever dance?"

Rosita with her cheek not far from Teddy's bronzed one and wearing the look of impenetrable stolidity which that youthful contact seems to demand, replied reproachfully:

"What's the matter, Teddy — isn't my dancing enough to keep you interested?"

Teddy crouching gracefully into a rhythmic progress between tables protested:

"Not sore, are you? — because a fellow happened to remark that your sister was good-looking? Wonder what she said to Uncle Dana?"

"*Je ne sais pas*," shrugged Rosita with cosmopolitan coolness. "I couldn't dig a word out of her when she got back. Oh, Teddy, isn't life hard?"

"Rotten!" agreed Teddy, full of a delightful gloom.

He held Rosita a little closer, tightened his fingers upon hers. . . . They moved as one with the singing of steel guitars and the adolescent whine of ukuleles. The flush in their adjacent cheeks burned higher.

"Still love me?" whispered Teddy, executing a masterly side-step.

"Oh-h, Ted-dy!" sighed Rosita. "I believe we could get into vaudeville with our dancing — I do really!"

"It pays you double wages—in money and health!" he said.

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"SPRING had come. I was tired of working indoors. A hard winter had left me in a run-down condition and a young doctor friend of mine had told me jokingly that office work was taking the roses out of my cheeks. He said it more in fun than in earnest, but the memory of his words lingered.

"Why couldn't I be an outdoor business woman," I asked myself. "I thought of Mary Barnett, who had been a school teacher, but who became in summer a representative for a prominent magazine.

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Mary had become such a convincing talker that I took her advice. I wrote to McClure's Magazine. Father had subscribed to it for years. I knew that among my friends it stood for all that is worth while in a magazine. I felt that I could represent it with confidence. The helpful sales-helps McClure's sent me started me on my work at once. I did not give up my office position for a month or so, but I used my spare time in calling on my friends and neighbors and when I counted the results of my first month's work, I had made more than my regular salary. John Putnam, a young business man, I knew, helped me to analyze my future and advised me to stick to outdoor work. 'It pays you double wages in money and health,' he said. Today I am in Mary Barnett's class as an outdoor business woman. Next winter I expect to go to Palm Beach and I will pay my way by the subscriptions I take."

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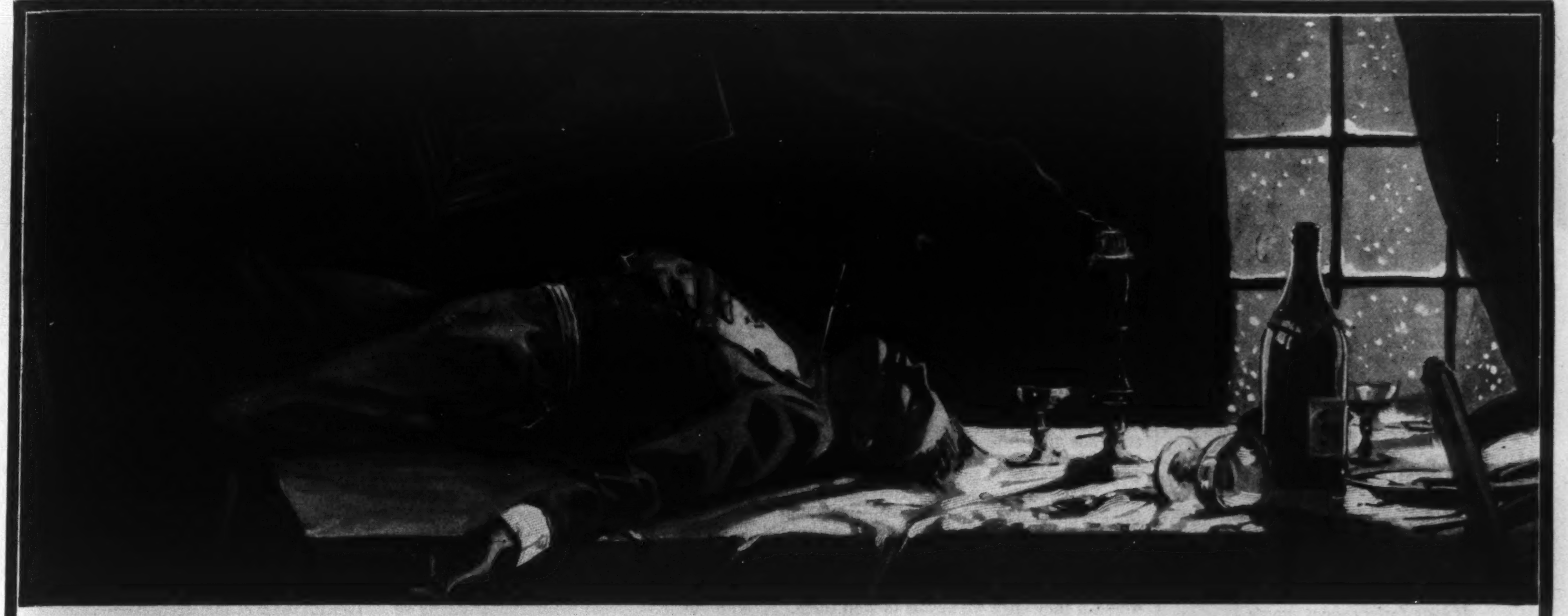

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At half-after-nine to the moment, Mr. Millard walked down the long lanai, threading a devious way between the dancers, and stopped beside Miss Desmond's chair. She had been watching Rosita and Teddy with a disapproving but impotent eye and had not seen him till he stood before her.

He said with the merest trace of his wonderful smile:

"How do you do? An amusing mob, isn't it?"

"OH—how do you do!" said Miss Desmond and gave him her hand.

She did not know if he suggested it — her impressions of the subsequent few moments were a little dazed — but directly she found herself walking down the wharf with the water shimmering silkenly through the dusk on either hand; with a pale, windless, moonridden sky overhead; with the lights and music and scents and laughter of the dance well behind them, and before them the unoccupied quiet of the pier-head. However it came about, she was glad to be there, with that fine Romanish profile just beside her. . . . It was fairly startling to consider how well the uncle of Teddy looked in his evening things. . . . His voice, too — it sent something reluctantly resembling a thrill through the frame of Rosita's sister. What he said was simple enough.

"I see they haven't eloped as yet. . . . "

"No," said Miss Desmond, "but they would if they knew we meant to stop them."

"I want you," said Mr. Millard suddenly and almost gently, "to tell me all about Rosita — and yourself — perhaps if I knew —— "

It was not clear what might happen if he knew, but Miss Desmond told him. It was the opportunity which every woman dreams of and so few attain — to be begged to tell all, by a masculine voice — and then to be allowed to do so — under stars, above whispering waters, set close in the heart of a summer night . . . Women are wonderful listeners — but oh, to talk about oneself — by request!

So Miss Desmond told him — about the sleepy southern town where she was born; about the father who died when she was sixteen and the mother who died when she was seventeen leaving in her shaking girlish hands a small Rosita and generous funds, but no experience at all wherewith to rear her. . . . She told him about Rosita's schools, more perhaps in number than they should have been, because Rosita "is, after all,—well, just a bit difficult," admitted Rosita's sister. And about Rosita's embryonic suitors — "oh, Teddy was not the first! . . . You see," said Miss Desmond, anxiously, "she's hot-headed and pretty and she has—I can see it myself—a way about her; so that men will always like her. But she has no discrimination — she's young enough to let herself be swept off her feet by any silly boy that comes along — and she's young enough, too, to mistake a sudden infatuation for a permanent emotion — that is, if there is such a thing as a permanent emotion. . . . "

"Dear! — dear!" said Mr. Millard, shaking his smooth gray head. "This is very sad — something of a cynic, aren't you?" He turned the tables unexpectedly. "And you? — your own suitors? Hasn't Rosita had the benefit of your example?"

"I never had a suitor in my life," said Miss Desmond with simple dignity. "I have been too busy being a mother to Rosita to even think of such a thing — and besides — there isn't any man in the place we come from that I would care to marry. This is the first time I have ever been outside the States. I have meant to see certain places all my life — Hawaii was one of them — Japan, another — if I had married, well — I shouldn't have been free."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Millard, "that in view of Rosita you are very far from being free, at the moment."

Which was true — and so a rather cruel thing for him to say. He repented it at once and laid a hard, strong, well-cared-for hand upon Miss Desmond's slender white one.

"Dear child," he said softly — "aren't you by way of sacrificing to false gods?"

Miss Desmond was not at all sure what he meant but found that immaterial. His first two words filled her with wonder and a wild delight.

"I am thirty-two," she murmured, stubbornly frank.

"Ancient of days!" said Mr. Millard.

They laughed together. She liked his laugh, rare but whole-souled.

"I am forty-six — does that seem to you medieval?" inquired the coldest old bird in the Islands.

"It doesn't since I —— "

"You are rather a dear, aren't you?" said Mr. Millard.

Miss Desmond sat very still and said to herself that on the morrow she would probably look back on this with horror — as a preliminary to which she withdrew her hand.

"Why?" he inquired coolly.

"Because," murmured Miss Desmond.

"You grow younger by the moment," said Mr. Millard. "Be logical!"

Miss Desmond stood up, conscious of a certain amount of panic.

"Teddy," she observed, "doubtless inherits philandering. We don't seem to have gotten anywhere, with this discussion, do we?"

"I should like to say Teddy be damned," said Teddy's uncle very distinctly. "I never philandered in my life — that is, not since I was seventeen —— "

"Oh, were you —" cried Miss Desmond in startled uncertainty.

"In another moment I fancy I should have been," said Mr. Millard; and followed a charming little forked train of blue velvet away from the dangerous spot.

Teddy and Rosita, still conspicuously devoted, still crouching and gliding with a sort of jungle suavity through innumerable foxtrots, watched their relatives cross the lanai and disappear, oblivious to duty.

"Did you see 'em?" gasped Teddy. "The old boy's been galvanized."

"Probably only hashing over ways to ruin both our lives," said Rosita bitterly. "I've begged Kath'rine to have that blue velvet done over for me. Don't you think it's awfully kittenish on her? But you can't tell Kath'rine a thing. There's nothing on earth so hard-headed as an old maid."

"Oh, come on," said Teddy, shuffling untiring feet — "what do we care! — if you love me, as I love you —— "

"Oh-h, Ted-dy!" murmured Rosita. She flung out a poignant suggestion as they swung back into step — "we might make Kath'rine and your uncle go on that party to Waimea to-morrow night — then they couldn't kick about chaperones —— "

"GOOD business!" said Teddy adoringly. "What a bean you have got, Rosita!"

Which is why on the following evening and for the third time within as many days, Miss Desmond and Mr. Millard found themselves looking into each other's eyes and remarking courteously:

"How do you do?"

Now Teddy had said to Rosita:

"Only trouble is — who's going to want to have chaperones on the back seat of their car? That's asking a lot, y'know —— "

"You poor darling fish!" said Rosita, "use your head — hasn't he got a car of his own?"

"Ye-ah — he's got a spiffing new roadster — stingy brute! And won't let me drive it —— "

"Well — and why can't he take Kath'rine in that?"

"Sure he can — can't you see 'em? They'll have a grand time, talking highbrow stuff for twenty miles going and coming!"

"And they'll *be* there — but clean out of our way —— "

"Oh, Rosita — you're some girl! I'll bet you'll be President some day!"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Rosita calmly.

Which is why, as has been said, Miss Desmond stood by the smart brown roadster and lifted her eyes to Mr. Millard's gray ones. . .

She wore a girlish-looking sweater of gold-colored wool and a hat of gold-colored straw pulled low over her eyes and her blouse and skirt were so good as to have aroused Rosita's frankly-expressed covetousness. As for Mr. Millard, in a gray Norfolk coat, white flannel trousers and a Panama, he presented a lean, well-muscled figure worthy of any woman's glance. Miss Desmond with difficulty controlled a blush when she looked at him.

"Gee, the old boy's got himself up like a movie hero!" observed Teddy to Rosita as the party started — "and y'know, Rosita — that sister of yours must have been a winner, when she was a girl —— "

"Kath'rine!" said Rosita, and sniffed. So poor a perspective do we obtain of our nearest and dearest.

Miss Desmond, settling comfortably down into the well-padded luxury of Mr. Millard's new roadster, drew a long breath that was very nearly a sigh.

"If you knew the relief," she said, "of having Rosita off my mind, for even a single afternoon — I feel years younger already. . . . "

"If you feel any younger at all," said Mr. Millard, "I shall be obliged in common decency to turn back into town and buy you a doll to take along with us." He added authoritatively—"Rosita and Teddy barred as topics of discussion —— "

But Miss Desmond would not listen to him. They were slipping along through the part of Honolulu that lies so close to the harbor you can see the slim black masts of ships at the end of almost any street and the air so mysteriously tinged with a variety of oriental odors, that Miss Desmond experienced a sort of relaxation of discretion. She wanted to talk and she did. She was not accustomed to the pressure of a man's shoulder against her own, to the twitch of a man's good-looking mouth when she said something funny, to a man's cool quizzical eyes watching her as if she really mattered — nothing goes to the feminine head so fast as appreciation. It intoxicated Miss Desmond, delicately. She spread the wings of her soul like a butterfly, damp from the chrysalis, or whatever it is butterflies come from. She murmured and chuckled and sparkled like a brook in petticoats — also, it was something to be out from under Rosita's eye . . . Rosita, who expected one to be middle-aged and quiet and frozen-over. . . . Rosita, who fed upon antagonism. . . .

"Thirty-two really isn't so frightfully much—is it?" said Miss Desmond, suddenly.

Again, Mr Millard put his hand over hers, keeping, however, his eyes upon the wheel:

"Dear child," he said with a brief laugh, "It is only then you come to the very delightful years of indiscretion —— "

So the road slipped under their wheels and and they passed sometimes between cane-fields, sometimes through tidy plantation camps, but always through a kind of late afternoon sunlight and acacia-scented shadows — and the rice-fieldswere greener, the stretches of sober pineapples more bluishly purple, the occasional poincianas more outrageously scarlet and the mountains more grimly dark, than Miss Desmond would have believed possible outside a steamship folder.

"I'm awfully happy to-day," she said, just before they came to Waimea — which was at five o'clock or thereabouts with the sun a-sinkin' slow. . . .

And Waimea was all unflawed yellow sands, all violent black rocks, all shadeless blue sea, singing forever to itself in the profoundest of basses. A crescent bay it was, at the mouth of a narrow gulch, with here and there the shack of a Japanese fisherman . . . no more urban inhabitants than that.

Teddy, upon alighting in company with his half-dozen fellow-wanderers, took Rosita tactfully aside.

"They won't want to go in swimming," he suggested, with a toss of his head toward his uncle and Miss Desmond. "There's a pretty stiff undertow, here — and they might get cold and all that —— "

"I'll tell 'em to sit on the beach and wait for us," agreed Rosita, with an equal amount of forethought for her elders—"you want to be in pretty good condition to swim in a place like this, don't you?'

Miss Desmond and Mr. Millard, therefore, sat on the beach and waited while a company of fawns and nymphs appearing presently from behind opposite fortresses of rock, in swimming things strikingly modern disported themselves, shrieking happily, in the heavy surf. Presently the sun set, in an apocalyptic glory, lacking only the scarlet woman and the seven beasts, and that, Miss Desmond and Mr. Millard watched as well, sitting rather near each other on the sand and talking fitfully, with long odd silences. Sometimes their hands touched, unintentionally, and sometimes their eyes met, with a look of rapidly approaching precipices . . .

"POOR old things!" said Rosita, coming up all dripping from the sea and answering Teddy's caressing slap on her gleaming young shoulder with a well-directed handful of wet sand — "wouldn't you hate to be too old to play around like this?" To the poor old things themselves she sent a shout of comfort — "Hoo-oo! We won't be long, now!"

"How unfortunate!" said Mr. Millard dryly. But Miss Desmond objected softly: "Don't — ! Don't let them annoy you! The whole thing's too wonderful—I feel like the first woman ever born—*look* at that sky!"

Later there was a moon-rise — like a Chopin waltz — Miss Desmond observed shyly — that it was all silver and black and green — it made your heart beat queerly, and you wanted to cry, as if some one were loving you, unrequitedly. . . .

"You lovely make-believer!" said Mr. Millard, with one of his incredibly nice smiles. "Where did you learn it?"

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But Miss Desmond couldn't tell him. She didn't know herself. In fact she wasn't at all sure she hadn't learned it within the last three or four hours — or had it been there all her life, this amazing desire to snatch at happiness,— and had she only just begun to feel the real self that was in her? Naturally she couldn't ask Mr. Millard's opinion.

She continued, therefore, to sit on the sand beside him and talk while the swimmers came up from the sea and dressed, segregated behind black clumps of rocks . . . later, when a fire began to show its orange and vermilion crest between low shielding stones, when bacon and baked beans lay down together in a large black frying-pan, and the odor of hot coffee drifted pleasingly, Miss Desmond offered to help and was refused.

"You stay over there and talk," said Rosita briskly. "We'll bring you some when it's ready — keep Teddy's uncle amused, that's all we ask of you. If he's bored, he'll be wanting to drag us home, before we're ready to go . . ."

So Miss Desmond went back to Teddy's uncle who was indeed looking distinctly bored — until she came. Side by side they watched the flicker of the firelight upon the rocks . . . the little leaping passion of the fire, in the black indifference of the night.

When Teddy and Rosita, dutifully attentive, brought wooden plates of beans, with a strip of burned bacon on each, and paper cups of coffee, Miss Desmond and Mr. Millard, almost together, protested:

"Oh, must we —— "

"Thanks, I don't believe —— "

And Teddy and Rosita, going back to the fire, openly hand-in-hand, commented compassionately:

"They're too old for a party like this."

"IT was a shame to make 'em come. . . ." At last the noises of feeding were over; at last the fire died down to a slumberous glow, and thinly sweet, the plaint of Teddy's ukelele ascended.

Then Miss Desmond spoke, after a long, curious silence:

"I don't want you to do what I asked you to do," she said slowly — "about Rosita and Teddy. I've changed my mind . . . I'm not going to interfere. Please — just forget what we said . . . "

Mr. Millard also waited before replying.

"Why?" he inquired eventually.

"I'm afraid — " she said, "to touch — anybody's— happiness."

"I see," said Mr. Millard. He stood up and reached her down a hand.

"Let's walk over a bit —— "

They walked over a bit, in the dark. No one saw them go. The group about the fire was singing,

"I am always blowing bub-bles. . . ."

Mr. Millard stopped where the ridge of the beach sloped down to the mumbling sea. That mumble, coming out of the blackness, was somehow rather terrifying, the soul of loneliness speaking its hurts. . . .

Miss Desmond felt Mr. Millard's arms about her, with a wonderful reckless joy — there and in that moment, at least, loneliness could not touch her . . . . she hoped, shamelessly, that he was going to kiss her, and he did. Forty-six and thirty-two fell from them dissolving in thin air. . . .

"Do you think you'd like to marry me to-morrow?" he asked huskily.

Which marked him a true lover, however late the day. Miss Desmond knew in a moment that all true lovers are husky at the instant of enchantment.

She said brazenly, flaming with blushes: "Yes, I should — shall we?"

"I think we've waited long enough," said Mr. Millard. . . .

Miss Desmond told Rosita next day — having driven miles through the delicious dark to get back to the hotel, and having stayed awake the rest of the night to re-live every inch of the miles, that she was going to be married to Teddy's uncle at once. . . .

" — and, my dear," said Miss Desmond, tremulously, "I take back everything I said about you and Teddy — I wouldn't spoil your happiness for worlds — I'm so unbelievably happy myself. Marry him whenever you like. . . ."

"Marry — *marry* him!" cried Rosita in anguished annoyance. "I don't want to marry *anybody* — for years and years! Tie myself down like that! When I'm just beginning to have a good time! You must be crazy, Kath'rine — I never wanted to *marry* Teddy — I only wanted to be *engaged* to him!"

Ah, well — youth, youth!

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# The Trap

*—Continued from page 32*

courageously into the drawing-room.

The next instant, her heart clanging with a dismal throb of despair, she wished devoutly she had given way to her impulse and fled.

"My dear young lady!" cried a voice.

It was Ashe. Sally's heart gave a throb.

His pleasure at seeing her struck every weapon from her grasp. As Ashe bent over and brushed her hand with his lips, the misery in the girl's bruised, lonely heart burst its bounds; a sob rose choking in her throat.

Across the room she saw Lester looking at her. It did little to restore her calm. Ashe did not appear to see her distress.

"Now tell me everything!" he demanded, "what have you been doing?"

With an effort, Sally dragged her wits together.

"I'm afraid I haven't been doing anything," she replied.

"What, what? Haven't you gone picnicking?—climbed the hills across the river?" When she shook her head, he looked quite incredulous. Harry Lester will have to do better than this for you! I'll tell you what, my dear,—to-morrow I'll drive over early, and if none of the others will go, you and I can have a picnic together!"

Sally's heart again sank. Reply she could not, but fortunately the necessity was spared her. "Dinner is served," Butes announced at the door; and silently, Sally took the arm Ashe gallantly offered her.

She looked up consciously. Hastings was just beside her. As his eyes caught hers, his mouth framed a silent message to her. It was what he had said the last thing in the motor.

"Don't forget, right after dinner,—slip away."

The color flooded into her pale face.

One happening, an event of more than momentary significance, took place as they reached the dinner table.

"Miss Raeburn!" Lester said abruptly.

He had hurried to his place. His face smiling, he had drawn out the chair at his right. It was the seat formerly occupied by Mrs. Dewitt; the lady was, in fact, about to take it, when Lester indicated a chair at the other end. "Sit there, Fanny," he directed; and Mrs. Dewitt moved slowly away.

Poor Sally! She had encouraged herself with the thought that at dinner she would be far enough away to avoid him! Startled, she shrank away.

Lester was smiling pleasantly.

"Sit here, won't you?" he begged; and trembling, Sally seated herself. A moment later, Lester was leaning toward her; saying something, his voice lowered.

"Nice to get you back again by me," said Lester; then,—"how pretty that dress of yours is to-night."

Across the table she saw Hastings peering at them covertly. She was astonished to detect a sneer upon his mouth. Glancing away hurriedly her eyes next rested on Ashe. Ashe was gazing at her fixedly.

After that, for a long while, Sally kept her eyes on the plate before her.

Course by course the dinner progressed toward its end. Course by course, the girl, half distracted by the emotions that racked her, strove to steel herself to the task of brazening it out. The ordeal, however, was not just as she had pictured it and dreaded it as she had come faltering down the stairway. First Ashe, then Lester had destroyed what shreds of courage she had left.

It was Lester most of all. Frightened, fearful, she had heard that first whispered speech of his; and so far from reassuring her it had only heightened her dread. He was playing with her! He meant to lead her on, then crush her brutally!

The thought was like a tonic. She listened, her brain striving to clear itself from its confusion,—weighing, estimating, calculating every speech he made.

Then Lester's voice again.

His tone almost boyish in its eagerness he was proposing an outing somewhere. He hoped, too, she'd forgive him the way he'd run off and left her that day.

"I have it!" he exclaimed,—"we'll have the horses saddled, and start early. I know a splendid place back among the hills. I'll have a car follow us with the luncheon baskets. You ride, don't you?" he asked.

"What?" asked Sally crudely, awakening.

He repeated it, his eagerness and enthusiasm bright now. It was the Lester she had known first,—the man who had wooed her on the rocks at Monterey. How kind and companionable even in his gruffness he had been then! How too she had warmed to him, trustful of the big man's strength and frank, simple manliness. She wondered momentarily had she loved him. Probably, but what of that? The blight of his money, his wealth, had come between them then.

The thought made her wince. What a fool she'd made of herself! What a fool he had made of her! Her eyes leaped swiftly across the table. They went now to Mrs. Dewitt. Mrs. Dewitt, too, had begun to watch them now, and on her face Sally saw a light, mocking smile.

She remembered that Lester must have been pledged to this woman at the very moment he was making love to her.

"Will you go?" Lester was asking eagerly.

"Not to-morrow," she said nonchalantly,—"I've made other plans."

She saw him wince, the smile striken from his face, the light in his eyes quenched suddenly. All his boyish eagerness and enthusiasm gone, he sat there mute, somber.

He was still sitting there when the guests arose.

SALLY stood for an instant by her chair. Acros sthe room, Hastings was waiting to catch her eye. She glanced at him, and Hastings gave her a signal. It was what she had awaited; and swiftly, she glided from the room.

Had Hastings known, however, why Sally kept that tryst, it is probable he would not have felt so self-satisfied in the conquest he prided himself he had made.

"Harry," said Ashe.

Butes and the second-man had left the room, and the two were alone.

Lester looked up quietly.

"Well?"

"My boy," Ashe said solemnly, "what are you doing to that little girl?"

"What little girl?" asked Lester.

"You know perfectly," retorted Ashe. "It's not like you. I can't understand it."

Lester rose, thrusting back his chair.

"I'm not doing anything," he replied.

"Yes, you are!" said Ashe. "I saw that girl, every time you spoke to her, wince as if she'd been struck. Harry, who is this fellow Hastings?"

"What's Hastings got to do with it?" he returned.

"I don't like that man," said Ashe, promptly. "Now what's he doing here?"

"Why shouldn't he be here?" parried Lester.

"I'll tell you why," retorted Ashe; "he's not the sort I'd have in my house! He's not the sort, much less, I'd have hanging around any woman I cared about! . . . Why have you thrown him with that girl? Do you or don't you love her?"

For the first time now Lester's face gave warning of what must have been going on within his mind.

He looked at Ashe, his lips compressed; though still he smiled. "Love her?" he repeated, "I?"; and his shoulders dropping suddenly, his smile as wistful as a boy's, Lester said quietly, "That's what is wrong with me, don't you know it? It's driven me out of my senses, I think,—made a damned cowardly cur of me! . . . Love her? . . . Well, don't worry," added Lester, his jaw set suddenly; "I'm going to get her now no matter what it costs!"

"You're too late, my boy. You've lost her, I believe. To-night I was talking to Fanny Dewitt; and she says Hastings has as good as got her . . . Here! where are you going?"

Lester, giving a muffled cry, had started toward the door.

"Harry!" cried Ashe, and sprang after him. "Get out of my way!" ordered Lester; but old Ashe manfully stood his ground. "Now what is it?" he demanded.

Lester began suddenly to shake.

"My God," he said thickly, "that man can't get her! The man's nothing but a damned tramp I picked up from a park bench! I thought she'd marry any one for his money, so I brought him here to fool her!"

Ashe, as if he could not trust his senses, stared at him agape.

"Well, Harry, if you had any chance to get her, that ends it now, I see. You've lost her, my boy; that's certain!"

The porch was dark, lighted dimly by the aint glow of light that came from a shaded indow at the front. Once Hastings, how-ver, had closed the door behind him, he eemed to have no difficulty in making out he slender figure that stood there by the ail. Hurrying, he went toward her eagerly.

"I've not kept you? I got here as soon as could," he said.

"No, you've not kept me," she answered.

Hastings wasted no time in preliminaries. he felt his hand reach for hers in the dark. hen his breath was on her cheek.

"You're divine, lovely to-night," he hispered swiftly. "I'm fairly crazy about ou, little girl!"

He seized her in his arms.

THE clock in the dining-room struck half-past nine but Ashe and Lester still lingered. To Ashe, Lester told everything. He had pared neither himself nor any detail that dded to the remorse, the shame he felt.

Ashe grunted in disgust.

"The waster! I knew it. He looked to me ke a milliner in trousers, the damned tame t! A social secretary, you say?"

It was so. That was Hastings's history. Having let fall a hint of his origin, Lester had een at pains to investigate. It was the same hing, in passing, that Mrs. Dewitt had ghted on. Hastings's glib references to per-ons she knew had led her to go to them. fflicted with a lust for the smart, the fash-nable,— the man had drifted into the ost of social secretary. In short, it being he common ambition of such men to find ome woman willing to support them, Hastings had sought to inflict himself on the iece of his employer. The result had been at he found himself unceremoniously rdered out of the house. Penniless, unfitted r other occupation, he had gravitated aturally to a park bench.

But now! . . . Now Hastings had the hip-hand over a man of wealth and position!

"Well, my boy," Ashe inquired; "what e you going to do about it?"

"Do?" repeated Lester quietly; "what ut the one thing can I do? — tell her every-hing. It's the one rotten trick I've ever layed in my life. I've got to pay for it now."

Ashe struck a match, and held it to his igar.

"I see," he said brutally, "you wish to quare yourself no matter how much you amage her."

The moisture started on Lester's face.

"It's got to be done. I can't get rid of at fellow any other way. The minute I rn him out he'd be sure to tell her."

"Well, Harry," Ashe said slowly, "I al-ost begin to believe I'm sorry for you."

Out on the porch Sally still lingered.

She felt no inclination to go back to the ving-room. The ordeal of facing the others ere was now far more than she had either e strength or the courage to endure. Her ecision she had carried out. She had done hat she meant to do when she went to keep r appointment with Hastings. Now that e had done it she was limp.

Hastings, curiously, was gone. Alone, lly sat there, face to face with all the sordid ality of what she'd done.

She had the feeling of a sick wild thing at creeps into a thicket to hide itself. Her nse of solitude and loneliness was engulfing.

The queer thing then was that she remem-ered Lester.

She did not believe now he'd played with r. Deep in her she knew it was she who ayed false. Oh, if only she had him to go . . . !

Too late now. Lester she had lost; and with quick, gasping sob, Sally threw her arms ross the porch rail, and laid her head on em.

Then, for the first time, came the tears. She did not see that the door had opened. e did not hear, either, the quick, startled clamation the man at the door gave as he w her. It was Ashe.

"My dear child," he said, "you are in ouble."

Sally leaped like a frightened thing.

For an instant she strove to recover her-lf. But the time had passed now when e could brazen out the part she tried to play.

"Oh, Mr. Ashe, Mr. Ashe!" wailed Sally.

Ashe was a man not often given to impulse; t now he put an arm about her, and drew n her head upon his shoulder.

"There, cry it out now, my child," said "then you can tell me all about it."

Not many minutes later, between her s and the catches in her voice, Sally nd herself telling the old man everything. It was not much. It was only that same iful little record of want and misery, bitterness, too, that had led her to temptation. And that much Ashe already knew. To this, however, Sally added something else. It was the encounter that evening, with Mrs. Steese.

Though she had broken free from Mrs. Steese, she had not the courage to face her again.

Old Ashe, her hand held in his, listened gravely.

"My dear girl, don't let her worry you. You are with friends now."

Sally shook anew.

"I'm as guilty as she. Mrs. Steese is no more to blame than I."

"Well, you can forget her now," said Ashe.

He patted her hand. It was like ice.

"The fact is," added Ashe, "I've just talked with Mrs. Steese. I was quite blunt. I told her just what Lester knew."

Sally gave a strangled cry.

"Lester?"

"Yes, my dear."

"You mean he knows it all?"

Ashe saw no reason to hide from her that Lester had known it for weeks. He was not prepared, however, for the effect the revelation would have on her.

"I didn't want him to know," she cried. "I hoped I was mistaken,— that he didn't know,— never would. I meant to go away,— run off. I was only waiting till I could go up-stairs and get my things. I meant to run away to-night . . . And now he knows, he knows!" she cried.

Ashe rose abruptly.

"Come," said he. "Lester is waiting."

"Lester?" she repeated.

"He's in the library,— he's waiting to see you," replied Ashe.

Sally shook her head.

"I can't see him; I must never see him again," she said weariedly.

"You've got to see him; he has something to say to you," said Ashe.

Her surprise was evident. Ashe nodded.

"About himself," he repeated, his tone hard,— "him and that fellow Hastings."

"Mr. Hastings?"

"That fellow,— yes," said Ashe.

Bewildered, her wits blindly astray now, Sally followed him indoors.

THE living-room was empty. Mrs. Steese was gone, Mrs. Dewitt had left, too. Hastings also was not at the moment visible. As the clock struck half-past ten, however, the door of the library opened, and Mr. Ashe emerged. Entering the living-room, Mr. Ashe crossed the floor, and going to a bell-button set in the wall, he rang it.

Butes appeared at the door.

"Order my car, please," Ashe directed; "I'm leaving presently."

"Very good, sir," said Butes.

A moment later, the old gentleman's figure might have been discerned in the starlight making a tour of the graveled driveway that encircled the house. Half-way round he halted, planting himself where he could command a view of a window on the second story. The window was Mr. Hastings's window; and Ashe inspected it critically. Presently, a shadow projected itself on the background of the drawn shade.

The shadow was slim and youthful,— a man's shadow. It appeared also to be imbued with activity. To and fro it flittered; and with a grunt, Mr. Ashe moved along the drive. A few yards along he paused again, his glance still directed upward, and this time also fastened on a window. The window was Mrs. Steese's; and presently that lady's shadow, too, was thrown on the shade. Like the other shadow, it also was animated.

The fact is, all that was happening at Ferncliff at the moment was not taking place in the library alone.

After the dinner, charmed by her new friend's sudden graciousness, Mrs. Steese applied herself to Mrs. Dewitt. Between them they planned what they would do on the morrow. Mrs. Steese, true, did most of the planning, this including the use of Hastings's yacht, though Hastings as yet hadn't learned it. However, having got this far, Mrs. Steese was also arranging where they'd go, how long they'd stay and what provisions she'd order Butes to send aboard, when Mr. Ashe appeared at the door.

"Oh, there you are!" bugled Mrs. Steese; and she was about to invite Ashe gaily to join them on the trip when she noted the expression on his face. His mouth set, Ashe beckoned to her.

Out in the hall, Mrs. Steese gazed at him uncomfortably. Ashe had closed the door behind her.

"The game's up, Mrs. Steese," he said quietly.

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